

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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COMFORT

The Key to

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Crumbs of Comfort

The wife is the key of the house.
Suspicion is the virtue of a coward.
A good word is as soon said as a bad one.
Good counsel breaks no man's head.
Good housekeeping is good business.
Take heed lest you find what you do not seek.
The body is sooner well dressed than the soul.
Life is half gone before we know what it is to live.
The shortest answer is doing the thing to be done.
That dollar is ill saved which shames its owner.
A child may have too much of his mother's blessing.
A wise man does not care much for what he cannot have.
Provide for the worst, the best will take care of itself.
If things were to be done twice, all of us would be wise.
If all fools wore white caps we should look like a flock of geese.
If every man will mend one, it will not be long until all are mended.
Wise men with pity do behold fools worship mules that carry gold.
A woman conceals what she doesn't know oftener than what she does.
A wise man will neither speak nor do whatever anger would provoke him to.
God often has a great share in a little house and a little share in a great house.
Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little than outliving a great deal.
A liar begins with making falsehood sound like truth, and ends with making truth itself sound like falsehood.

LOVE'S REJUVENATION

A Romance of St. Valentine's Day

By Anna S. Ellis

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"WHAT have you found, Aunt Ann?" Janet Lee looked up from her novel with interest. Miss Ann was sitting in her favorite rocker by the window sorting old letters, and had paused at a small bundle tied with faded silk cord. Janet had never discovered a romance in her aunt's placid life, but, being eighteen, she was sure there must have been one, and a faded silk cord looked amazingly indicative.

Aunt Ann had untied the cord and was opening the half dozen notes; her usually unemotional face was reminiscently expressive, and she did not heed the question. Janet watched her with girlish interest. Next came a brightly decorated envelope containing a little booklet also gaily colored. The primly severe maiden of sixty-seven held it up rather gingerly and read the printed words. Then her face softened, and a suspicion of pink crept into her faded cheeks. Janet could wait no longer.

"Aunt Ann," she exclaimed, "that's a valentine; I just know it is. Please, please tell me about it." She tossed her novel aside and waited, glowing.

"Oh, pshaw, Janet, 'tain't nothing. Just an old card I got years ago. Wonder why I never burned it before." She tossed the gay little book on the floor with her discarded letters.

Janet made a dash for it, but Aunt Ann had no intention of satisfying her curiosity. The primly severe maiden of sixty-seven held it up rather gingerly and read the printed words. Then her face softened, and a suspicion of pink crept into her faded cheeks. Janet could wait no longer.

"Now you just let other folks' belongings alone. Janet Lee, girls ain't got no bringing up nowadays. When I said you could stay here this winter, I didn't mean that you could haul my things all around."

Janet returned to the sofa and her novel not a little hurt. She was fond of her aunt, who in turn was devoted to her, but she thought it necessary to supplement her modern bringing-up more or less. Now she wished she had waited until she was alone before sorting her letters, still there was no need to be cross. Janet was a dear girl, and, having a lover herself, naturally was anxious to find a lovers' knot in every life. She looked up at the girl intending to soften her abrupt speech, but was confronted by a new calamity.

"There you be now, Janet Lee, setting right onto that sofa without a paper under you. You get more careless every day; you will have that sofa all worn out by spring."

"I'm not hurting your old sofa, Aunt Ann. You are so fussy. I wouldn't live in a box as you do for anything."

"That sofa is not old," she declared. "It was bought only ten years ago, and I ain't never set onto it myself without a paper under me, and you ain't going to neither. And I don't know what you mean by a 'box'; this house is good enough for anybody."

"Oh, you poor, dear old thing," cried Janet in quick contrition. "I didn't mean the house; I guess I did not mean much of anything. I was cross because you would not tell me about your valentine. Did you ever have a lover, Auntie?"

She added coaxingly as she leaned back to watch Miss Ann's sober face.

"Oh, well, sort of," replied Aunt Ann, mollified. "Who was he, Auntie?" Janet got a newspaper, unfolded it ostentatiously, spread it on the sofa, then settled herself thereon amid much rustling, to listen to the tale she hoped her aunt would tell.

"Oh, just Nathan Drew. 'Twan't much. My mother did not want me to marry; I had to stay at home and take care of her, and so—well, it sort of died out. I guess."

"Were you engaged, Auntie?" Janet turned the diamond on her own third finger, and looked down at it with love-lit eyes.

"Well, I guess you'd call it that." Aunt Ann admitted, half enjoying the memories invoked. "He came regular, and we talked about what we'd do when we were married, but mother told him one night that I couldn't get married whilst she lived, and he need not wait as she did not intend to die right off. And she didn't. She lived most fifteen years after that."

"The mean old thing!" exclaimed the girl with flashing eyes. "And do you mean to say that he left you without fighting for you?"

"Fighting!" cried Miss Ann, amazed and shocked. "He could not fight an old woman, could he?"

"Oh, I didn't mean a regular fight, Auntie; just talk, you know. Didn't he try to make her let you go?"

"Laws yes. He tried every which way. He offered her a home with us, but she wouldn't be 'behind to nobody' as she said. Then he offered to live with her and pay board, and she wouldn't have him; then he wanted to wait for me, but she said I would be no good with him hanging around, so after a time we gave it up."

"Did you care awfully much, Auntie?" Janet was leaning forward with her elbow on her knee and her chin in her soft little hand. Her novel lay in a heap on the floor.

"Well, it was hard at the time I guess. Everybody wondered why we didn't get married, and when they found out, they talked so that mother wouldn't let me go out, not even to church. And I liked Nathan pretty well too. I used to lay awake nights and fret over it, but pshaw! One gets over anything in time. I didn't suppose I had those old letters. He writ them that next year and put them under some bushes for me, but mother spled me getting one and stopped it."

"That valentine was the last; he sent it by the grocer's boy, but I thought best to let everything drop; it would only make trouble, and I had about all I could stand. You can see it if you want to." She handed the little love message to the eager girl.

It showed one of the quaint, old-fashioned floral love wreaths entwining two hearts; below were two clasped hands and the verse run through by forget-me-nots:

"My heart is thine,
Do not repine;
Clouds in the West,
Fly to my breast."

and signed, "Yours 'til death, NATHAN."

Janet thought only of the love that sent it, and her eyes were misty as she handed it back. Suppose anything should come between Harold and herself; suppose they should be separated! The quiet old lady was too much; she knelt by the bed and put her arm around her.

"I am so sorry, Auntie. He must have loved you awfully. I'll try never to bother you again."

"Now don't you go to feeling bad, little girl. 'Tain't nothing much now. Maybe I'm better off as 'Ms. Maybe I am. I have a good home and plenty, and I like my quiet ways. Don't you go to fretting, or I'll be sorry I told you. Some way I just got to thinking, seeing that valentine, and all."

Miss Ann tenderly smoothed out the gay little book, and smiled down at it quite as she used to smile into the eyes of the lover who had sent it so many years ago.

"Maybe it is better as 'tis," she repeated softly to herself. "But I don't know; I'm a lonely old woman when I stop to think; just a lonely old woman."

Janet gazed at her wistfully. Presently an idea occurred to her.

"Aunt Ann," she said solemnly, "is it that Nathan Drew who lives alone with his old housekeeper, or cousin, or something, up in the big yellow house on the hill?"

"Why yes, that's the one. But he isn't much like the Nathan Drew I used to know any more."

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February, 1914.

than I am like the Ann Lambert he used to know. Some say he has grown queer, being so much by himself so. That old woman who keeps house for him—some sort of a relation—ain't no fit company for him. He is rather bookish, or used to be. I've not seen him to talk to for years."

"Why Auntie, it's just as plain as anything. He has never married, and he has grown old mourning for you."

"Mourning for fiddlesticks, Janet Lee," replied her aunt who was more afraid of sentiment than she was of ghosts. "He's forgot me long ago. He got into some sort of a law suit and fretted over it 'till he got kinder queer. Some say he lost property by it more or less. I never heard the rights of it. I guess he ain't fretting over me none nowadays."

Janet had her own opinion, and when she noticed that the faded silk cord and the little bundle of letters and the valentine were carefully if surreptitiously restored to their accustomed box, she was sure that the fires of love still burned in Aunt Ann's elderly breast, and that two broken hearts needed only the right touch to bring them together again.

She must consult Harold at once. Harold would know just what it was best to do.

Nathan Drew was very much astonished that evening, as he sat reading his paper, sans cat, with his feet encased in his comfortable old carpet slippers, to receive a call from Harold Arnold and Janet Lee. He did not know who they were until explanations located their respective parents, whom he remembered.

"Do you know what day this is, Mr. Drew?" asked Janet, very flushed and sweetly embarrassed.

"What day?" repeated the puzzled man. "Why, it is Wednesday, ain't it?" He peered at the young people over his glasses.

"Yes, but what day of the month, we mean," explained Harold.

"Day of the month? Why do you ask that? I don't owe no man nothing."

"Oh, it isn't money, Mr. Drew. We want to right a wrong; we want to make you happy. This is the 13th of February, isn't it?" Janet was very excited, and Mr. Drew began to share Harold's opinion that she was sweet to see.

"Now, let's see." Nathan flopped his slippers across the room to consult a calendar.

"Yes, you are right. It is February 13th sure enough. Now what of it?"

"Tomorrow will be the 14th, won't it?" Janet asked archly, sure that he would remember the import of that date.

"According to past history, it will. Again, what of it?" Nathan asked calmly, entirely mystified as to their mission.

Janet was disappointed.

"Surely you remember that February 14th is St. Valentine's Day, Mr. Drew. Don't you remember sending a valentine on February 14th, long ago?"

"Don't know as I do." Mr. Drew wrinkled his forehead in a vain attempt to remember.

"Not one with two hearts on it and some verses?" suggested Janet hopefully.

"Don't seem to remember none. I don't hold with valentines myself. Somebody sent me one one year, sorter making fun of me living alone here as I do, I thought. I don't relish such jokes myself; they seem unkind."

"No, we do not mean that kind at all. Mr. Drew, we mean real love valentines, the kind that makes your heart glad. Didn't you send Miss Ann Lambert a valentine once?"

The old man looked up sharply. His face flushed a little, but he only asked:

"What do you know of Ann Lambert, Miss Lee?"

"She's my aunt, and I saw your valentine to-day."

There was a pause. Nathan polished his glasses thoughtfully. At last he looked up rather quizzically, and said:

"So that's why you come to see me, is it? Being loving yourselves, you want everybody else to be loving too. Well, that's nice of you, but what's past better stay past. We can't bring youth back. I don't seem to recollect no valentine particular, but I recollect Ann Lambert very clear. But I guess we both waited until we was wore out."

"Love cannot wear out, not real love," wisely remarked Janet as she looked into her lover's eyes.

"May be not; may be not," Mr. Drew continued to polish his glasses, and to ponder on an almost forgotten past.

"We thought you might like to send her another valentine, Mr. Drew, so we brought one along."

Janet hesitated a little, then laid the little card on the table beside him. They had had a long search for what they wanted. The good old days of entwined hearts and clasped hands are passing fast, but love is changeless, so at last they found a card that they thought would serve the purpose. There was a picture of a dear little house nestled among the trees; a man stood at the swinging gate watching for someone down the sunlit street; below were the words, with forget-me-nots running through:

"I've loved you long with all my heart,
Neath sun and stars, in shade and shine;
Earth can no greater bliss impart
If you will be my valentine."

Mr. Drew adjusted his polished glasses, and slowly read the little card. He turned it over and over in his hands, seemingly lost in thought.

Janet and Harold looked at each other until they almost forgot other romances in their own. They were almost started when he spoke.

"Young woman," he said, looking at Janet with assumed distrust. "Are you trying to get me married off at my age?"

Janet laughed softly.

"I am afraid that I—that we are, Mr. Drew. It seemed so terrible for you to be separated. I know that I should die if—"

she looked at the earnest face of her lover, and paused.

"Love is the greatest thing in life, Mr. Drew," Harold said gravely. "We did not see why you two, who have loved each other so long, should continue to wait while the years slipped by."

Janet looked at him approvingly, and slipped into the chair next his own.

"We thought if you would just sign your name to this valentine, Mr. Drew, we could mail it, and Aunt Ann would have it in the morning and understand."

Mr. Drew was still turning the little card about in his huge hands. It took some time to bring youth back, even to love.

"They say getting married is risky business," he teased, as he watched the bright young faces.

"It is not," declared Janet from the vantage of no experience.

"Ain't you two afraid?" soberly asked Nathan with twinkling eyes.

"Not a bit," said Janet, putting her small, white hand on Harold's knee.

"Not in the least," added Harold, laying a strong, brown hand over the white one.

"You will sign the valentine, won't you," anxiously asked Janet, her eyes shining.

"Well, I guess that's rather romantic for an old chap like me, but if loving will make folks' faces shine like you two, I don't know but I'll risk it—if Ann will. Guess I may call 'round there tomorrow some time."

To his amazement Janet jumped up and flinging her arms around his neck, kissed his wrinkled cheek, while Harold looked on approvingly.

"Biggest bank account a man can have, Mr. Drew," he said, "is a good woman's love."

"I'll take your word for it, young man. If Ann is willing, I'll risk it."

The two lovers walked down the moonlit street with love-filled hearts, while within the house the old man sat turning the little valentine over and over in his worn hands. Softly he repeated the words to himself:

"I've loved you long with all my heart,
Neath sun and stars, in shade and shine;
Earth can no greater bliss impart
If you will be my valentine."



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A Few Words by the Editor

THE man who can interest his fellow men in agriculture, and make two ears of corn grow where only one grew before, is a national benefactor, and greater than he that taketh a city, be it the richest in the land. The farmer carries the nation on his back. He supplies it with bread and meat, with cotton and wool. He feeds and clothes, and as we drift to another world our vanishing strength is sustained by the milk which he provides.

In spite of the independent life the farmer lives, in spite of the fact that no panic can take the bread from his lips, the roof from over his head, nor mar the beauty of his surroundings, and the inspiration of his environment of meadow and woodland, valley and hillside, the countryside dweller has ever hankered for life in the cities. It has been said that the farmer's life is a lonely one, that he gets little rest, change or amusement, and that after all his toiling, and the billions of produce that he yearly raises, there is little left for him after his toil is done.

There is a great deal of truth in these statements, but they need dishearten no one; especially the farmer, for they are conditions that are rapidly being rectified. Recently for the first time in history, the Department of Agriculture, after years of investigation, reports the average income of the American farmer to be only \$640.40 a year.

"Individual farmers here and there have incomes larger than this average, but the facts indicate on the whole the income of farmers in this country, even when we include as a part of the income those things consumed on the farm where they are produced, is certainly not more than sufficient to pay five per cent on the investment, and ordinary farm wages for the farm laborer, and it is probably considerably less than this."

A little less than thirteen dollars a week seems a very poor return (less than five per cent) on investment and the labor a farmer annually performs, but in 1904, and those were prosperous times, Carrol D. Wright, the Labor Commissioner, informed the country that the average yearly wage of male adults engaged in the industries of this country, was but \$437.00 a year per man. So you see the farmer is a great deal better off than those engaged in mill, mine and factory, and certainly his work is infinitely more enjoyable, healthful and inspiring.

Moreover, as the farm furnishes the farmer so much of his living free, including the house in which he lives and the greater part of the food that goes on his table, and in many sections of the country his fuel and his timber for repairs from his wood lot, for all which the city man has to pay high and continually rising prices, it is fair to figure that this \$640.40 average cash income of the farmer is as good as a salary of \$1,100 or \$1,200 to the city man. So with the farm providing the house and vegetables, fruit, milk, butter, eggs, poultry, lard, pork and considerable canned foods free the average farm family can save or spend for luxuries a considerable part of the \$640.40 net cash income. So the farmers not only feed and clothe the nation but they consume a very large portion of the manufactured goods, and thus keep the wheels of industry and the current of commerce in motion. More and more the profitable farmers' trade is sought by the manufacturers and dealers.

Charles Barrett, President of the Farmers' Union, which has two and a half million enrolled members, sounds another note of alarm. Speaking in the New York American he says: "I have something to say about the alien or foreign ownership of our farm land, particularly those lands in the South adaptable to cotton. I have said that the steady reach of foreigners after that imperial staple, was an alarming development. I believed years ago that this was a serious menace, and now I am sure of it."

"Now, listen, you scoffers and unbelievers, do you know that between twelve and thirteen million acres of the finest cotton lands in the South are now owned outright by foreign individuals and corporations? Do you know the agents of these foreign individuals and corporations are constantly working to get more millions of acres of the cream of cotton land? Do you know that foreign spinners are sending men here to be educated in our agricultural colleges and schools, to take charge of these broad acres, cultivate and raise cotton, to ship to spinners in England, France and other foreign countries?"

"Do you think deep and sense what this means? Do you know that it means the actual production of cotton in the South on farms owned and cultivated by foreigners, and whose product will go direct to their mills in England, France and other countries? In plain words we are sitting supinely by while foreign capital and corporations are taking our oldest, richest and greatest heritage right from under our noses."

"Time may not be far distant when our own people, the men who have raised and supplied the world with its cotton for generations, will be restricted absolutely to the home market; sounds scary, and I want it to sound so, for it is time to get scared."

It is never wise to go to sleep when a burglar is in

the house. It is always best to be wide awake and know the worst, for there is no wisdom in locking the door after the thief is stolen. Let us know in the slang of the day what we are up against, and then we can trim our sails to meet any conditions that may arise. We have the best and most productive country in the world, but foreign capitalists must not be allowed to appropriate it wholesale, and neither our farming methods, nor methods political, are equal to those of the more advanced countries in Europe. Across the water the various governments put the farmer before the manufacturer. Here it is the reverse. With them it is a tough struggle to live, and to find the wherewithal with which their teeming millions may be fed. Nothing is wasted there, whereas thanks to our wasteful and reckless methods of production, it will not be long ere we shall be importing instead of exporting food, that is if anyone has any food to import.

The governments of Europe assist the farmer in every possible way. They loan money at four per cent, whereas we allow our modern Shylocks of finance to bleed the farmer to the tune of twelve per cent. Contrast the difference—isn't it discreditable and disgraceful.

But do not worry. Senator Gore at the International Dry Farming Congress, said that as a result of the investigation by the Congressional Committee of European rural credits, Uncle Sam was devising a scheme to finance cropping operations and loan money to the farmer at four per cent interest. Here we have a hopeful note that should bring joy to the farmer's heart, for the abuse of usury will soon be swept away. Crops too will be less at the mercy of the weather man than they are at present, for the day is not far distant when the farmer will store his rain and his moisture for use in times of drouth, as he now stores his grain.

To give you an idea of how far we are behind the European farmer in crop production, our average yield per acre is the lowest of civilized nations, being fourteen bushels, to twenty bushels in France, twenty-nine bushels in England, thirty-three in the Netherlands, while Germany produces forty-six bushels per acre.

It is brains that count in farming as in everything else. Surely the farmers of the old world have not more brains than we. Why not then use brain power to enrich the land as well as fertilizer? Only modern methods can succeed today. The world does not move every ten years, it moves every second, and we must keep pace with it, or go under. Archaic, do-as-father-did methods, are ruinous, and they simply should not be tolerated.

Agriculture is a science, and practically within the last twenty years it is a science that has been revolutionized. Unfortunately some men cannot adapt themselves to new and scientific methods and that being the case should seek other lines of work. As we often said before it is too valuable for incompetents to waste its treasures. It may astonish our readers and also it should hearten and delight them, to know that there are men in this country who are making a good living on one acre farms. This is practically beating the Japs at their own game.

George Higginbotham of Mountain Home, Ark., is one of these wonderful one acre farmers. Ten years ago nothing grew on his farm but hog weeds, a grain of corn scarcely deigned to sprout. Intensified methods of crop raising and keeping something growing on every inch of his tiny farm is the secret of his success, and it is said that he lives as comfortably as the city man does who has \$75.00 a month salary for the support of himself and family. Special attention of course is given to vegetables. As fast as one crop is gathered, another one replaces it. Of course, too, he has chickens and also two cows. The calves from these cows net him \$30.00 yearly and then there is the butter. There is always a demand for good butter at a good price.

Mr. Higginbotham says: "All I will ever want to farm will be five acres. Five acres tended right will make any family a living and a net profit of a thousand dollars every year in an average season. Let the man who groans dismally that he is a poor renter take these remarks to heart and take a fresh grip on life. What one can do, others can do."

Many people will sneer at the one acre farm. That is because they know little of the science of farming and what intensive methods will do and have done. Scores of women in Europe are making excellent livings from one acre farms and less, much of their stuff being produced under glass. One irrigated acre in Glenn Co., California, has given a man a good living for thirty years and enabled him to save four hundred dollars a year. Let the pessimist take that to heart.

No man, however clever, can estimate the wonderful productive powers that lie in one acre of ground if rightly managed. There is a little farm near New Cumberland, Pa., where \$454.00 were got from an acre of early tomatoes, and the same amount from an acre and a half of later tomatoes. An

acre and a half of strawberries put in the owner's pocket \$455.00 while the cabbages averaged about \$300.00 per acre.

Now what about the \$640.00 a year farmer? We have him because Uncle Sam says so. We have those whose incomes are less, and happily those whose incomes are more. Land is our most precious possession, more valuable than gold, for it is gold and life itself.

The successful farmer is that man who can take out of the soil all that the soil is capable of producing without impoverishing it, and the skilled agriculturists know how this is done, and those who don't know must be taught. The man who sits on a fence whittling a stick, expectorating tobacco juice and whose numerous brood of poorly clad, barefooted children can be seen huddled around a weather-beaten, decrepit looking shack a few yards distant, is never going to get much out of the land, or much out of life. He will tell you with a drawl that betokens a combination of chronic lassitude and inertia that farming does not pay, while just across the road is a well-kept house with a flower garden in front, a vegetable garden and well-stocked barns behind, and smiling, productive fields on every side. The owner of these fields is not sitting on a fence whittling sticks or chewing tobacco, but is gone to town in his automobile to deposit money in the bank, order the latest farming implements, arrange for more fertilizer and pay the last installment on the piano, or he is working busily in his field, using the latest scientific methods and leaving nothing to chance.

After all it is the human equation that plays the greatest part in determining whether farming is to be a success or not. Nature presents weeds to the man who dreams, and gold to the man who toils.

If we get the right men in the right place we get results, and if we can get the right farmers on the farms, our crops will be doubled and trebled and the average income of the American farmer raised to at least two thousand dollars a year, and with any sort of land and any sort of farm plus any sort of real man and fairly favorable seasons their income should not be a cent less than this and some should be a great deal more. Some men make excellent employees, but poor bosses. Because the farmer is his own boss, he is frequently a bad boss. He is too kind and considerate of himself and his own weaknesses. A little rain scares him, a little heat exhausts him, a little cold drives him to the stove, a rising temperature deposits him under a shade tree.

If we could get this type of farmer into the city where a stern boss and sterner necessity would keep him hopping from morning to night, and get the active intelligent city man who has brains enough to appreciate an unbossed life and opportunities to make money, we should get better results. With skilled and intelligent men on the farm, or rather on all the farms, the politicians would be forced to protect their rural constituents, and pirate middle men, Shylock bankers, implement, elevator and railroad robbers could easily be made to behave. Not one man, remember, need ever submit to robbery unless he wishes to be robbed. Take heart from these inspiring facts. A man in the northwest received an exorbitant bill for transporting a piece of farm machinery. That bill roused his fighting blood. It seemed a hopeless proposition to tackle the express monopoly, but he did it single handed, and through the grit and determination and real American manhood of one individual, the express octopus has been brought to its knees and the lower rates that the Interstate Commerce Commission is forcing this bunch of privileged sharks to give you, is solely due to

"That village Hampden, who with dauntless breast
The 'monstrous' tyrant of his fields withstood."

These paraphrased words from Gray's immortal elegy fit the situation admirably.

COMFORT is the farmer's friend, first, last and all the time. Most of our readers live in rural communities, and the majority of our subscribers are farm people. We are old friends and a little plain talk will never cause the feathers of friendship to moult, but rather give them silkier sheen and a brighter and more enduring gloss.

When we tell you that the Englishman can raise three hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre, on land that has been cropped for centuries, while we can only get ninety bushels from virgin soil, the writer is confident, you will thank us for the information, and start out to beat the Englishman at his own game, and not suggest that comparisons are odious. These and the many figures we have quoted show there is something wrong somewhere. Let us find out what and where the wrong is, and American brains, energy and genius will do the rest. The farmer is king as long as men have to eat to live and if he will but hold tight and use his land wisely and well, he must and will remain monarch of all he surveys.

Comfort's Editor

REBEL ROSEMARY

A War Story
By Helen Ross

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THE scorching July sun beat down unmercifully upon the tin roof of the crude, little hospital in the clearing. In the long, dark ward the men stirred restlessly and looked with dull, longing eyes out of the open door. Even the white-capped nurses, usually so cheery and bright, looked pale and worn and moved wearily about among the low cots of the sufferers, smoothing a hot, wrinkled pillow or adjusting a loosened bandage. Through the wide open door stole a little figure all in white. The child hesitated on the threshold and peered doubtfully into the dim room. "May I come in?" asked a sweet voice.

The men started and stared wonderingly at the dainty apparition in the doorway. In an instant they recovered from their astonishment and each tried to entice her to his part of the room.

"My name's Rosemary," she announced, "and I'm not named after anybody. The rest of it's Allen." She looked slowly around the room and something in the suffering, gray eyes of a soldier in the corner, attracted her. She seated herself at his side, smoothed down the white dress carefully, took off her big, flower-wreathed hat, and shook the damp, golden curls out of her neck.

Then she lifted her big, serious blue eyes and noticed the bandage around the soldier's head.

"Is your headache very bad?" she asked, sympathetically.

"Pretty bad," he answered, trying to smile.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she laid her baby lips gently on the soft flint. "It will get better now," she promised. "I always cure mother's headaches that way."

"Thank you, Rosemary," he whispered with lips that trembled from weakness. "I do feel much better already." The child's face glowed with pleasure.

"How old are you, Miss Rosemary?" called someone from the other side of the room, hoping to attract her attention.

"I'm just five years old today," she answered without leaving her place by Kane's side. "That's why I've got on my best dress and my spandy new slippers." She surveyed one small toe, complacently. "The Yanks came to our house last week and took most everything, but I hid my slippers way up in the attic and the Yanks couldn't find 'em." Suddenly a new thought occurred to her. "You aren't Yanks, are you?" she cried.

There was a dead silence in the room. Rosemary turned to the soldier beside her. "Oh, you aren't a Yank, are you?"

Kane turned away from the pleading eyes, but the old loyalty returned and there was a ring

of pride in his voice as he said, "Yes, Rosemary, I'm a Union soldier."

She looked at him reproachfully. "Oh, dear, isn't that too bad," she sighed. "Mother and I just hate the Yanks—and I was going to like you a lot."

"Couldn't you forget that I am a Yank," suggested Kane.

Rosemary was doubtful. "Well, you don't look much like the ones that came to our house," she admitted. "But I'm afraid mother wouldn't like to have me like a Yank."

"I don't believe she would mind," he encouraged. "You see—you see, Rosemary, I'm not going to fight any more."

The big blue eyes widened in surprise. She had supposed that all men fought.

"I'm going on a long vacation," explained Kane. The men were silent. They had heard the surgeon's decree of "hopeless" that morning.

"Are you glad you're going?" asked Rosemary innocently.

The man's eyes rested on the child's sweet face. "I don't know," he murmured. "I don't know."

"I do like you," whispered Rosemary, nestling closer to him. "even if you are a Yank."

A step sounded outside and an orderly entered the tiny office of the hospital surgeon.

"Will you tell us about your birthday?" coaxed a young fellow near the child.

"There hasn't been any birthday yet," she smiled, but mother said maybe—just maybe. Daddy would come home tonight, and then we'd have the birthday."

"Is your father away?"

"My Daddy is with Gen. Lee," she answered proudly, bringing her hand to her forehead in a correct, military salute as she mentioned the General's name.

"He used to come home in the daytime," she went on, "but now he's a colonel and I s'pose he's busy fighting all day; so he only comes at night now, and he never stays hardly a minute. Oh! I hope he'll come. I'm going to stay awake all night long and watch out of the window for him, to see him come up through the meadow. Maybe he'll ride me on the horse. It's awfully lonesome at our house with just mother, and Black Ned and me."

The orderly went quietly out and rode away. The men were silent thinking of the Confederate officer who would try to creep through their lines that night to see his wife and his little girl and there was not a man in the room who did not wish him success and safety.

A bent old negro appeared in the doorway. Rosemary sprang up. "Ned," she cried. "has Daddy come?"

"Hush, hush, Miss Rosemary," begged the old

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

ON the 11th of December, the National Capitol saw a notable assemblage of champion boy and girl farmers, called together to receive their diplomas from the Secretary of Agriculture for their proficiency and skill in raising best crops and turning farm products into commodities of highest economic value.

The Federal government and many of the state governments, as well as the Agricultural Associations are aiding and encouraging the formation of these clubs in various ways, including the offer of premiums and cash prizes.

The U. S. Agricultural Department has issued bulletins on canning which are free to all who send for them.

Previous to the meeting of young farmers in Washington on December 11th, the government issued a bulletin outlining the purpose and progress of the club work which reads as follows:

Young Farmers From North and West to Visit Washington

Champion Potato, Corn and Tomato Growers to be Entertained Along with Prize Winners from Southern States

When the Canning Club girls and the Corn Club boys from the Southern states arrive in Washington on the 11th of December, there will be boy and girl representatives of the potato, corn and canning clubs of the Northern and Western states to join them in receiving diplomas from the Secretary of Agriculture. They will also be shown the sights of the capital; their expenses being paid by individuals and local or state organizations interested and not by the Department.

There will be twelve Canning Club girls from as many of the Northern and Western states and fifteen or twenty boys, champion winners of the potato and corn clubs. Six states sending "potato boys" are Massachusetts, Ohio, Utah, Iowa and Michigan. Colorado will send a "Sugar Beet Club" boy who will be the champion sugar beet grower of the state and the sole representative of the club work which has recently been started in this line by the Department of Agriculture.

The works of the clubs which the Department has encouraged in the various states to interest the younger generation in agriculture has been going on in the Northern and Western states for about a year and a half. The work was started sooner in the Southern states as these were considered to have a greater economical need for it. Also, the General Education Board of New York City offered to help out the work in the South in order to remedy bad agricultural conditions and this board has materially aided in inaugurating clubs to interest boys and girls in growing corn, tomatoes and cotton.

In the meantime an urgent demand arose in the Northern and Western states for similar co-operative work for young people. The successful club work in the South furnished an impetus for a nation-wide work and the youth of the North and West have taken up the national club work with much enthusiasm. In the co-operative arrangement with the Southern states, each state had a leader in charge of the club work whose expenses were paid, half by the Department and by the local organizations interested.

The demands of the North and West have been so urgent that eight states are now waiting to pay half the expenses of this club work but the Department of Agriculture has not at present the funds to furnish the other half. However, the work is continually being pushed into new territory as the funds become available.

The individuals and local organizations throughout the North and West have been most enthusiastic regarding the work of the boys and girls. Senators and representatives sometimes aid the work by generous contributions. Last year five congressmen from Illinois alone each furnished successful boy growers of corn with a trip to the capital. Other congressmen from the New England states, New York and West Virginia brought club champions to the capital.

As an example of the interest taken by individuals, the work of a well-known society leader of Cleveland, Ohio, may be cited. She has devoted from three to four months of her time during the past year to organizing and promoting girls' canning clubs. She has paid visits to the one hundred and twenty-six girls in her county who have taken up the work and among the girls who will shortly visit Washington are two champions of that district who come at her expense. Her two daughters, aged fourteen and sixteen years are among the club members and although not competing for a prize, they have done the work of raising tomatoes on a one-tenth acre plot and canning the products.

In districts where corn does not grow readily but where there are plenty of young people eager to grow something it has been found that potato clubs are more satisfactory than corn clubs. An organization of boys and girls was started last year in Massachusetts to grow potatoes and there are now eighteen thousand young people enrolled in potato work, most of them being boys, as the girls are encouraged rather to take up tomato raising and canning. Some girls, however, have shown interest in potato growing and have done particularly well in manufacturing home-made potato starch out of the unmarketable culls of the vegetable.

Potato club work is going on in Idaho, Iowa, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Upper Michigan, in parts of the Dakotas, in Minnesota and in Ohio. The young people engaged in potato growing, range in age from ten to eighteen years. The basis on which the awards are made for the potato champions who will go to Washington is as follows:

1. Greatest yield of potatoes per 1-8 acre . . . 40
2. Best showing of profit on investment . . . 30
3. Best exhibit of one peck of seed potatoes 15
4. Best history on "How I made My Crop of Potatoes" . . . 15

Total score . . . 100

Besides showing good potatoes, well developed ears of corn and rows of attractive jars of well-canned tomatoes, these young people have shown a surprising amount of pluck and perseverance in meeting setbacks and unforeseen disasters.

Illustrated booklets which the various young agriculturists have made giving an account of "How I Made My Crop" contain many stories indicating that Young America is not exclusively bent on city life but finds much for enjoyment and interest on the farm.

A girl in northern Ohio tells in her account how she made a net profit of ten dollars and forty-one cents on her tomato work during the past season. A note at the bottom of her story says she "had eighty bushels of green tomatoes left." The unwritten part of her story is that these eighty bushels froze on the vine because an early frost following excessive dry weather destroyed half the tomato crops in her vicinity.

The champion girl gardener and canner of New Jersey put up over one thousand quart cans of tomatoes this year. Records are still coming in from all over the country and interesting accounts are being received every day.

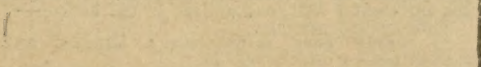
I wonder if all the boys and girls living on farms or occupying garden plots who read the above bulletin, realize what possibilities are opened up to them? Think for a moment of all the vegetables, fruits and berries that go to waste each summer, and if put in cans for home consumption or for the market, how much cash you could earn simply by utilizing the waste products.

To some of you it would mean an education, otherwise unobtainable; to others, helping the younger sister or brother to remain in school, and to a great many, money for clothes, books, and an opportunity to see our government seat, the beautiful city of Washington. There is every reason to believe that each year will show a strengthening of this great progressive movement which is agitating the minds of the rising generation on the farms.

Surely among all the girls who read COMFORT there must be some who are active in this club work, and we should like to hear from them. Won't you write our Sisters' Corner?—Ed.

Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

PEAS AND BACON.—In a saucepan fry six strips of bacon till brown but not too dry. Remove bacon and all the fat except three tablespoons and in this fry



PEAS AND BACON.

brown one medium-sized onion minced fine. Drain one can of peas and add to onion, a little salt and pepper, and stir gently till peas are very hot, but do not cook. Just before putting into serving dish, stir in four tablespoons of whipped cream. Use the six strips of bacon as a garnish.—Ed.

LAYER TURKEY.—Remove all the meat, keeping the dark and light separated, and chop very fine. Make aspic jelly by breaking the bones, cover with cold water, add a bay leaf, a small piece of mace and three peppercorns. Simmer slowly and long until the broth is reduced to half a pint, strain and add to it while hot a rounding teaspoon of powdered gelatine which has been softened in a little cold water. Set away until slightly thickened, then add half of it to the dark meat. For a cup of the aspic have a cup each of light and dark meat. Spread in a shallow square mold and put in a cold place to harden, and when firm cover with an even layer of the white meat mixed with the remainder of the aspic. This is fine for luncheon dish, served cold, thinly sliced and accompanied by crisp fried potatoes and tomato jelly.

MISS VIOLET D. SCHWOBEN, Angels Camp, Calaveras Co., Cal.

ORANGE AND LEMON EXTRACT.—(Requested.) Scrape or grate the yellow rind containing oil and add pure alcohol to keep. Add desired strength of flavoring can be made in this way.

MAPLE FLAVOR.—Carefully simmer maple syrup until reduced one half and add an equal part of pure alcohol.—Ed.

FRIED BEEF.—Put slices of beef on a board and slash each side with a heavy knife. Moll in flour and drop into a skillet of bluebottle fat and fry, but not too hard.

MRS. O. D. PLUMB, Brookings, S. Dak.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two cups of brown sugar, one half cup of butter, one half cup of sour milk and one teaspoon of soda. Mix thoroughly and add one square of chocolate in one cup of hot water, one teaspoon of vanilla and two cups of flour.

FILLING.—One cup of white sugar, one cup of boiling water, one tablespoon of butter, and one square of chocolate melted. Cook for a while and add two teaspoons of corn-starch stirred in one half cup of cold water, cook again and add one teaspoon of vanilla.

MRS. LETHA PEARL HARBES, Guyard, W. Va.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of molasses, one teaspoon of soda, one half cup of ginger and three cups of flour. Mix together molasses, sugar, ginger and butter and stir over fire till melted. Stir in flour in which soda has been well mixed. Roll thin and bake in quick oven.

MISS ANNA PATRICK, Forest Grove, Oregon.

FRIED BEETS.—Wash, peel and slice as you would potatoes. Put fat in spider and pepper and salt and fry brown.

FRIED SWEET POTATOES.—Peel and cut lengthwise in slices. Put in spider with enough fat to fry and keep turning. When nearly done, add three or four tablespoons of sugar and pour over about half a cup of boiling water and set on back of stove and simmer.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—Take one cup of bread sponge, half a cup of sugar, half cup of water, lard size of walnut and flour to knead stiff.

MRS. B. O. MOORE, Ponchatoula, La.

APPLE SAUCE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, one half cup of shortening, one cup of raisins or currants one cup of sweetened apple sauce, two cups of flour, one half spoon of cinnamon, one teaspoon of soda in two tablespoons of hot water.

BREAD CAKE.—One egg, one half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two thirds cup of currants, one half cup of raisins, one cup of bread sponge, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one quarter teaspoon of cloves, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in three tablespoons of sweet milk and two cups of flour.

MRS. CRISSE HADAWAY, South Haven, R. 2, Mich.

OMLETTE.—Six eggs (separate whites and yolks), beat yolks and add one cup of milk and one half teaspoon of salt. Beat whites stiff and just before adding, sift one tablespoon of flour and one teaspoon of baking powder into yolks, then add whites and bake in greased pan in hot oven.

MRS. INA M. KELLOGG, Oregon City, Ore.

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immediately relieves indigestion. It causes digestion-aiding saliva and adds helpful mint leaf juice. It purifies breath and brightens teeth besides. It's clean, pure, healthful.

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of twenty 5 cent packages—at most dealers—for 85 cents.



It's the hospitality confection. It's ideal to have in the house for family or friends. It stays fresh until used. Be SURE it's WRIGLEY'S. Look for the spear.

Chew it after every meal

POTATO PANCAKES.—Pare five large potatoes, wash and grate them, drain off water, add one cup of sweet milk, two well-beaten eggs, half teaspoon of salt, dash of pepper and enough flour to make a thin batter. Bake on hot griddle.

CORN BREAD.—One cup of fine yellow corn-meal, one quarter cup of sugar, one half teaspoon of salt, one cup of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one egg, one cup of sweet milk and one tablespoon of melted butter. Beat all together and bake till brown in a hot oven.

HOT WATER SPONGE CAKE.—Yolks of six eggs beaten till light yellow and then again with two cups of sugar; stir in two cups of flour sifted with one teaspoon of baking powder, the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, and lastly six tablespoons of hot water and beat hard.

FILLING FOR CAKES.—One cup sweet cream, one half cup unsalted butter, two cups brown sugar, boil twenty minutes, remove from stove and add one tablespoon vanilla, beat till thick, spread on cake. Add one half cup grated chocolate and you have a nice chocolate filling.

LEMON FILLING.—Grated rind and juice of two lemons, yolks of three eggs, one half cup good butter, one cup sugar, beat together then pour over all one cup boiling water, cook till thick, then add one tablespoon corn-starch that has been stirred smooth in a little water.

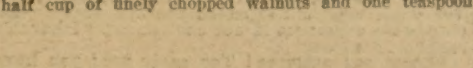
BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Two cups wheat flour, one cup pure buckwheat, two cups warm water. One half yeast cake soaked in the water, one level tablespoon salt, start in evening, let rise till morning then add one cup boiling hot water in which one half teaspoon soda has been dissolved, fry in hot fat. The next morning keep out one cup sponge, add salt, flour, buckwheat and water as before, no yeast needed, but add soda and water in morning always.

CHOCOLATE PIE.—One cup of sweet milk, one cup of sugar, two eggs, leaving out white of one for top and one square of chocolate. Bring to boil, stirring all the time, then add one full tablespoon of corn-starch stirred smooth in a little milk, add one tablespoon of vanilla. Have plate lined with crust and baked, then add filling. Beat white of egg stiff, add one tablespoon of sugar, beat again and spread over top of pie and place in oven and brown.

RAISIN PIE.—Two cups of raisins, one cup of sugar, and one cup of water boiled till raisins are tender, then thicken with one tablespoon of flour stirred smooth in one half cup of water; have a pie plate lined with rich pie crust, put in raisins, adding bits of butter and sprinkle with cinnamon, put on top crust, sprinkle with sugar and bake.

MRS. F. J. BLANKENFELD, Niobrara, Nebr.

SURPRISES.—Beat to a stiff froth the whites of three eggs and add one cup of powdered sugar, one half cup of finely chopped walnuts and one teaspoon



SURPRISES.

of vanilla; beat all together. Have ready some thin water crackers, and on each put a spoonful of the mixture and brown in a moderately hot oven.—Ed.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—Boil and mash two medium-sized potatoes, stir them into one pint of boiling milk, add a little salt and three quarters cup sugar. Allow mixture to become lukewarm and then add two

well-beaten eggs and one half yeast cake dissolved in a little warm water. Let rise again in warm place for about four hours and roll and cut in strips about one half inch thick. Let rise and fry in hot lard.

MOLASSES DOUGHNUTS.—To one half cup molasses add one half cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk or buttermilk in which has been dissolved one teaspoon soda, one tablespoon of melted lard, a little salt, one quarter teaspoon ginger and enough flour to make dough thick enough to roll. Fry in hot lard.

MRS. CLAUDE E. DIEDRICK, Chilton, Box 324, Wis.

LAKE BAY, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I, some way, have faith to believe you will welcome even an old lady between sixty and seventy years of age.

I enjoy COMFORT greatly, for I am an invalid, confined to my home, and with an arm crippled by a fall a few years ago included, therefore can do little else but read and write, and there is so much to interest one in COMFORT.

It gladdens my heart more than I can express to see the childless ones taking the little orphans into their dear loving hearts and homes.

Many years ago when blessed with a good home, and abundance, many little ones whose fathers, or mothers, or both had died, I took into my home and loved and cared for them until the remaining parent was conditioned to take them, or some relative claimed them. Sometimes I have had as many as six at one time. I never asked, wished for, or received pay for this work. Their sweet love was all the pay I desired.

One little boy remained with me two years, then his mother remarried and came for him. He objected strongly to going with her and clung to me with all his might. He was then four years old.

The most I taught these children was to try to love everyone, and every animate thing, and never say or do anything to them except with the attempt to add to their happiness. Hence they were ever ready to take the part of an unfortunate child ridiculed or abused by playmates, and one little boy of seven years I once saw standing between an old and rather unkempt and lame man, and a couple of urchins who were annoying him greatly. Stray cats and dogs they asked me for food to feed, which I invariably gave them, as well as crumbs and seeds for snow birds in winter.

I also adopted a little girl a few weeks old in place of one of my own that died. I am of the opinion that we can do more good by taking the little ones already here, and so much in need of loving care than in bringing others in the world to suffer as so many do. A plain, crippled, or blind child is in still greater need than those who are beautiful and sound.

I feel to greatly applaud and love Mrs. Schuessler, and pray that sight may yet be given to her dear little baby boy.

Mrs. M. V. Yawn will do well to take and bring up two together. It is much better than one alone.

There is nothing better for a bodily weak child, both external and internal, than olive oil.

I would like to add if my letter is not too long, that although a husband and wife may not always think alike, they can "agree to disagree," and have no trouble.

My husband who died six years ago, and with whom I lived nearly twenty-five years, I can truthfully say we never quarreled.

One would perhaps say: "I think thus and so for such and such reasons," while the other might give reasons for an opposite view; but a smile from both and "you are a goose," from me, and the reply: "No, you are the goose," I am the gander," ended it.

Neither do my present companion and I quarrel, although both of us are far from well, and often deprived of real necessities. He is a good man, in fact I fail to find his faults.

Love and best wishes to all.

MRS. SADIE MAGOON GIERKE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: We take dear old COMFORT, and I certainly do enjoy reading it.

Perhaps you will think I am too young to write

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

Linked by Fate; or, Not to Be Bought

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The Rev. Arthur Fleming, in poor health, Vane Manning, an athlete in looks and strong, Dr. Vernon, weak in mind from a recent illness, his daughter, Nina, young in years, but mature in thought and action, and six stokers, unprincipled, are cast on an island on the eastern shore of Australia, from the wrecked vessel *Alpina*. The stokers, crazed by rum, and believing there is money and jewels saved from the wreck, demand them. Manning grasps the situation and either he or they must be master. They fight with knives and Manning receives a cut in his shoulder. Forcing himself to be calm, he throws his opponent and wrenching the knife from his hand releases him. The *Alpina* springs to his feet. A well-aimed blow and Manning is victor. Dr. Vernon discovers gold, and showing it nearly faints. The stokers leave in the boat, cutting off means of escape for the others. Dr. Vernon dies that night, and Fleming, knowing how short a time he can live, insists to Manning, that to save Nina's good name from suspicion, he and Nina be married. Fleming explains to Nina—that she will be his wife in name only. Manning believing he is right, plans to avert the marriage by building a raft upon which Fleming and Nina may reach an inhabited island. In two days the raft is finished and the provisions packed. Mr. Fleming sailing rapidly marries them. Manning places his signet ring on Nina's hand and Fleming writing some words and putting the paper in Nina's hands falls back dead. The situation is embarrassing for both. Manning leaves her for a while and she goes about her work cleaning her hut and that finished puts the hut occupied by Fleming and Manning in order. She picks up Fleming's diary and reads of Manning's suggestions that he and Nina may leave the island and thus avoid his marriage with her. Mending Manning's coat, a small leather case falls to the floor. Opening it the face of a beautiful woman with these words at the bottom, "To my dear Vane—Judith," meets Nina's gaze. Manning works on felling a tree and scooping out the trunk for a canoe, hoping he and Nina may reach an inhabited island. Nina exacts and also gives him a promise never to divulge their marriage. A terrible wind shatters Nina's hut and Manning finds her buried beneath and unconscious. Lifting her in his arms he presses his lips to hers. Nina realizing she loves him and may betray him, leaves a note of farewell and sets sail on the frail raft. The thought she was afraid and preferred to trust the sea, rather than him nearly drives Vane mad. Exhaustion follows and he falls into a deep sleep; a storm comes up; waking he finds himself wet through and burning with fever. Later he sets sail in the canoe and is picked up by the *Alpina* bound for London. Three months later he meets Sir Charles Letchford and his wife, who was Judith Orme's friend. They are shocked at his appearance and he tells of the shipwreck. Sir Charles and his wife break the news of the death of Lord Letchford, of that of Augustus and his son Harry, leaving Manning the rightful Earl of Lesborough. The raft upon which Nina sails is broken; realizing her danger she winds the sheet rope around her, fastening it to a couple of the poles. She becomes unconscious and when she awakens finds herself on board the *Island Queen*. A brain fever follows. She is nursed by Polly Bainford who does a small part in a company that is to play in London. Remembering her promise to Vane, Nina decides to use the name of an ancestor on her mother's side and asks Polly to call her Decima Wood. Polly invites her home, but Nina refuses—she must work. Failing to get a situation and money gone Nina goes to Polly Bainford.

CHAPTER X.

THE DISAPPOINTED HEIR.

THE Earl of Lesborough! The title rang in Manning's ears mockingly. He fought with his emotion, and, with a gesture of shame and apology, raised his face from his hands. Lady Letchford had slipped away—still stood beside his friend.

"I beg your pardon," said poor Vane; "it—it is so sudden, and the boy—great Heaven, to think that he—and Augustus—are dead, and that I—I, who never dreamed of it, should stand in their shoes!"

"Yes, it's awfully bad," said Sir Charles, shaking his head, but feeling mean because he could not mourn as keenly the loss which had made his friend a peer. "But you have got to pull yourself together, Vane. There's no end to do, to see to. You'll make a first-rate earl, old man. You'll go to Tressider—Mr. Tressider was the Lesborough family lawyer—first thing tomorrow morning, I'll go with you if you like—no, better go alone. Oh, yes; I'm as sorry almost as you can be for the catastrophe, but—well, after all, you're my pal, you know, and for the life of me I can't help a sneaking feeling of satisfaction that the succession falls on you. Here, have a drink!"

He poured out a glass of champagne and Vane took it mechanically, but sat with drooping head and moody brow, twisting the glass round and round by its slender stem; and Letchford watched his friend anxiously and curiously.

"Better get to bed, old man," he said after nearly half an hour, "you look played out, and as if you wanted a good night's rest. In the morning—"

Manning nodded and rose, and Letchford took him to his room.

"Is he better?" asked Lady Letchford when Sir Charles entered their room. "My heart aches for him. I have never before seen a man break down; and it makes it all the worse when he is such a great, strong fellow as Mr. Manning—Lord Lesborough, I mean."

Sir Charles shook his head reflectively as he brushed his hair.

"I can't make him out, Blanche. You saw how he looked when we found him—wandering about the streets like a—like a man half out of his mind—"

"The wreck, perhaps?" suggested Lady Letchford.

Sir Charles rejected the idea promptly.

"Not much! Vane could stand half a dozen wrecks."

"Judith? Oh, Charles, how could I have been so gauche as to mention her!" she wailed.

Sir Charles shook his head.

"Rather unlike your usual tact, old girl," he admitted. "Yes, I'm afraid he was hard hit there. I'm sorry Judith is a pal of yours, Blanche."

"Was, Charles. Be just! You know I have not spoken to her since she jilted Mr. Manning. Of course, he must have felt it, for no doubt he loved her. She is not only the most beautiful woman in the world—"

"Present company excepted," said Sir Charles, with a fond glance over his shoulder at the figure sitting up in bed.

"Nonsense," retorted Lady Letchford. "Don't be foolish! I was never in the same street—oh, I wish I did not pick up your slang so easily—I never could be compared with Judith. She was, and is, and always will be, simply incomparable. But I hate her for treating Mr. Manning so cruelly."

"Well, she was punished, anyhow," said Sir Charles. "Fancy chucking over a man like Vane for old Marlingford!"

"He was a marquis, you see," murmured Lady Letchford.

"A man old enough to be her grandfather! That he should die two days before the wedding is—er—what do you call it?"

"Poetical justice, do you mean? It served her right. But Charles, if it isn't the wreck and the privations he suffered—did you notice how he shivered speaking of them?—and it isn't Judith, what is it that has changed him so?"

Sir Charles shook his head.

"I don't know. Anyway, whatever it is, it has hit him hard, dented hard. I don't suppose we shall ever find out. Vane can be as close as an oyster when he likes."

"Well, you've got to help him all you can," concluded Lady Letchford, with a sigh. "And do put those brushes down—you'll brush all the hair off your head—and come to bed! The look in that poor man's face will keep me awake all night—if I don't go off at once."

By Charles Garvice

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Manning paced his room for some hours, feeling that bed was impossible for him.

He was the Earl of Lesborough, owner of an historic title and a vast estate, and wealth which had been accumulating steadily during the reign of the late earl, who had lived a penurious existence, devoted to amassing money and finding good investments for it.

And of what use to him—Vane—were the title and the money? His heart was buried on the sands of an unknown island in the Pacific. It had died within his bosom in the hour he had seen the wreck of the raft at his feet, had swum out to the little wooden cap which was all that remained to him of Nina, his wife, the woman he loved.

He threw himself on the bed at last and slept; but it was only to dream of the island, only to go over the scene of the marriage and the too few days that followed it.

Letchford, going to him in the morning, found him asleep, but tossing restlessly, and returned to Lady Letchford with a doleful shake of the head.

But when Manning appeared at breakfast he was, outwardly at least, calmer and more like a man in a normal condition.

"I'm afraid I upset and distressed you last night, Lady Letchford," he said, with grave apology. "The—shock—"

"That's all right. Blanche understood," said Letchford cheerily. "Have some more bacon—it's of no use offering you anything else, because no one eats anything at breakfast but bacon. Shall I go with you to Mr. Tressider, Vane? I will, if you like."

"We will do anything and everything you like, Lord Lesborough," murmured Lady Letchford.

Manning started at the "Lord Lesborough," and abruptly set down his coffee cup which was on its way to his lips.

"No, I think I'll go alone," he said; and soon after breakfast he set off.

Mr. Tressider was one of the old-fashioned lawyers who stick to the Inns. His office was in Grey's, and Manning, as he mounted the steep and not too clean stairs, paused and looked absently at the trees in which the rooks had nested and brought out their young; he did not seem in any hurry to put in his formal claim to the title.

A confidential clerk, of as old a fashion as his master, received Manning, and with a grave earnestness ushered him into the presence of the lawyer.

Mr. Tressider came to meet him with outstretched hand, and exclaimed with intense satisfaction and pleasure:

"Lord Lesborough! At last! How do you do? I need scarcely say that I am glad to see you! My advertisement will be sufficient proof of that."

"I've seen none," said Manning. "I've been abroad—been wrecked. I heard the—bad news for the first time last night, from my friend, Sir Charles Letchford—"

Mr. Tressider nodded; he had a nod which

afraid he will be very disappointed at my turning up," he added grimly.

"No doubt; no doubt," asserted Mr. Tressider dryly.

"What kind of man is he?" asked Manning.

Mr. Tressider hesitated. It was the sort of question which a cautious old lawyer would not be disposed to answer very readily.

"He is a young man about five-and-twenty, I should say—a remarkably good-looking young fellow; not like the Mannings, by the way; but dark, very dark. His mother was a Spaniard. He has very nice manners, nothing could be more tactful and—er—proper than his way of regarding his claim to the title and estates."

"Is he poor or rich?" asked Vane.

"Well, he is not particularly well off. He has a small income, left him by his father, and he makes a little in some way on the Stock Exchange, I fancy; but I am not quite sure. Of course, I knew his father, but I had not seen Mr. Julian since he was a lad until the other day."

"Is he married?" asked Vane.

"No; oh, no! I asked him that question. By the way, Lord Lesborough, it is one I should like to ask you. I am under the impression that you are a bachelor."

Vane looked away to the window again.

"I have no wife," he said gravely.

Mr. Tressider nodded with almost obvious relief. For the moment, as Vane hesitated, he had dreaded that he should hear that the young earl had married—and probably beneath his present rank.

"Ah, yes, yes!" he murmured. "Plenty of time; though I trust I may have the pleasure of seeing a Countess of Lesborough before long."

Vane rose, but Mr. Tressider extended his hand appealingly.

"Oh, pray don't go yet, my lord," he said; "there are so many things I want to speak to you about, to arrange. And—er—perhaps the first subject is the important and inevitable one of—er—money. I do not know whether you need any at the present moment—you will excuse me?"

Vane smiled.

"I have a few shillings," he said.

Mr. Tressider nodded as if this were not the least satisfactory moment of the interview.

"Quite so; quite so! I will make arrangements—will pay a sum, as large as you please into the bank this afternoon. Meanwhile, you will permit me to be your banker. Let me see. I have some notes and will not trouble you to cash a check."

He went to the safe and from his cash box took out a little pile of notes, counted them, and laid them on the table before Vane.

"There is a hundred and twenty pounds there. I think you will find. It is fortunate that I had just received a payment this morning. If that is not sufficient I will send a clerk to the bank—"

Vane smiled gravely.

"I shan't spend more than a hundred and twenty before tomorrow," he said.

As he spoke the door opened and the clerk



Lord Butleigh would not have been ashamed to own.

"Quite so; quite so! I have the honor of Sir Charles Letchford's acquaintance. So, of course, you know the—er—sad circumstances which have placed you in possession of the title. Very sad; very sad! But I am very glad to see you, my lord."

The title was still strange to Manning, and he moved uneasily.

"All the more glad," continued the old lawyer, "because, at one time, we almost feared that you had completely disappeared, in fact, were lost. Of course, we heard of the wreck of the *Alpina*. I am so rejoiced you were saved! I have done the best I could during your absence, and I think the business of the estate has been carried on as you would have wished it to be."

Manning nodded. It all seemed so unreal, so impossible. Why, a few months ago he had been a mere nobody, of no consequence, a kind of adventurer, free to do and go as he wished, in whose affairs no one was interested. And now—

He looked round the snugly furnished office, at the white-haired, smiling, deferential old lawyer, as if the whole thing were a dream from which he should presently awake.

"Of course you will go down to Lesborough at once," continued Mr. Tressider. "Do you propose living there, or will you go into the town house? It has been closed for some time; you know that the late earl was—er—economical? He amassed a large fortune; you will benefit by his economy and prudence, my lord!"

Vane gazed absently at the window, through the grimy panes of which he could see the rooks which had attracted his attention as he entered; and they still seemed to have more interest for him than the lawyer's remarks.

"I think I'll go to Lesborough," he said, at last, but with an indifference which disappointed Mr. Tressider, who had expected the new earl to display some eagerness if not excitement. "I haven't made any plans."

"Quite so; quite so! Too early yet; you have scarcely realized your sudden accession to the title, the change in your life. I will write to the steward, Mr. Holland—you remember him? He will want to make some preparations. Dear, dear, how glad I am to find you are alive! None of your friends can be more rejoiced. I assure you, my lord. Strange—he smiled and paused—"I was just writing to the next heir. I am afraid you can scarcely expect him to share in my satisfaction."

Vane looked interested for the first time.

"The next heir?" he said inquiringly.

"Yes; your cousin, Mr. Julian Shore. He wrote to me, and called on me when poor Lord Augustus and his boy died, and we feared you were lost in the *Alpina*. He was, very naturally—er—interested in the question of the succession."

"How can he, with the name of Shore, be the next heir?" asked Vane.

"Oh, don't you know? Weren't you aware that there was a feud between his father and the late earl? So great and bitter that he discarded the name of Manning and took the name of Shore, which Mr. Julian now bears."

"I never heard of him," said Manning. "I'm

brought in the usual piece of paper with a visitor's name written on it.

Mr. Tressider looked rather embarrassed.

"Strange coincidence!" he said. "It is Mr. Julian Shore. Ask Mr. Shore to kindly wait—"

Vane looked up quickly.

"No, no. Will you let him come in? I should like to see him," he said.

Mr. Tressider nodded, and the clerk went out and ushered in a tall, thin young man with a remarkably handsome face and a graceful bearing. He was almost as dark as a typical Spaniard, with eyes that were well-nigh black, and screened by long silky lashes.

As he entered, he looked from the lawyer—still rather embarrassed—to Vane; then his eyes fell on the sheaf of notes, and the black orbs seemed to deepen suddenly, swiftly, but in an instant the fleeting expression had vanished and given place to one of courteous curiosity.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Tressider," he said, in a singularly soft and low voice. "I did not know you were engaged."

"Pray take a seat, Mr. Shore," said Mr. Tressider, "you have called at a most auspicious—"

The word seemed rather inappropriate, not to say heartless, and he paused and stumbled in search of a better, but failed to find one, and so gave up the idea of "breaking" the news to the next heir, and blurted out the introduction:

"I must make you two gentlemen known to each other. Mr. Shore, this is Mr. Manning—"

tut, tut! I mean Lord Lesborough."

Vane, with a feeling of pity and sympathy, was watching the man whose hopes he was destroying, and he saw the polite look of inquiry, doubt, and dismay and pain which passed over the dark, handsome face. The lids fell over the dark eyes, as if their owner desired to hide them.

"Lord—Lesborough?" fell from his lips, which had grown almost white. "Lord Lesborough! Then—then—"

"Exactly!" put in Mr. Tressider, as the soft voice broke and fell away. "Mr. Manning was not lost in the *Alpina*. He was rescued, and has only just returned to London; has indeed only been here with me a few minutes. Of course, I should have let you know—"

It was an awkward, a trying moment for both the young men. Vane felt as if he had been guilty of inexcusable meanness in not getting drowned; and with a flush and a frown he rose and held out his hand.

"I'm sorry—" he began, then he shrugged his shoulders. "What could he say?"

But Julian Shore had recovered from the shock, and, rising instantly, he took Vane's strong, firm hand in his soft, white one; a smile glittered in his eyes and curved his rather thin lips, and the low, musical voice said:

"And you are the new earl! Well!"—he drew a quick, short breath, then he shrugged his shoulders—"we can't both have the title, and Lord Lesborough, I assure you that I am heartily glad that you are alive!"

Nothing could have been better done; and Vane, feeling if anything still more guilty and ashamed of his existence, gripped gratefully the white hand of the disappointed man.

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks! I'm almost sorry that I didn't go down with the ship. You'd have made a better earl than I shall, Mr. Shore."

"Oh, come, come!" murmured Mr. Shore, laughing softly. "Don't say that—and—we are cousins, aren't we? I hope you'll call me Julian!"

CHAPTER XI.

VANE MAKES AN OFFER.

Would he call him "Julian"? Of course Vane was pleased by such good nature and magnanimity displayed by the man between whom and the prospect of an earldom he had stepped.

"Certainly—Julian," he said, with so much lighter a tone in his voice that Mr. Tressider was surprised. "And of course you'll call me 'Vane'; we are cousins, as you say, and, though we haven't met before, I hope we shall be friends. I only heard of my good fortune last night, and I am a bit confused. I see it is lunch time. Mr. Tressider, will you let us off for an hour or two? I should like to go out and get something to eat with—Julian."

The old lawyer smiled, but rather ruefully, as he thought that the new earl was likely to be rather an erratic client.

"Oh, well!" he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I'll wire to Holland to say you may come to Lesborough at any moment, and I hope you will pay me a visit before long. There is much to be done, to be seen to."

"That's all right," responded Vane serenely. "I'll leave everything in your hands, Mr. Tressider, and it will be sure to pan out perfectly." He pocketed the notes, and Julian watched him with lowered lids.

The two young men went down the stairs and into the courtyard, where the pigeons fluttered and strode at their feet with the fearlessness of the London bird.

"Where shall we go?" asked Vane. "I used to have a club, but my subscription ran out, and I couldn't afford to renew it. Restaurant?"

Julian laughed—his laugh was as soft as his voice, and his smile soft and caressing.

"How strange to hear that from the Earl of Lesborough!" he said.

"Yes; but I wasn't earl then, and I was poor," said Vane.

Julian slowed up for a moment.

"I was going to lunch at my place," he said, with a hesitation that was only momentary. "Perhaps you won't mind coming home with me? It's rather out of the way, though it isn't far from here. We shall be free to talk."

"Right," said Vane. "I shall be very pleased."

Julian called a cab and gave the address—Vane did not catch it—to the cabman; and they drove across the Strand and alongside the House of Parliament, to an old-fashioned row of houses facing the river.

Vane, as they alighted, looked round him curiously. It was a bit of old London hemmed in and flanked by newly built flat and modern residences.

"Quaint place," he said. "I've never been here before."

"No? I live here because it's quiet and out of the way; and I own the house. It was my father's; it's rather a nice view, especially at night, with the lights on the water. The house is old, very old, and it wants repairing, modernizing, and all that, and I mean to do it—when I can afford it."

He pulled at an old-fashioned bell, and the door was opened presently, and with an air of caution, by an old woman, with so strange an expression on so pallid a face that Vane could not help staring at her; and he stared the harder when, instead of speaking, Julian Shore made signs to her in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet on his fingers.

The old woman took her eyes for a moment from her master's face to glance at Vane, then nodded assentingly, and, closing the door, disappeared through another which led to the basement.

"Come up-stairs, will you?" said Julian. "I live on the upper floor for the sake of the view."

He led the way into a sitting-room, which was as old-fashioned as the exterior of the house. The walls were of oak, blackened by age—not Totten-ham Court Road varnish—there was a massive mantelpiece as black as the paneling, and the furniture, old and heavy, was in perfect harmony with the room. There was a piano, also of oak. It was a very quaint room, and imposing, but it struck Vane as somber, not to say weird.

He went to the window and looked out.

"You've a fine view of the river," he said, "and this is a grand old room."

As he spoke, he noticed a faint smell, like that emitted by pungent chemicals. It came from a door leading out of the room, and Julian stepped to it and closed it softly.

The old woman appeared with a tray, and presently set out a nice little lunch. The claret was in a Venetian flask, and a small bottle of yellow Chartreuse stood beside it. Having laid out the table, the woman, after a fixed look at her master—the kind of look one sees in the eyes of a well-trained and devoted spaniel—left the room, and Julian drew a chair to the table for Vane, and invited him to be seated.

"You seem to have very comfortable quarters," said Vane. "Your servant is deaf and dumb, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Julian. "She was an old servant of my father's. I'm afraid to say how old she is. But she is very faithful and attentive, and serves my purpose."

"And you don't mind her—affliction?" said Vane, as he helped himself to sweetbread.

Julian smiled.

"No," he replied. "I suppose it's because I'm used to her. She is very—intelligent, and, as I say, she is devoted to me."

"She looks it," remarked Vane. "This is splendid claret!"

Julian smiled, the smile of a man whose wine is praised.

"It is some my father left me. By the way, I fancy it came originally from Lesborough Court."

"Then I hope there is some left there," said Vane. "You know the place?"

"No," replied Julian. "I have never been there. My father and the earl quarreled—but, no doubt, you know about that. No, I have never been there. But you know it; you have stayed there?"

Vane nodded as he looked round the room. It seemed strange, improbable that he should be sitting here so cozily with this newly discovered cousin.

"Yes; I used to go there as a boy; and until recently I was asked to pay a kind of regulation visit. But the earl quarreled with me as he quarreled with your father. He—expected too much."

"As how?" asked Julian, filling his glass.

"Oh, well, he wanted to plan out, direct my life. Wanted me to go into politics and stand for the borough, in the Conservative interest."

"And you are Liberal?" suggested Julian.

"No, I'm not. I'm nothing. But I declined to take my politics from his lordship, and also declined to become a—dependent. So we parted, and I went abroad—"

His voice died away.

"And were wrecked?" said Julian interrogatively.

Vane seemed to dry up, to freeze, on the moment.

"Yes," he said absently. "But let us talk of something else, of yourself. I could almost have found it possible to be sorry that I was alive when you came into Mr. Tressider's just now."

Julian's dark face flushed for a moment, and his lids drooped—his face looked like a mask when his eyes were closed, so expressive were they—then he raised them, smiled, and shrugged his shoulders, and waved his hands with a gesture that reminded Vane of his cousin's Spanish blood.

"That's very kind and generous of you—Vane."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To leave our country and protect its flag.

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If you are all ready for a little chin music, kindly hop up on my lap. You will note in my talks that I have a great deal to say about the workmen; the men who build our bridges, the men that erect those awe-inspiring and wonderful sky-scrapers, leaving every floor dyed with their blood; the men who build the railroads, the ships, the houses; the men who raise everything we eat and use for our comfort and happiness within the home and outside of it; the men who mine for coal and various minerals and whose lives are snuffed out by the hundred in the bowels of the earth; the men who work the furnaces and make the iron and steel; the men who from dawn to dark till the land, and cultivate the soil, only too often to find after months of effort, nature has burned or drowned their crops. Yes, these are the people I like to talk about, for the simple reason that they are the ones that need publicity, and it is among the plain people you meet real flesh-and-blood humans. The simple annals of the poor are, as Dickens also found, of more interest to humanity than the giddy gushings of the rich, though the rich never approved of Dickens by the way, because he wrote of men and women and not of fops and parasites.

Then too, I like to talk about the plain folk because the world, or that little bunch of arrogant nobodies that calls itself "the world," (and who, thanks to the power of money, rides on Labor's back and occupies the center of the social stage, filling the newspapers and magazines with weird accounts of idiotic doings, making the balance of dull-witted humanity believe that this country could not exist without the capering and monkey shins of an over-dressed, over-gorged gang of money burners), gives me an awful pain that no dope can relieve. The most extraordinary thing about all this is that those who pile up vast fortunes hold in supreme contempt the men whose toil and sacrifice of life have created the wealth, the money burners daily blow in. I have often in a street car noted the way that the minister in his broadcloth, the lawyer in his Prince Albert, the merchant, banker and broker, doped up to beat the band, and even the fifteen-dollar-a-week bookkeeper, neatly attired, edged away from the crowd in overalls; and as for the wives of these men they not only edged away, but to judge by the elevation of their noses, they looked as though they were going to fly away as well. I have wondered why the skilled mechanics, traveling in these cars have not shouted: "Say, we build your houses, keep you warm and comfortable, make your clothes, carry you to and from your work, provide the telegraph and telephone that enable you to talk to your friends miles away. We go dirty that you may be clean. Now we can't go to work in dress clothes, pumps, silk stockings and opera hats, and as your fathers were doing in the past, the dirty jobs we are now doing, you needn't elevate your noses so much. Anyway if you don't like us, we'll not only leave the car, but we'll leave this earth as well, and let you dig your own coal, build your own sky-scrapers, erect your own steam-heating plants, or freeze to death. Good by—run the world yourself for a while and see how you like it." Can't you hear the yells of "Don't go!" "Oh, please stay! we can't do without you. We couldn't go down in the coal mines and get burned to death as you do. It would be too terrible you know, so please stay and do all the work and dying for us." If I could remove labor from the earth for a few days, just to demonstrate its value and the helplessness of the human froth that labor carries on its back, you bet I'd do it. It's only by practical demonstrations of this kind that some willfully blind eyes can be made to see.

You see, average mortals as a whole, not having much sense, and not having made any real effort to use their brains, except as machines for gathering dirty, germ-laden paper, called dollars, judge me by my clothes, by the junk he hangs on his back, and not by the sterling qualities honor, manhood, virtue, honesty and truth, which he carries within him. They are like the boobies who judge a book by its cover, or a child who prefers a silver dollar to a five dollar gold piece, because it is bigger and looks more valuable. The world today judges, or misjudges labor, because it does not go to work in all silk hats, Prince Albert coats, patent leather shoes and white spats. If Rodin, the genius of sculpture, could board a New York street car in his studio clothes, all the passengers would edge away from him, until they knew who he was, then the snobs would want to cut his blouse to pieces for souvenirs. It is an extraordinary thing that the world does not believe that work is valuable, and that the man who does the work is entitled to any consideration unless he is all dolled up like a pink pig at a christening. This is supposed by outsiders, who know nothing, to be a working man's country, and everyone is supposed to be, from the President down, a working man, and no better than any other working man who is morally clean, self-respecting, conscientious and industrious. That is what this country is supposed to be, but as a matter of fact there is hardly a country on earth where the blighting influences of the caste system and class distinction so rapidly prevails as it does right here in these United States. Go into a Western city where robust democracy is supposed to flourish most luxuriantly, and you will find the social sets and cliques drawing the lines of caste and class as closely and tightly as is done in London, Vienna, or Berlin. In the plethoric pages of the dropical Sunday editions of the local newspapers, which weigh half a ton or more (generally more), you will from week to week read that Mrs. Hogliard of St. Louis is giving a swell function in honor of Miss Goldlust—Baconfaff of Chicago and that Mrs. Hogliard will wear her pearl necklace costing two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, while the music will be supplied by Professor Monkeylini's orchestra, especially imported from Vienna (be sure to make Vi rhyme with pie, or they won't know what it means) at a cost of ten thousand dollars. The year round the limelight of publicity and the calcium of conspicuousness flashes around these, the abruptly rich, by the grace of low wages, doped food stuff, commercial pravity and mercenary monopoly, without a halt. If Mrs. Baconfaff purchases a skirt at Paquin's in Paris, or buys a robe-de-nuit at the Bon Marche, or has an attack of acute indigestion from swallowing too many absolute frappees, it is all cabled across the ocean, so the society editor can have it in the first column of his department to dazzle the common herd on the Lord's day—such paragraphs of course having an elevating and highly moral effect, particularly suitable to the Sabbath in these

United States—I don't think. The goings and comings of these gilded numskulls are as carefully recorded as are the doings of royalty in the court gazettes of Europe. But the man in the overalls, the man in the mine and factory, the man on the top of the sky-scraper, the sand hog in the compressed air chamber far below the river's bed, the coal passer on the ocean liner, the diver in the depths of the sea battling for his life with shark and sword fish, no one records their goings or comings, and though they carry the world on their backs, they are not deemed worthy of notice. If the lives of a hundred of such are crushed out, the newspapers do not even trouble to give their names, apparently they, the masses are of no consequence to society. Their names unless they commit a crime, never get into print. They come into the world and leave it without notice or record. And yet it is these who have from the beginning of the world been the foundation of society, and it is these who have done the world's fighting and its work, and have asked only the right to live; and it is these who have died, that the favored of earth might live and be comfortable, while they merely existed, struggled and suffered from the cradle to the grave. Creating beautiful things and never possessing them, their daughters swept into the white slave mart, their brawn and muscle their only marketable commodity, and with that gone, oblivion. Now for the cruel, cold, horrible facts.

Do you know that every hour of the day two hundred and thirty-two workmen are killed or injured in this great land? Every time the clock on your mantelshelf ticks off fifteen minutes, a workman is killed; every sixteen seconds a workman is injured. The paper that records these facts, pushes them into a corner and writes no editorial about them, while pages, in fact, whole sheets are devoted to nauseous details of a horrible murder case. The heedless, thoughtless, semi-barbarous public revel in the disgusting details of a priest murdering and dismembering a girl's body, but take no heed of the workmen who are killed every fifteen minutes, and of the millions who are killed and injured yearly.

Now let me ask you, my dear friends, especially you who yearly contribute to this frightful role of the maimed and killed, are you content to be slaughtered and maimed thus? Are you content to dye with your blood the floor of every sky-scraper, the shaft of every mine, the third or fourth tie of every railroad, the foundation of every bridge, and if you miraculously escape the fate that has befallen these comrades about you, are you content—unwept, unremembered and unsung—to finish your days in some wretched poorhouse? The prospect is not alluring, but do you and those about you ever make an effort to better conditions? Remember the world regards you as nobodies and always has. The work of many of you is unskilled? Even so you should be well paid, for unskilled work is usually laborious and often dangerous, the hours of work are long and tedious and soon wear out those who are forced to endure them. Not only is your life full of hardship, but it has absolutely no future, and those who, by cunning, education or luck, have been able to escape your hard lot, regard you (and that is the underside of all) with contempt. The life you, the masses, sacrifice every fifteen minutes does not even earn for you the pity of your fellow men, for they are not civilized yet, and think less of you and the snuffing out of your life than they do of their dogs and horses. If you injured a dog you could be put in prison. If the dog bit you and lacerated your flesh in New York, you could do nothing for the law gives the dog the right to attack and bite you or your children once without redress. Is it right to have better laws for a dog than for a man?

But workers of the world take heart. A brighter day is dawning for you. Steel hands are going to lift the burdens from your shoulders. Machinery is going to do, nay is now doing a great part of the drudgery of the world. Look at the steam shovel doing the dirty work of hundreds of men. Soon there will no longer be need for the frightful sacrifice of life which you, the masses, have silently yielded up, in order that you and yours may have bread and the world be kept revolving. There is no need for this slaughter now, except that you are driven so fast you are liable to make mistakes, and employers will not protect you at your work. There will always be some dirty work to be done, but the inventors will strive to reduce the dirty work to a minimum. There is no limit to the skill of the inventor, the wonders of science, or the love of men's hearts, when men are given a chance to be men. Dishwashing, the bugaboo of the housewife is now being done by machinery, and so it goes all along the line. Millions of men are still slaves, but man's genius is rapidly freeing the industrial toiler from tasks that have made him twin brother to the ox. All the workers, and their employers need, is education. Education and knowledge will set men free from slavery and put the good things of the world within the reach of all. Education too, will set the boss free from the desire to enslave, and rid him of swinish greed. No man who is really a man, no man who has a red corpuscle in his veins, or a spark of the divine in his constitution, wants to or should want to see men slaves, or women slaves, or wants to know that a single dollar he handles comes from sweating his neighbor or his brother man. We are on the threshold of great and wonderful changes. The old order of things is passing. Men are beginning to think, and what is the best of all the man with money and power, is slowly but surely getting a conscience. How often has it been brought home to the Rockefellers that their methods of obtaining money have lost them the good will of their fellow men, and that all their millions spent in charity or education, cannot give them that loving regard, that trust, affection and appreciation, which humanity lavishes on those who, like Lincoln, try to do right as God gives them the power to see the right, and who would not accept a single cent they did not feel they had honestly earned.

I tell you, my brothers and sisters, if you have all the wealth in the world—unless you have the love and confidence of your fellow men, your dollars can never bring you happiness. Let us set our ideals high, and keep putting them higher as we grow to the full stature of (Christian) citizenship. Let those who have it in their power, either by luck, ability or cunning, to control the destinies of thousands of men and handle the profits these men produce (and remember that the biggest profits have been made by financial jugglery and not by honest effort) that in the near future, men will be judged and

honored, not for the money they have accumulated, but for the respect and affection they have won from their fellows, and especially those in their employ. Profit sharing and pensions, that is the way some concerns are putting a ray of hope into the hearts of men. That is a step in the right direction for the employer too, for "What profiteth a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul," and what profiteth a man if he rake in half a million dollars by questionable methods, sweating labor and ruining his competitors, if all the world points the finger of scorn at him and not a single tear is shed when he passes? By a little self-questioning you can easily determine whether or not you are in the nobody class, whether or not you are one of that great army that every fifteen minutes must give up a precious life, so that the wheels of industry may be kept revolving. If you are one of that class, it is time you used your brains and intelligence to make industry less dangerous, and make the public pay you more for the risks you take at your work. Use your spare hours if you have any, to cultivate your mind. The only reason you are a nut and your boss a squirrel, is the fact that his money has been at work, and he is employing minds superior to his and yours to do his work, while your brain has been asleep. But if he had been a real man, he would not have taken advantage of your sleepy brain to exploit you, but rather his superior intelligence or wealth should have unchained and set free the nobler impulses in his soul and made him pity and enlighten you, and have inspired him to make your life less hazardous and hopeless. Organize by all means, that will get you another dollar or two a week perhaps, but not until you are educated, and your mind working can you think right and glimpse the truth, and only the truth can set you free. Not until you know how to use your ballot, not until you have dozens of working men, men who have toiled and sweated as you have, and who know what your life is, men who can plead your cause, fighting for you in Congress, with the votes of your women folk to back you up (do you hear that) will you get anywhere or accomplish anything and you must accomplish something, for it's you, the masses who make progress possible or impossible. You are the foundation of society, and there's nothing can move unless the foundation goes with it. At present you are a dead weight in the boat of progress. You are keeping the world back and every fifteen minutes you are sending one of your brothers to the industrial shambles to be slaughtered. Now wake up and get action. The year is young, Heaven is with you in your battling. The future is yours, and all that you have to contend with is the ignorance that enslaves you. This is a fight for better things, God is with you so care not who is against you, for the lowly and meek shall yet be exalted, and it is they who shall possess the earth.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's two wonderful books, one of poems and the other of songs, a source of endless joy and merriment which should be in every home, can still be had free; the poems for a club of four, the songs for only two subscriptions. See full particulars at end of this department. Don't miss it. These are the books that will make the whole year joyous. Also Uncle Charlie's Story Book can still be had as a free premium in paper covers for a club of two subscriptions, or bound in ribbed lilac silk stiff covers for four subscriptions. See advertisement.

Now for the letters:

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Well, I am five feet five inches tall. I shall be glad to exchange post-cards with you. I am rather homesy but don't think much of that.

Say, Uncle, please advise me what to do in the following matter: When I have been away to a neighbor's and on the road a young man or boy catches up to me, which I cannot help, would you advise me to walk with him or not. If not, tell me how to get on or if without acting foolish. It has happened a few times and really I do not know what to do sometimes. Also is it proper for me to josh or talk with a young man or boy at home or away? Also when I have been away and have been compelled to stay till dark, if a young man offered to take me home or a boy should I accept his offer? It has happened once but I did not accept his offer. Was that proper of me? I am scared of the dark though that time I just had to. I was awful scared that night. Hoping to see this letter in print.

Your niece and cousin,
RHODA A. ANDERSON.

Rhoda you ask me if you should allow a young man who catches up with you on the road to accompany you the balance of the journey. You don't say exactly that, and you may not mean exactly that, but I infer that is what you mean. If you know the boy or the man, and he has a good reputation and comes of a respectable family and conducts himself as a gentleman, I don't see that there is any objection to his accompanying you. If you found he was making a practice of following you, you would have a right to resent it if you wanted to. Perhaps you don't want to, and you find the company agreeable. In such a case you would have to be guided by your own feelings in the matter. Of course you understand enough of life to know if a man is interested in a girl or smitten with one, he's going to move heaven and earth to see her. You do not tell me your age, so I cannot advise you very well. Age plays a considerable part in trying to map out a line of conduct for a young lady. I am assuming however, you are nearing the years of discretion though perhaps you have only a bowing acquaintance with poise and caution. If this young man annoys you just have your parents write him a letter. If he still persists in following you and speaking to you, don't answer him. If he walks brisly and he wags his brisly, and if you slow down and stop to let him pass, mutely showing your disapproval of his conduct and he still takes no notice, have your parents threaten him with arrest. The most powerful weapon in this world, the weapon few know of or use is silence. There are few can stand continued silence. A man never fears a talkative woman but he does fear a silent one, for he doesn't know what is passing in her mind. He knows he is giving annoyance and if he goes any further he realizes he is liable to get into trouble. Remember silence under certain conditions is power, and you throw away that power when you commence to talk. If you stay at a neighbor's until after dark, it would be only natural, if there was a young man there, that he would offer to take you home. If however, you are scared of the dark and scared of the man, you will have to get out of things the best way you can. I gather that you live in a rural community where everybody knows everybody else. That's where you have the advantage over the city girl who knows nobody. A man living in the country knows if he insults a girl, he is liable to get into serious trouble. If you can't place any confidence in the boys of your neighborhood, don't stay in the houses of your neighbors until after dark. If you have not sense enough to do that you must be prepared for anything that happens. Don't put too much confidence in anyone outside your immediate family and never accept attentions from strangers. Take your mother into your confidence. She has been through the mill and in her youth had probably the same experiences that you had. Men are mighty careful about annoying girls who have been raised in good homes, and they are quite different about the girls who have been brought up without proper care in the homes of the poor. If a rascal takes advantage of a girl, he generally selects his victims from those he thinks far beneath him in the social scale. Her poverty and the ignorance that frequently goes with poverty, put her at a disadvantage, while his standing, or the standing of his folks in the community, give him an advantage of which he is swift to avail himself. I would not josh with anyone beyond the family circle or some of your girl friends. It is a mighty dangerous thing for a girl to start joshing men. Nearly every man is watching and waiting for the time when a



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girl will display some weak spot in her armor of womanliness, modesty, virtue and honesty, and if you josh, you will be joshed back, and the man you josh is liable to list you among the easy marks, and he is also liable, if he meets you away from the home, to become fresh and familiar. A girl cannot be too careful in such matters as these. I have been through the mill, and believe me what I don't know on the subject

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



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A Girl in a Thousand; or, Imogen's Intrigue

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Judge Ashburton, a wealthy lawyer of Philadelphia and the father of Alice Ashburton marries for his second wife Mrs. Farquhar who has a daughter Imogen. Robert Ingraham, reckless and with no aim in life, a cousin to Alice is in love with her. She refuses him and gives her heart to Roland Fletcher. The engagement is announced, Robert Ingraham upbraids her for the ruin she has wrought and leaves her in anger. Imogen Farquhar enters and in fury admits her love for Roland Fletcher. If Alice marries him she will leave no stone unturned to make her regret it. A year passes. One month previous to the wedding Robert returns and unable to endure the lovers' happiness, marries Imogen and sails for Europe. Two happy years and Roland Fletcher's employer is ordered abroad. With the birth of a little girl, Alice's health fails and she is taken to a private retreat. The father is obliged to go to Peru on business while the baby Olive Fletcher is put by the Consul in the care of the captain and stewardess of the *Graciosa* bound for Hoboken, N. Y. The Consul sends one half of his official card to Judge Ashburton. It fits the half saved to the baby's cloak. Imogen Ingraham employs a detective who informs her as to Alice's condition and the disposal of the child. She boards the steamer. The stewardess leaving her charge for a few minutes Imogen gains access to the stateroom, removes the cloak from Olive Fletcher, and putting it on her own child places her in the berth, still sleeping. She puts Olive Fletcher in the extension case, in which she brings her own child on board and hurriedly makes her way to the upper deck, unconscious that her every movement is watched.

CHAPTER IV. IN CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

SHORTLY after this sad affliction which came so early in Roland Fletcher's married life, special dispatches were received by his employer which necessitated his immediate departure for Peru on a diplomatic errand of great delicacy and importance.

This was a terrible blow to the young man, for it was like parting soul from body to leave his idolized wife alone in a strange country; while what disposition to make of his child—a little helpless, innocent girl, barely three months old—was a problem which did not promise to be easy of solution.

At first he declared that he must throw up his position and remain where he was, in order to be sure that Alice received proper care, and to throw around his little Olive a father's love and protection.

But his employer declared, most emphatically, that he could not be spared; that it would be impossible to replace him at such short notice, and his business, which was of a very complicated nature, would be seriously affected if he should remain behind.

Consequently, as their time was very limited, he was forced to make arrangements for Alice to remain at Dr. Rlenzi's sanitarium indefinitely, and then, through the American consul and his kind wife, both of whom felt a deep interest in and sympathy for him in his great trial, planned to send his child to its grandfather, Judge Ashburton, in the United States, as has already been described.

Then heartbroken and almost in despair, he also left Rome to take up his duties elsewhere and try to drown his grief, as best he could, in vigorous and incessant work.

Sunny skies and favoring gales contributed all that was most desirable toward making a quick and delightful voyage across the Atlantic, toward her new home in America, for the little waif who was known on board the *Graciosa* as Olive Fletcher, and the sole heiress to the great fortune of an eminent judge.

She became a great pet among her fellow voyagers, for something of her romantic history had become known to them and their deepest sympathies were enlisted in behalf of the child, so strangely bereft of the care of her parents, and who had been entrusted to the tender mercy of strangers while being transported to her distant relative.

She was a beautiful babe with milk-white skin, laughing blue eyes and golden hair that curled in lovely rings about her pretty head.

She was always daintily dressed, for her mother had spent many delightful hours, planning for, and working with skillful fingers, a bountiful and luxurious supply for the needs of the little one whom she had hoped would be such a joy to her; and Mrs. Frederick, the stewardess, delighted to array her in her finery and was very proud of her lovely charge, and soon grew very fond of her as well.

She had not the slightest suspicion of the stupendous fraud which had been perpetrated during her absence from her stateroom, on the day of sailing; for, after she had bidden the consul's wife and her maid a friendly good by, as they were about to leave the steamer, she had hastened back to her charge to find her still sleeping soundly and everything in the room, apparently, just as she had left it.

The child did not waken for more than two hours, when, after partaking of the nourishment prepared for her, she immediately fell asleep again and demanded no attention until the steamer was far out at sea.

She was well and hearty throughout the voyage, and was as little care as a child of that age could be expected to be; but this may have been owing in a measure to the attentions she received from everyone.

Fifteen minutes after the steamer arrived at her dock in Hoboken, a stately gentleman accompanied by a quiet motherly appearing woman boarded her and sought the captain.

The gentleman was Judge Ashburton of Philadelphia.

The woman was a nurse whom he had engaged to care for his little granddaughter.

The judge, after introducing himself to Captain Hadley, presented his half of the card which had been sent him by mail by the American consul at Rome.

It matched exactly the other half that was fastened to little Miss Fletcher's cloak, whereupon the child was at once given to him, and it was touching to observe the emotion which he could not control, as he folded his daughter's little one, as he supposed, in his arms, and searched for her mother's lineaments in her small face.

Then she was passed over to the nurse, and, after kisses and tearful adieux from the stewardess and many of the passengers, the trio left the steamer, whence they were driven directly to the Pennsylvania station and were ere long en route for Philadelphia.

Of course, Judge Ashburton had not a single doubt that little Olive was the child of his idolized but unfortunate daughter, and he took her immediately into his great, generous and lonely heart and lavished upon her all the long pent-up affection of his nature.

A luxurious nursery was fitted up for her accommodation, the nurse was given *carte blanche* for everything that might be needed, and, three times every day, the doing grandfather mounted two flights of stairs to visit his precious charge and comfort his desolate heart, by living over with the little stranger, the experience of his early life with his own loved child.

It was sweetest music in his ears, upon entering his elegant but hitherto silent home, to catch the sound of happy baby laughter from above; and even a fretful cry would often bring a smile to his lips, for it was a welcome note, albeit not especially harmonious, since it bespoke a living presence that demanded his love and protection.

It was not long before Miss Olive learned to watch for his coming, and would greet his entrance with a delightful caw, in anticipation of the frolic which was sure to follow, while it was

very amusing to see the stately gentleman throw aside his dignity and give himself up utterly to the entertainment of his pet, regardless of her mood or demands, which were often decidedly arbitrary.

Six months passed thus, and the child grew more beautiful and interesting every day.

She was a prime favorite with everybody—there was not a servant in the house who was not entirely devoted to her.

The only drawback to the perfect enjoyment of her presence was the fact that, now and then, she would lapse into an ebullition of temper which, for the time being, was like a tornado in its feature, rendering her violent, unmanageable and destructive of anything that came in her way, and foreboding much of suffering for herself and others, in the future, unless it was nipped in the bud and controlled.

But these tempests soon passed leaving her as calm and serene as a sunny summer's day.

Her grandfather was quite disturbed by these outbursts, however, for they prophesied trouble ahead.

"I do not understand it," he would say to himself, "Alice never displayed any such tendency, and whatever Roland may have been in his childhood he certainly is now one of the most even-tempered men in the world. It is said that certain characteristics skip some generations, and perchance this may be a trait of some remote ancestor cropping out in Olive; but truly, I wish it might have skipped her, also."

From time to time there came reports regarding Mrs. Fletcher from Rome; but they were not of an encouraging nature. Her mental condition was not improving and she appeared to be failing physically.

Once the judge had made a flying trip to Italy to ascertain for himself her condition, and with the intention of bringing her home with him if she should be able to travel; but the visit was a very painful one to him, for he found his once beautiful daughter a wreck.

She did not recognize him, and her physician emphatically asserted that the proposition of her removal to America could not be entertained for a moment.

So the unhappy father, who was booked for cases that must shortly come to trial, was obliged to leave her and return to America with little hope of ever beholding his child again.

News came occasionally from Roland Fletcher, but in all his letters there was a vein of sadness and forced resignation—that was exceedingly pathetic.

The last one, however, seemed to promise something brighter for him from a worldly standpoint, for it contained the announcement of his employer's sudden death, after only a few hours' illness, and Roland had been appointed to fill his position, which was a very responsible one.

The young man was eminently fitted for it, for he had mastered every detail in connection with it while serving with the former incumbent, and his new duties aroused him somewhat from the melancholy which his trials had induced; while, too, his income was largely augmented by the change and his business prospects seemed very bright.

In writing of this to Judge Ashburton he stated that his only regret was that he was liable to be detained abroad indefinitely; but he referred most affectionately to his little one and expressed a sense of deep gratitude to his father-in-law for the tender care he was bestowing upon her.

One morning late in June, Judge Ashburton was seated at the breakfast table, leisurely eating his morning meal and looking over the daily paper.

He was a fine-looking gentleman of about forty-five years—a strong, robust man, full of life and vigor, and did not seem nearly as old as he was. His hair was scarcely tinged with gray—showing only here and there a few white strands.

His eye was as bright and keen as an eagle's, his face ruddy and healthful, with an intelligence and shrewdness in every line which testified to high mental culture and many a sharp experience in the battle of life. His form was erect and distinguished in bearing, his every movement replete with an alertness which betrayed that very little, that was worthy of note, escaped him.

All at once he started, as his eye rested upon a paragraph in the column he was reading, and something of the ruddy hue was swept out of his cheeks for the moment.

"Can this be true?" he muttered under his breath, and in a tone of awe.

To assure himself that his eyes had not deceived him that he was not dreaming, he read the paragraph again and aloud.

"Died, in Rome, April 10th, Robert Ingraham, of Philadelphia, U. S. A., aged 29 years."

"Rob gone!" murmured the man, with a long-drawn sigh and a look of keen pain in his fine eyes. "And he was in Rome, too! how very strange! Poor fellow!" he went on, musingly, "he was a hard-earned fellow, with very little sense of moral responsibility; but I was fond of him in a way. I wish I could have made more of a man of him for Belle's sake, for Rob's father was very dear to her. Well, I tried to do my best for him; but he was a 'high roller' and I was never reconciled to his marriage—I could never understand it. April 10th—only about a month ago," he concluded, with another regretful sigh.

If he had but known the truth—that Robert Ingraham had been gone for more than six months and that the news of his death had been purposely withheld from him he would have been even more surprised.

But such was the case. After roaming from place to place he had taken his wife to Rome and located in a few apartments on the Pincian Hill, and where, left to himself, for Imogen was not well, he plunged into dissipation that soon burned his life out.

A week after his death his child was born, and his wife, though she was glad to be released from a union which she had always regretted, found herself in sore straits, when she realized that her husband had squandered nearly the whole of his property, and a life of poverty and toil, with a little one to care for, lay before her; "unless," she could turn her wits to account."

Her babe was only a little more than two months old when she learned from a paper that Roland Fletcher and his wife were also in Rome—that they also had a little one about the age of her own, and she immediately set herself about learning something of their circumstances and plans for the future.

She had about a thousand dollars in money left—very little, it seemed, at the same time enough while it lasted, and she at once set a detective at work to learn what he could regarding the Fletchers.

We already know with what success and something of the events that followed.

Judge Ashburton sat a long time musing upon the fate of his wife's nephew, wondering how he had spent his life since his marriage—how he had happened to drift to Rome, where his own daughter was slowly dying—what had caused his death, and finally what could have become of Imogen since she became a widow.

As if in direct response to this latter thought, the butler entered the room at that very moment, bearing upon a salver a letter with a foreign stamp and also one to secure its special delivery.

"A letter for you, sir," said the man in a respectful tone as he put it down beside the judge's plate, and then quietly withdrew again.

Judge Ashburton took the missive up and examined it curiously.

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"Ha! this is Imogen's handwriting!" he exclaimed, in an eager tone. "Now I shall learn all the particulars—ah! but this is postmarked 'London,' so she is already on her way home! Poor girl! it is a hard experience for her!" He hastily tore the envelope open, and, drawing some closely-written sheets from it, was soon absorbed in reading a carefully and cunningly constructed letter from Imogen Ingraham.

CHAPTER V.

THE PLOT BEGINS TO BEAR FRUIT.

"London, June 16, 18—.

"DEAR JUDGE ASHBURTON: Doubtless you will be astounded to receive this communication from me, more especially as I have never written you one word since I married your nephew and came abroad. There are several reasons why I have not done so. For one thing, Robert was unwilling—in fact, he forbade me to write. He seemed to hold an unaccountable grudge against the family, which was a great puzzle to me for a long time, and then I accidentally discovered that he had, for years, been nursing a hopeless love for Alice and was disaffected because of her marriage with Roland Fletcher, as well as jealous of the high esteem in which you held him. I learned that he offered himself to me in a fit of pique and then hurried me out of the country before his cousin's wedding—which he was determined he would not attend—came off. You can, perhaps, imagine what such a discovery would mean to me and how my life was thereby ruined—but I will not dwell upon the painful subject—let the veil of charity cover it. During the first year after our marriage we went everywhere—almost; doing Europe quite extensively and in almost every place where we located for any length of time Robert was sure to get in with a fast set and spent money most lavishly. His habits grew continually worse; he drank excessively; he gambled constantly—sometimes winning, but oftener losing. Finally we went to Italy, spent three months in Florence, some time in Genoa, and then went to Rome, where my troubles culminated, for Robert, after a prolonged drunken frolic, was attacked with delirium tremens in its worst form, and I was obliged to put him into an institution and under the care of a physician who makes a specialty of such cases. For eight months he remained there, continually growing worse until the end came. I stood by him till the last, going to see him every few days. Why did I not let you know of this? you will ask. Simply because I was ashamed to do so, for poverty was also staring us in the face, and I was too proud to acknowledge it after keeping silence so long. Robert had lucid intervals, during which he turned everything he had into available funds, of which I took possession and managed to eke it out so that he had every comfort as long as he lived, and to bury him decently when he died—April 10th. Then after disposing of some finery I had, I started for home, thinking that if I could but reach America I might find some means of supporting myself in the future. I arrived in London April 20th, and where for nearly a week I have been ill myself, and find, with the doctor's and nurse's bill, that I am swamped financially. I feel that I am undeserving, after my previous neglect, but if you will kindly send me money enough to get to Philadelphia and give me a shelter until I get strong enough to work, I will try to prove to you, in some way, that I am capable of gratitude. Please send to the enclosed address, and believe me, 'Sorrowfully yours,'

"IMOGEN INGRAHAM."

Judge Ashburton was one of the kindest and most generous of men, and there were tears in his eyes before he reached the end of the above epistle.

To be sure, there had not been one word in it, from beginning to end, of either affection for her husband or of regret for his untimely and miserable end; it had been a plain statement of cold facts entirely devoid of any display of sentiment. But in view of what those facts were, he did not wonder; he realized that there had been little in his nephew's character to appeal to the love of any woman, and much that would cause her to be glad to be free once more.

"Poor girl! poor girl!" he said, regretfully, "she must have had a hard time of it. She is intensely proud, too, and I can understand something of how she feels—how she must have hated to appeal to me after marrying Rob, with his fortune and then have him squander it so; to say nothing of the shame of learning that he never cared a flip for her. So—she loved Alice," he interposed, a grave look overspreading his face; "that accounts for a good many things that seemed rather strange, and explains his sudden marriage and flitting to Europe again, which was always a puzzle to me. Well, I can do no more for him, but I can have a care over his wife. Send her money to get home with? Of course I will, and plenty of it, too. She shall come directly here and live just as she used to—there will be no need for her to work for her living. When I married her mother, of course she became my daughter—in a way; and I promised that she should never want for a home."

Nevertheless, there was a slight cloud upon the judge's brow as he concluded, as if his musings had aroused some memories that were not exactly pleasant.

He pushed back his plate, his breakfast only half eaten, refolded his letter and put it carefully away in a pocket, after which he repaired to his library, where he at once made out a liberal check payable to Imogen Ingraham, wrote a cordial, sympathetic letter to her bidding her come immediately "home," where she would find her old room and a hearty welcome awaiting her.

He also gave her a brief history of Alice's life since her marriage, remarking that it was strange that they both should have been in Rome at the same time without knowing it, and closed by telling her about his daughter's little one, Olive, who had been sent to comfort him in his loneliness and sorrow for her mother's hopeless condition.

He then went out and posted the letter himself, after which he repaired to his office.

A week later both letter and check were in Imogen's hands; and, as she noted the amount of the former, and the cordiality of the latter, her great black eyes glittered with almost savage joy.

"My little blossom," she murmured, as she passionately pressed the check to her lips, while she swept the letter indifferently aside. "I shall soon be with you and then we will never be separated again. Oh! how endless these long months have seemed; but I did not dare to come before, lest the coincidence should seem suspicious; and yet it would have appeared so, for everything that has been so cleverly managed that there is not the slightest fear of discovery. My darling! my darling! can I ever wait to cross the ocean?"

She had not been ill as she had stated in her letter to the judge; but she looked thin and harassed, and there was, at times, a nervousness in her manner which betokened a mind ill at ease.

Two days after receiving Judge Ashburton's letter and remittance found her on the ocean, every pulsation of the mighty engines of the vessel sending a thrill of joy through her heart, for it told her that she was fast nearing the child she idolized, and would soon stand once more in her native land—and free!

She arrived in Philadelphia the eighth day

after sailing, and was driven directly to the residence of Judge Ashburton, where the housekeeper greeted her with some surprise, as they had not really expected she would arrive until the following day.

She was told that her old room was ready for her and thither, at her request, the housekeeper followed her, for she said, "there were a hundred questions she wanted to ask about the judge, poor, dear Alice and—the baby."

But it was with ill-concealed impatience that she listened to the story of what had occurred in the Ashburton home during her long absence—to the tedious account of Alice's protracted illness, the judge's anxiety and grief over her condition and his harrowing visit to her.

But the instant little Olive was mentioned she was all eager attention and poured forth question after question regarding her.

"I do love babies so," she exclaimed, in reply to the woman's remark that she had not expected her to be so enthusiastic over having a young child in the house, "and then the poor little thing is practically motherless, you know, and—appeals to one. I am just dying to see her; I wonder if the nurse would mind if I should go up to see her now?"

She was actually trembling with repressed excitement, and it was with great difficulty that she could keep her voice steady.

"Oh, no; she would not mind at all—she is always glad to have anyone go up to break the monotony. Come, I will go with you," replied the housekeeper, as she arose to lead the way and thinking that "Miss Imogen" had improved greatly during her absence.

As they mounted to the third floor where the nursery was located, Imogen felt herself growing weak and faint.

Her knees shook—a blur came before her eyes, her head reeled and her breath came in short, quick gasps which she strove to conceal behind her handkerchief.

She almost regretted that she had not remained quietly in her room until she could school herself to calmness, before seeking the little one.

Halfway up the stairs she caught the sound of sweet, merry childish laughter and her heart leaped into her throat with an ecstasy of joy that was almost suffocating.

But by a mighty effort she mastered all outward signs of emotion and entered the nursery in the rear of the housekeeper, who introduced her to the nurse and then turned to the child, who was seated upon the floor and surrounded by toys of every description.

"And this, Mrs. Ingraham, is little Miss Olive Fletcher," the woman observed, with a fond look, as she caught the child up in her strong arms and gave her a toss in the air that made her crow lustily with delight.

"Oh, the darling!" breathed Imogen, in a scarcely audible voice; "will she come to me?—Is she afraid of strangers?—may I take her?"

"No, she has never been afraid of strangers; she is very fond of company, and I am sure she will go to you. Will you go to the lady, Olive?" said the housekeeper, coaxingly, as she approached Imogen.

The child turned her large blue eyes upon the stranger with that intense searching look which one so often sees in baby eyes, and, after studying the beautiful face of the trembling woman for a moment, put out her tiny hands and reached forward to her.

It was a trying moment—a terrible ordeal for the yearning mother; then Imogen gathered the little form into her arms, and a sob burst from her as she bent her face over the lovely innocent one upon her breast and kissed it again and again.

"Well, I declare! you do love babies!" exclaimed Mrs. Bartlett, while the nurse looked the astonishment she could not conceal at this affecting scene.

This brought Imogen to herself, and she made a mighty effort to recover her self-possession; for she was conscious that she was betraying too much.

"Yes, I am passionately fond of children," she said, "and I know that I shall love this darling with all my heart. But it just breaks my heart to think of poor, dear Alice—the baby's mother—so ill, away in Italy, and utterly unconscious of the existence of this precious child."

And after this expression of pretended sympathy for the woman whom she hated, she felt that she might safely wipe the tears that would have their way in spite of her efforts to restrain them, and give vent to another sob, the pressure of which had seemed like a millstone upon her heart.

"True, true," replied the housekeeper, sadly, for Alice had been a great favorite with her, "and," she added, "she wasn't so well, either, the last time we heard from her."

Imogen made no reply to this information, but she hugged the child close to her heart, while her hungry eyes searched every line of the sweet, baby face.

"Darling," she whispered, with a tender smile, "will you love—Auntie?—kiss Auntie, sweet."

Little Olive lifted one chubby hand and patted her softly on the cheek as she smiled up into her eyes; then she archly hid her face on Imogen's bosom, too shy, for the moment, to give the coveted caress.

Imogen laughed out musically, and, seizing the little rose-leaf hand, covered it with kisses, while she told herself that this was the happiest day of her life, and she had nothing to fear for the future for either herself or her child.

She had played a dangerous game—she had risked much, but her plans had been very cleverly executed and now she could lay back upon her oars and revel in her success.

But she could bear no more just then. She gave Olive to her nurse, then went swiftly down to her own room, where, locking the door, she threw herself upon the bed, where a paroxysm of weeping relieved the pressure of nervous excitement and anxiety under which she had been laboring for many months.

"Well, she does love babies," Mrs. Bartlett thoughtfully observed, as Imogen disappeared, "and—upon my word! she seems to care more about Alice and her trouble than I imagined she would. I used to think there wasn't any love lost between the two girls, and somehow I never cared for Miss Imogen; but she seems changed—almost as if she had found a heart."

"She seemed tender enough with the baby," said the nurse.

"Yes—but she used to be—Well," said Mrs. Bartlett, suddenly checking herself, "she's had trouble, too, and perhaps it has made a woman of her."

CHAPTER VI.

THE YOUNG MISTRESS.

Judge Ashburton was surprised to find Imogen already arrived, when he returned at his usual hour in the afternoon.

But he greeted her kindly and cordially, and listened with evident interest to the recital of the varied experiences that had been hers, since she went out of his home as the wife of Robert Ingraham.

She told them very well—with marked effect, for, in some unaccountable way, the man was led to feel, during her narrative, a sense of guilt, as if he were personally responsible, in a measure, for the unhappiness that had resulted from her marriage with his nephew—as if her wrong and present poverty somehow lay at his own door, and she concluded her story with a grand *coup de grace*, remarking, with tears in her great dark eyes and in a grateful tone:

"It was very good of you to let me come home and to send me the money for my journey. I am very, very thankful; and now, if you would

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

to your corner, when I tell you I am only thirteen years old, but if I am only thirteen, I can do housework well, and like to do it. When so many others were writing I could not help but write myself.

Though I never saw you, dear Mrs. Wilkinson, I know I love you as some dear intimate friend. I think you are kept pretty busy with so many letters.

I have light hair and blue eyes, am five feet tall and—well I'll not tell you how much I weigh this time, it is such a little bit.

Mamma raises chickens; we have the Rhode Island Reds. We live in sight of two railroads. The Southern and the C. C. & O. Railroad.

I like to go to school. I expect to take the sixth grade next year.

Your tiny COMFORT sister, SALLIE A. WACASER.

Sallie, welcome to our Sisters' Corner! I could not help but being interested in your letter. First, because I love the sweet, old-fashioned name of Sallie. Perhaps you do not know all the christened names so dear to our grandmothers and grandfathers are very much in fashion again, which makes you right in style. Then again, your letter was of interest because it tells that you are on the right road to make a useful woman. Learn all you can, for whatever your station in life, you will find "a little knowledge never comes amiss."

This funny little verse is full of good advice, and I know you are bright enough to find it:

A sad little girl sat under a tree.
"I'm so lonely, so lonely," sighed she.
"Oh, why won't somebody play with me?"
But no one came, but a green froggie.
"Doncher grump, doncher grump, doncher grump!" said he.
The sad little girl sat under the tree.
"But what shall I do to be gay?" sighed she.
"I wish somebody would please tell me!"
And no one did—but a bumblebee.
"Be bizzee, be bizzee, be bizzee!" said he.
—Rebecca D. Moore.

And so you must "be bizzee" that your school days may be happy ones.—Ed.

COMFORT SISTERS:

STOCKTON, Mo.

I have been long among you as a silent reader and now would like to come out and chat with you a while. I am a farmer's wife, having located here February one year ago. Any member of the Sisters' Corner can't help but being benefited by their useful helps and advice, besides receiving their cheery influence.

I am twenty-six years old and a mother of three, ranging from four years to three months, so you see I am kept quite busy and often get discouraged, and then I reflect and think how many there are having a harder lot to bear than I.

I have read COMFORT for twenty years, but never realized until late years what a world-wide mission it was carrying on.

Why don't we all wake up to the fact that we are placed here in this world to live that when our time comes to leave, the world will be the brighter for our having been in it! In other words I think the strong and able bodied should see and care for the sick and afflicted, and that is what COMFORT is doing presently.

How would the sisters treat a child of three months suffering from constipation?

By throwing salt on any burning substance on the stove it will do away with both smoke and odor.

I enjoy reading very much and love out-door life. Would be glad to hear from any of the readers and would appreciate any little help on how to make home attractive. With best wishes to all.

Mrs. H. E. CHURCH.

BOULEVARD, VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

As I have not seen any letters from this vicinity I will write one hoping it will not be too long to publish as perhaps someone may receive a little help from some of my suggestions.

I like the Sisters' Corner, and have always wanted to write, as I have received lots of help from it in cooking and housekeeping.

I feel like all morally reared people, especially women, who ought to raise their voices in protest against the present method of dress which is perfectly disgusting and too much cannot be said against it. Sisters, rear your children or try to in a God-fearing way, and I do not think they will make us blush in years to come. Do not try to make such a Christian-like appearance to outsiders instead of to those in our homes.

I wish I could write more on this subject but I am afraid this is not going to be published.

I have four little children, two boys and two girls, and I think my greatest helper in the way of healing is boric acid. It should have a regular place in every household. For sores, whether it be eyes, nose, mouth or body, a teaspoonful in a jar of vaseline makes as good a salve as ever was mixed.

Some of you tired sisters with babies try this way of resting: When you are busy, such as washing, scouring, ironing or cooking, and you go to nurse baby, lie down with it; the baby likes it and you will too, as it rests the whole body and oftentimes you can snatch a short nap that will certainly do you good.

Teach the children to love each other and they will not soon forget it, and always impress on the minds of the boys how good and loving they should be to mother and sister, and some day their wives will rise up and call you blessed. Teach them to love Sunday school and let them tell you about their lessons, and when they ask questions do not refuse to listen or tell them a story, because they are begging food for their brains and it must be fed. If you do not give it to them, they will surely get it in some way and we do not want our little ones to steal.

Do not try to rear children by old-time methods as they are more advanced than we were at their age and it does not satisfy them.

Always be good to the sick and when you can help in any way, consider it a pleasure. Do not go in and say, "I will do anything I can," but do it, and never lose a chance if you can avoid it. Christ said to us to "visit the sick." It brings pleasure to the sick to have us as I know from experience.

With love and good wishes to all the sisters and a long and happy life to Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie for the good they are doing, I am your loving sister.

Mrs. S. C. BURNETTE.

Mrs. Burnette. I should be very glad to start a campaign in our corner against the present indecent style of dress, which may sound very strange to some of our sisters who have been living on claims several years and do not really know to what extremes women have gone in their choice of so-called fashionable clothes. The following from Rev. Charles H. Fitzwilliam, pastor of Woods Row Emmanuel Baptist Congregation, Pittsburg, will better give an idea of the awakening that is taking place:

"Women are becoming indecent," he said. "They wear dresses that fit tight, revealing their form; they wear skirts that are split, revealing their limbs; they wear waists that are peek-a-boop, revealing their shape, and it is all a detriment to their decency. For such things they should be arrested every time."

Suggestive clothes are undoubtedly causing a wave of crime all over this country. The mother who allows her young daughter to wear on the street a low-necked waist, and a skirt so transparent as to be dubbed an X-ray skirt, is exposing her daughter to uncivil and insulting treatment.

According to Miss Mary Bartelme, assistant judge of the Cook County Juvenile Court, a prominent Chicago judge declared to a group of fellow jurists that "Every law protecting the women of America from insults should be repealed until the women learn to dress modestly enough not to invite insults."

"Men and boys who insult women are being let off with lighter sentences by the judges of this country because of woman's suggestive dress," Miss Bartelme told a reporter today.

"A short time ago a judge said to a boy who was brought into court: 'How dared you insult this girl, one of the best girls in the community?'"

"How's I to know she was a good girl?" the boy answered. "She dressed like a tough."

"An investigation showed that the girl did 'dress like a tough.' Which circumstance, of course, influenced the judge to be more lenient in his sentence."

"Girls don't realize the danger to which their

immodest clothes subjects them. Grown women

don't seem to realize it. Mothers allow high school girls to wear transparent and slit skirts and all manner of other suggestive clothes. When their girls are brought into Juvenile Court on a charge of immoral conduct, the mother don't know Susie was doing anything wrong."

"Mothers seem to feel no responsibility about their daughters' manner of dress."

Until within the last few seasons we have thought of the women of the street as being the only class to go about indecently dressed in public, but at the present time, so far as style of dress is concerned, they are indistinguishable from the respectable, ultra-fashionable women seen in our cities.

The style now common to both is claimed to be genuine Parisian. And true it does come from Paris, but it is copied after the style worn by the women of the underworld of Paris, in token that they trade in immorality, and by the respectable Parisian such dress is not worn but looked upon with horror and disgust.

Let us earnestly discuss this question for the sake of our young people, who, in a large measure are innocent sufferers.—Ed.

CROZET, ALBERMARLE CO., VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

It has been over four years since I paid a visit to this dear Sisters' Corner. What would we all do without COMFORT?

I want to chat with you mothers about my little girls; Margaret nine years old and Ella eight, both their birthdays being in July. During vacation time they are a great help to me as they can wash dishes, help sweep and dust and make beds, and are a great help in caring for the flowers, in fact anything I ask them to do around the house. They can sew a little, play a few pieces on the piano by note, and sing real nicely, so you see they are useful as well as ornamental. I praise them for what they do nicely and they like to be praised, so they take a delight in helping mother. Tell them "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." When they don't do a piece of work well I encourage them to try harder next time.

Mothers, we all like to be praised and encouraged, so let's not withhold it from our children.

It is no easy matter to bring up a family right, even if it be only two children. I won't say "two girls," as I started to, for boys require just as careful and strict bringing up as girls, but very often are sadly neglected and allowed to roam the street most of the day, and go with bad boys and hear older boys say words and tell things that were never intended for the ears of a child, and half the time the mother does not know where her little curly-headed boy is, and some don't seem to care. But some day she will care.

I keep close watch on my girls, and when they go to visit a friend I go too. I do not allow them to be on the streets. It's seldom they go anywhere without me, except to school and Sunday school. I tell you it requires a great deal of patience with children to guide their little feet, and hands, and minds in the way they should go. God help us to teach them aright.

My girls have no secrets from me. Often at school girls will say, "I'll tell you something if you won't tell your mother or anyone," and some of the girls promise, but more than once mine have said what I taught them: "If it's not fit for my mother to hear it's not fit for me and I tell my mother everything." They have been laughed at, of course, for replying thus, but they don't care and come home and tell me about it. I think this is right or I would not teach it. I encourage them to come to me with all their sorrows and joys and perplexities. Some think that a loved child has no troubles or sorrows, but I say they have, and their troubles are just as real to them as ours are to us. It may be only a little quarrel among the children, and someone may have said harsh, unkind things, but it hurts just as it would hurt us. Or, sometimes it's a broken doll or favorite toy, or their pet dog or cat hurt or sick, or their own foot cut, or hurt, but mother is a "cure-all" whether the hurt be in the little hand or foot or in the throbbing little heart, and after the little cry and the story is told, mother comforts and kisses away the tears and the trouble is soon forgotten for mother has made it right. No one knows how I do pity the motherless little ones.

We have long talks together, "we three girls." There is so much that perplex them and I try to answer all questions as best I can. I do not believe in bringing girls up in the dark regarding certain things that girls should know. When my girls are eleven years old I will have much to tell them, and it will be for their good. Too many youngsters

are too wise for their years, nowadays, and often it's the wrong knowledge learned from "smart" older children whose mothers thought best to let them find out for themselves instead of explaining what I think is a mother's duty to explain to girls.

In the vacation time the girls help me with the work and when that's done we all either sew, read, or play the piano and sing, or go for a walk, or play together. They think I am just a girl too, and that it's their right that I should play with them. I do enjoy it so and find it rests my mind from daily cares.

I do wish mothers would write more to our corner about their children, for what is of more interest to us than views concerning children and their proper care?

I think truthfulness is one of the first important lessons to teach, as it is the foundation of a child's character. We must teach them to be honest for what could be worse than dishonesty? So many children have the terrible habit of taking little things that do not belong to them, and the habit will grow unless checked in childhood days. Selfishness is another thing we must guard against. Where there is only one child it is quite apt to be selfish and no one can really love a selfish, spoiled child. Thoughtfulness must not be forgotten. What is more pleasing than to see a child thoughtful of others' comfort and pleasure, and respecting old age. We must teach them that kind words never die and are better than gold sometimes. Most of all, let us mothers practice what we preach, for our children will follow in our footsteps. O Lord give us wisdom, for without Thy help we can do nothing."

I am twenty-four years old and husband is thirty-four.

Crozet is a growing town attractively nestled at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. My father is a merchant here. My husband is a blacksmith and wheelwright.

I enclose a post-card of "us three girls" taken last summer.

May God bless Mr. Gannett, Uncle Charlie and Mrs. Wilkinson. I wish COMFORT great success.

Mrs. HARRIET M. KLINE.

BELLEVILLE, ILL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have been a subscriber of COMFORT almost a year and I like every department in it, and now I will endeavor to enter this very interesting Sisters' Corner.

I enjoy your letters so much, especially those on home life, for we can get some beautiful and impressive thoughts out of those letters. I do for one. I see in imagination the COMFORT sisters as one big body, all scattered, representing the heads of families, engaged in various ways of building up a home. What success we may have the future alone can tell, but as we go forth, each to fulfill his destiny, let us forget all prejudices if we have any, and through our lives be helpful friends to each other as opportunities may offer. As the hour of parting draws nigh, in spite

of our faith in the future, there is a tinge of sadness in the present, to which I do confess, for it testifies to the genuineness of our human sympathy and heart-felt friendship.

Have a mark, young people, and aim for it, and you will rise vastly higher than you will if you have no purpose in life. If you have a good home, appreciate it, and thank God every day for that rich blessing. I have a good home now, but I was left without one before I was old enough to go to school, but I had good benefactors for which I thank God, for His goodness and mercy in keeping me.

I will now ask a favor. What will take pear stain out of a white rattle dress?

I would love to hear from all the sisters, especially those in Texas.

With love and success, to all.

Mrs. ETHEL LAUBERMAN.

HAMILTON, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: Many inquiries reached me after my remedy for cataract appeared in COMFORT. I could not answer them all, for I fell ill at the time.

I received one letter which did me a great deal of good, for I knew at least, I had helped one sufferer. I will quote from this letter: "I saw your name at the end of a remedy for cataract, and I thought, as I was almost blind I thought I would try it. I have applied the oil to my eyes for thirteen weeks and the cataracts are going off. Will you please write and tell me if I should keep applying the oil or if I should get glasses."

Drop one or two drops of goose oil in the eye twice a day till it dissolves the cataract. This amount is all that is needed. It is harmless to the eye. If it feels too hot, bathe the eye in weak salt water. Continue as long as needed.

If I can help further regarding this remedy I will cheerfully do so.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. MINNIE MACOMBER.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I am greatly interested in our corner and have received much help from it.

I have been married three years, am twenty-two years old and have two sweet daughters aged two years and six months. My baby had severe attacks of colic, which I found was quickly relieved by taking her into the fresh air with face uncovered.

In making bloomers for my girl I use black satin which does not show the soil and washes like white cloth. Instead of putting on a band at top, I turn a hem about an inch wide and put in a flat elastic that is the size of waist. Be very sure the elastic is loose, and it does not need to be tight to stay up. Besides not having the labor of making buttonholes, my little girl waits on herself. I also use elastic at knees.

I would like advice about my little girl who has a very bad scurf on her scalp and nothing I can do will help it. Have tried several remedies without results. It causes her hair to come out some.

I suppose there are some who would like to hear about the climate here. We have medium warm summers and quite cold winters, but it is quite a healthy place. There is a great deal of land here for sale and some for homesteading. The surrounding country is a great dry-farm region, but in the valley where we live, all of the farming is done by irrigation. The chief products are alfalfa, hay, oats, wheat, barley, potatoes, sugar beets, and peas. We have an abundant apple crop and there is not a sale for half of them.

I would like hints on how to cure my little girl of sucking her thumb.

My baby has earache so much I have to keep a cap on her head all the time. Does any one know a remedy for it?

Would enjoy letters from sisters.

Mrs. LUCY M. BALL.



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Adele Steiner Burleson

Typical of America's Best Womanhood

By Edna Mary Colman

The following sketch of Adele Steiner Burleson (Mrs. Albert Sidney Burleson), the talented wife of the Postmaster-General, who shines in the literary world on her own merit as an author and not by reflected light of her distinguished husband, was written especially for COMFORT by Edna Mary Colman, of Washington, who gathered the incidents here narrated in a personal interview with Mrs. Burleson.—Editor.

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WHEN you go to emulate Diogenes with his lamp and sally forth to find a woman in public life, who is a worthy representative of the best type of American womanhood, you need not seek further than Mrs. Albert Sidney Burleson, wife of the Postmaster-General in President Wilson's cabinet. Capability is writ large upon her diminutive frame and though a woman of many theories, she is by no means a visionary. Her life has been rounded out along many lines, and to the culture of travel and education, she has added the broad outlook upon life that is synonymous with progress and comes only through deep study and research, keeping abreast of the times, and living out in practical daily experience the principles her theories involve.

Petite and slight, she is, in build, yet so alert and energetic, that neither weakness nor frailty of health would ever be associated with her. The secret of her reserve force and calm, almost judicial way of weighing matters, lies deeper than a mere self control, it comes from a viewpoint which marks out a standard of right and wrong and then follows it regardless of comment or criticism.

This is one of the many valuable lessons she gives her daughters, teaching them to get the right viewpoint and to set their own standards in worth while matters, but by this she does not mean to cultivate eccentricity but individuality.

If Mrs. Burleson has a really well-developed hobby, it is a complete and thorough education for her girls and from their earliest childhood she has endeavored to overlook nothing that would tend to make them independent, self-reliant and equal to any emergency that might confront them. With these daughters, of whom there are three, Mrs. Burleson is wonderfully happy, renewing her own girlhood as she grows with them.

When Mr. Burleson first came to Congress about fourteen years ago, the youngest member of the family, Sidney Adele, was a mere toddler of two years and each summer the family would go back to Texas to spend the hot months on the plantation which is about a hundred miles north of Austin, and where they had erected a summer cottage or bungalow in a grove of trees. Here they kept a regular caravan of ponies for the children's use and not only did the little girls have to catch, bridle and saddle their ponies but they also had to unsaddle them. Here the restraints of school and city life were set aside and they were permitted to climb all of the trees and fences they liked, the only stipulation being that they were not to tell their mother when they contemplated such performances.

Nearly roamed the herd of registered Hereford cattle which has always been the especial pride of Mr. Burleson, and which he still regards as a most important factor of his plantation property. Frequently when the girls were smaller, when he took a notion to ride out and look over the stock, the whole family astride of ponies would accompany him and help him drive the cattle in.

Fox and coon hunting are among the many natural frolics which the girls have always enjoyed in Texas, and equipped with high rubber boots, as a protection against rattlesnakes, etc., they would make a merry party and with a trusty guide would tramp or ride over hills, and mountains and through gullies and ravines. In these various pedestrian tours, Mrs. Burleson always insisted that the girls gather and absorb all of the available information regarding the locality in which they found themselves. So upon their fox and coon hunts with the idea of studying the stars their mother provided a star map which could be set for any time of the year and for a certain hour. Thus upon these summer nights the map would correspond to the sky overhead, and the girls were able to pick out many constellations not generally known. Through this knowledge they once found their way home when the guide had become confused through the loss of his light. Knowing the location of their home, in relation to Scorpio they waited for the clouds to break sufficiently for them to get the benefit of their map and then the return journey was easy.

In order that her daughters should be fearless and able to take care of themselves in the water, Mrs. Burleson took them to Long Island got them life preservers and had them taught to swim.

Both Miss Lucy who is eighteen and Miss Adele Steiner, aged sixteen, are students at George Washington University and their upbringing has been exactly after the manner of that of their older sister, Laura, now Mrs. Richard Negley living at San Antonio. Mrs. Negley was always a fearless rider and on her plantation vacations rode everything from a pinto to a mustang pony and a mule, and wolf hunts were an especial delight to her and the gay parties of her young friends.

This daughter with her husband, Mr. Richard Van Wick Negley, and their small son who is not yet a year old, elected to go to Washington during the fall to pay his first visit to the boy's maternal grandparents. Little master Albert Sidney Burleson Negley had never before met his distinguished grandfathers, for whom he is named and whom he resembles in a startling degree (so his mother says), but he was already on terms of greatest intimacy with his grandmother as she made his acquaintance at his birth and he afterward assured her that he intended standing well with the women of his family as he was already an embryo boy scout and intended enlisting himself in the ranks of Woman's Suffrage supporters, for—lo!—not only is his grandmother Burleson a Suffragist but he has for cousins, both Mrs. Richard Coke Burleson of Fort Myer and "General" Rosalie Jones.

In order that their first grandchild should not be subjected to the discomforts of hotel life, Postmaster and Mrs. Burleson took a furnished house and engaged a staff of servants for exactly the seven weeks. The one they had leased was still in the hands of the workmen.

No baby ever came into the world with a more liberal endowment of patriotic ancestry, for both grandmothers are Colonial Dames and members of the National Daughters of the American Revolution. Both grandfathers likewise came from noteworthy stock. Everyone familiar with United States history knows of the part played in the country's wars by the Burlesons, especially in the defeat of Santa Anna in the Mexican War. The Negleys are an old Maryland family whose men have been editors and bankers and Mr. Richard Negley's father owned one of the largest independent lumber industries in the Southwest. The baby's grandmother Negley was a Miss Jones of Huntington, L. I., whose family owned Gardiner's Island.

Mrs. Negley is a graduate of the University of Texas of which her father was a member of

the first graduating class in law and where her younger sisters will undoubtedly follow the family example and take their degrees.

Both Miss Lucy and Miss Sidney inherit their mother's linguistic talents and speak German and French fluently. They are likewise musical. Miss Lucy plays the first violin in the college music club while her sister is an accomplished pianist and has a good voice. They also studied art and among other accomplishments are famous dancers. Both have taken courses in domestic science.

In explaining her ideas concerning the education and training of her girls Mrs. Burleson says: "In all my enthusiasm, I tried not to overtrain my children, but to guide them by making clear the big principles of life. I think it better to allow children to make themselves and form their own personalities. I allowed my daughters perfect freedom in the formation of and adherence to their own opinions. I desired that they should form and retain these opinions, even if I knew that they would later be disproved by their own mental growth. Of course when they professed any radical opinion that required disproof, I set forth my objections, and we would argue, for and against, until their opinions were justified to me, or my objections made clear to them. "Incidentally, I felt that not only were their minds developing a speculative aspect but a discriminative vigor as well. I think that stifling the opinions of children, which they acquire rightfully through experience or observation, is replacing originality and personality with hypocrisy and insincerity, and causes them to profess the dislikes or likes of other people only to be agreeable or pleasant. My one stipulation in regard to this theory was that they should always have respect for the opinions of older and wiser people, when their views were different."

Mrs. Burleson declares that it is a distinct advantage to allow children to mingle with intellectual and thoughtful grown people. It provides them with ideals, she believes, and it gradually develops a natural ease in society in general.

One of her most interesting theories—one that was bound to produce results along many channels—was followed out with the eldest daughter, Laura.—Mrs. Negley, when she was in college. Her father gave her a certain amount of bank stock which would yield her a regular income every month. Out of this she was expected to maintain her social position among her college mates and among her family friends in San Antonio. This living wholly upon a certain income taught her many valuable lessons. She learned the real value of money with regard to the things she bought. She found that reckless expenditure along one line meant painful denial and economy along another. In other words she learned the priceless lesson of shaping her wants to fit her income. Thus good ideas of management and college were formed and by the time she left college she was well versed in practical matters as well as scientific and cultural ones.

Another system Mrs. Burleson employed which worked like a charm was giving rewards for special endeavor; for instance: one year the girls were given diamond rings, if, for twelve months they refrained from saying unkind things of their acquaintances. With Mrs. Negley the merit system was applied in the form of fifty dollars for the completion of each of her courses in college.

Mrs. Burleson is quite as thorough in her philanthropic work as she is in managing her household affairs and looking after her husband's comfort, both of which she does with a systematic precision that shows that she has learned the secret of conserving both her time and her strength. She does not believe in encouraging pauperism and therefore instead of dispensing her charity through a large number of channels, selects such as most appeal to her and to which she can give some of her attention as well as contributing money. In Texas she has for years been a member of several charitable organizations one of which is the Old Ladies' Home of Austin. In Washington she has always been greatly interested in the Gentlewoman's League having long been an associate member besides patronizing the exchange and assisting it in every possible manner. Another bit of good works of which the world knows nothing was the education of three boys, giving each an opportunity to equip himself for life's work. One of these, now a young man, is a college professor.

Recently Postmaster-General and his wife leased a house in what is known as Old Washington and are just getting settled after a number of months of hotel life. This spacious old mansion was formerly the home of the minister from the Netherlands and attracted Mrs. Burleson because its large high ceilings and rooms reminded her of her own commodious home in Austin. Though only a few weeks in their new home and scarcely settled, this house has already become one of the social centers of the Capital. Mrs. Burleson dispenses charming hospitality which her own wit and personality make doubly attractive, and her interest in literary and dramatic achievement, in which her family thoroughly sympathizes, surrounds her with a coterie of talented and distinguished people from the arts, crafts and professions as well as those who fill merely social roles.

In matters of dress this small, independent lady gives the most positive evidence of her strength of character. For reasons best known to herself, but which it is obvious are based on her physical comfort and health, she refuses to be fettered with the extremes of fashion. She wears the clothes that are comfortable, that she likes, and that give her the service she requires, for these reasons only, and not because of fashion's dictates or whims. Stays, high heels, choking collars, and narrow hobbles are tabooed yet she is always conventionally and suitably attired and is no more conscious of her clothes, once she is dressed, than she is of the wholesome refreshing influence which she exerts. She wears her hair perfectly plain because her husband has always liked it that way and does not wish her to change it.

"I had two ambitions when I married, both of which I have lived to see fulfilled," she recently remarked, in a rare reminiscent mood—rare because Mrs. Burleson is so full of energy and activity and so very busy. "Really too busy to find time to read the papers," as she expresses it, and certainly too busy to get reminiscent often or long.

"What were those ambitions? Well, one was for Mr. Burleson to come to Congress and the other was to own a certain house in Austin, Texas. No," with a smiling anticipation of the next question, "I did not get as far along as the Cabinet in my early hopes."

"Ambition has been quite a factor in the ordering of our lives and those of our girls. Indeed it caused us to tempt fate quite daringly during our courtship even to the point of delaying our marriage several times," she continued with a twinkle that belied any belated realization of the fatal superstitions that center around postponed wedding days.

Pushing aside a big pile of recently arrived pictures of the little grandson in Texas and his entire domestic retinue, Mrs. Burleson gazed dreamily at the picture of her husband, which she foreloved and all is so strikingly like the Scottish bard, Sir Walter Scott, and settled down among her cushions to recount the vagaries of Cupid in the days of her girlhood.

The first time she ever saw Mr. Burleson he was defending a post-office robber in court in Austin. The judge of the federal court had appointed him as the prisoner's counsel and she entered the courtroom with some friends in time to hear him make his argument.

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They were tremendously interested in each other from the very beginning of their acquaintance. She was small and plump and he was tall, six foot one, and not just thin, but positively gaunt in those days and of course being such opposites, by all the laws that govern such matters they were mutually attracted and likewise as it turned out definitely and positively attracted. They got along to the point of discussing marriage plans when part of her family developed urgent business interests in Europe and desired her to accompany them. After much deliberation all agreed that the advantages of a year's travel abroad were too obvious to be given up, so the wedding was postponed with a grave exchange of promises, lockets, etc. After a year's absence the marriage was again the absorbing topic but the combined persuasion of the rest of the party, who were planning to return to continue the touring of the continent for a few months longer resulted in another delay and finally after the third time of postponement they were married.

Mrs. Burleson long ago earned for herself a niche in the literary hall of fame through her clever human interest sketches, child stories, delicate verse and more serious magazine articles. But it is as a playwright that the public knows her best. The production of her clever one act comedy "The Congressman's Secretary" was the medium through which she first became known as a writer of plays. Since then she has written several others, one of which, "Her Hour," was produced in Washington during the month of May, of last year, and another, "The Lobbyists," will make its appearance in the near future.

Mrs. Burleson's fourteen years' residence in Washington during her husband's Congressional service, gave her a most liberal education in political and official life from which her facile pen has drawn a number of clever and humorous character sketches portrayed in monologues and dialogues, among which is a popular series called "Every Politician and His Wife" which deals with the vicissitudes of an ambitious candidate and his blundering, over-zealous wife who in her efforts to promote his prospects gets him hopelessly involved with part of his constituency.

Asked when and how she writes, Mrs. Burleson's answer was a surprising contradiction of all the stereotyped rules and regulations supposed to apply to the hosts of literary hermits who burn midnight oil in solitary devotion to the fickle muse.

"I never make notes, never had a private sanctum or an appropriately established den. Instead I write on all kinds of scraps of paper, backs of envelopes—anything that happens to be handy and at any time when the ideas and the opportunity are in conjunction—when the children are asleep or busily playing. That's the way I did my early stories and plays, but for the magazine articles, of course it is different. I fairly saturate myself with every bit of information I can get upon the subject before I begin to work. But it is about people that I enjoy writing the most. There is always such a wealth

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

he said, with a little pause before the "Vane." "Of course I should have liked to have been the Earl of Lesborough; but—ah, well, perhaps I shall be as happy as if I were."

"I dare say," said Vane, in his blunt way. "I don't suppose"—he stilled, a sigh—"that it will make me any the happier."

Julian looked at him with veiled curiosity. "Oh, you?" he said. "I can imagine that you will make quite a typical English nobleman. You are cut out for the position, and will fill it well. While I"—he waved his white hands again—"I'm scarcely so suitable a subject. I'm only half English. My mother was a Spaniard, and I have nothing—what do you call it?—feudal about me. You will marry—but perhaps you are already married; yes?" he broke off, his almost almond eyes on Vane's, with an apparently frank and disinterested interrogation.

Vane filled his glass and replied, as he had replied to Mr. Tressider: "No, I have no wife."

"Ah, but you soon will have one," said Julian, smilingly. "You will be a great catch. The pride of the season. You know that you are tremendously rich, as well as noble?"

Vane nodded.

"So I'm given to understand," he said. "But I shall never marry."

"Never is a long time," commented Julian, with a smile. "Try this Chartreuse, will you? It also came from the Lesborough cellars, I believe. You will go down there at once, will you not?"

Vane filled his liqueur glass. "I suppose so," he answered slowly. Then, with his characteristic abruptness, he said: "See here, Julian. My turning up in this fashion must have been inconvenient to you. I—I want to make it up to you, in some way; but upon my life I don't quite know how to do. Do you mind telling me something about yourself, your—your means?" He faltered and looked at the table and round the well-furnished, though weird and rather somber, room. "I don't want to play the inquisitive business, you know, but—"

Julian laughed at his cousin's embarrassment. "You have a particularly transparent mind, my dear Vane," he said, in his soft voice. "I know exactly what you are going to do. You are going to offer to—make it up to me for the loss of my—expectations. Is it not so?"

"That's about hit it," assented Vane, in his direct fashion.

"I thought so!" said Julian, with his charmingly candid smile. "You would offer me an allowance, an income—"

"That's so," assented Vane. "Why shouldn't I? I'm immensely, beastly rich, I believe, and if I hadn't turned up you would have been the Earl of Lesborough."

As he pronounced the title Julian Shore's lids quivered, but the smile was still hovering about his lips.

"As it is," went on Vane, "you are the next in succession, the heir. I shan't marry—you shake your head, but I know what I am saying—and you will come into it all. Why shouldn't you accept an income, allowance, from me? If you were my brother or son you would have to do so."

Julian shook his shapely head again.

"But I'm not your brother or your son; I'm only your cousin. And—we are speaking candidly, are we not?—I do not like the role of a dependent. No! I will not take a penny from you."

"You are an awful fool," put in Vane, in his blunt way.

"Perhaps; but I have a small but sufficient income, enough for a bachelor, and I value my independence. No! I refuse your money; but—but if you offer your friendship, your affection, may I say—"

Vane extended his hand.

"Put it that way," he said gravely. "Blood is thicker than water. See here, we will go down to Lesborough tomorrow. I as the earl and master, you as the heir apparent—I think that's the way they describe it. We'll be friends, Julian—What on earth is that peculiar scent, odor, which hangs about this room?" he broke off to inquire.

Julian looked round absently, then smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"I am rather fond of dabbling in chemistry. My father had a like taste; it was one of the reasons for his rupture with the late earl. His lordship could not understand how a Mansfield could interest himself in such a commonplace subject. I use the room next this as a kind of laboratory. Come and see."

He arose, and, going to the door, opened it and stood aside for Vane to enter.

Vane looked in. It was a small room lighted by a window with a screen of yellow silk. There was a strange-looking fireplace, with crucibles and retorts, and there were tables and shelves, on which were books and chemical apparatus.

Vane glanced round, with faint interest; he was not scientific by any means.

"Rum fancy," he remarked. "What's the good of it?"

Julian shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I don't know. Not much, I suppose. But it amuses me. Now, you, I imagine, go in for sport?"

Vane nodded.

"Yes; sport of any and every kind. If I remember rightly, there was not much hunting or shooting at Lesborough."

"The late earl starved it—so Mr. Tressider said."

"Quite so. Well, I'll alter that, at any rate," said Vane. "What's that thing on the fire? I fancy it's that cat smells so?"

Julian Shore lifted a steel pot or kettle from the slowly burning fire.

"Oh, only an experiment," he said.

He led the way back to the sitting-room.

"Are you fond of music?" he asked, in a casual way. "I'm no performer, but I'm a splendid listener. You play, or sing? Let's hear you!"

Julian pushed a cigar cabinet to Vane, then, with a gesture of apology and self-deprecation, went to the piano and struck a prelude of chords, and sang.

Vane listened with rapt attention and admiration.

"My dear fellow, you're almost good enough for grand opera!" he said. "You've got a devil of a voice!"

"My mother sang well, I believe," said Julian modestly.

Vane, who was as sensitive to music as a cobra, heaved a sigh; for the soft, dulcet strain had brought back the island to him.

"I must be going," he said. "My friends, the Letchfords—I'm staying with them—will wonder what the devil has become of me. Well, it's fixed; you and I go down to Lesborough tomorrow. What's the train, do you know?"

Julian knew. He had not looked it up in Bradshaw when he thought that he should be the next earl.

"Ten-fifty," he said, "from Waterloo."

Vane held out his hand and gripped the soft, white one warmly.

"Right. We'll go down together."

Julian accompanied him to the door and stood there, watching the stalwart figure as it strode away. Then he mounted to the sitting-room. The old woman was clearing away luncheon things, and she stopped and looked at her master questioningly.

But he motioned to her to go, and, sinking into a chair, leaned his handsome head on his hand. Presently his thin, crimson lips moved, and he murmured:

"Only him between me and an earldom, between me and wealth—wealth! And he is not married. A young man, like myself. Only him! If anything were to happen to him—But it won't! He'll live to be ninety. It's just like my luck, he will with an ace of a page and a mile. I feel like cursing him, for all his good-natured offer of friendship. But cursing wouldn't kill him. If it would—"

Then came a hissing sound from the laboratory, as if something were boiling over, and he sprang

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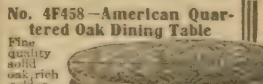
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to his feet and ran eagerly into the next room, as if he had forgotten Vane and the lost earldom.

CHAPTER XII.

VANE MEETS JUDITH.

Vane, as he walked away from Julian's house, was in a peculiar state of mind. He felt drawn toward his cousin; blood is thicker than water; and Vane had been touched by the way in which Julian had accepted his disappointment, and had proffered his friendship to the man who had crushed his hopes of a peerage. But there was something about Julian—his weird place of abode, his taste for chemistry, and indifference to the awful odor arising from his experiments—which jarred upon Vane, something in the expression of his dark eyes, the sudden drooping of the lids, which militated against the favorable impression created by the handsome face and graceful form.

Vane shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm a fanciful beast, and my nerves are rags," he said to himself. "Anyway, I've got to make the best of him. He's the only relative I know, and he'll be the next earl; I shall never marry. I'll make a friend of him, treat him as the heir." The reflection sent him off on the old track, and, as he strode along, he thought of Nina. Though he was convinced that she had been lost, he had, for weeks, after his arrival in London, sought among the shipping companies for tidings of a castaway, but, changing to miss the owners of the *Island Queen*, he did not hear of the picking up of the girl tied to a portion of a raft. Yes, she was dead, and he had been spared that he might spend the remainder of his life in futile remorse and regret.

Quite heedless of the direction in which he was going, he sauntered on, and presently, awaking from his reverie, he found himself in Piccadilly, at the entrance to Hyde Park. He turned in, absently, and strolled toward the Row. It was the fashionable hour of the day, and the place was crowded, and Vane lit another of Julian's cigars, and, leaning on the rail, surveyed the riders as they passed him. The walk was thronged with promenaders; and little groups of friends and acquaintances were chatting and laughing together, making a pleasant little hum and buzz which, pleasant as it was, made Vane feel very lonely.

Some of the voices were so distinct that they reached his ear. He listened mechanically and heard a man who was talking with some ladies say:

"Yes, she's just gone past. Looks wonderfully well and fit, doesn't she?"

"It's the first time she has put in an appearance since her death, isn't it? What a terrible blow—and disappointment it must have been to her! Think of missing being a marchioness! And so narrowly! Most girls would have been utterly crushed."

"But not she," drawled the man. "She's a good-plucked one. Yes, she's missed the marchioness, but I shouldn't wonder if she goes for a duke next time. There she is again."

"Yes, there she is," said the lady. "I suppose that black habit is for mourning."

Vane was turning away, when his eye fell on a lady who was riding slowly toward him. It would have been difficult for him not to have noticed her, for she was an extremely beautiful woman, and she was riding a superb horse, which she sat with a perfect ease that the restless movements of the high-spirited animal did not in the least appear to disturb. By her side were riding two or three men; and, as she pulled up close to the railing, just above where Vane was standing, other men pressed up to the spot, snatching off their hats, and evidently eager to attract her attention and exchange a word or two with her, while everyone who rode or walked past her, whether they knew her or not, regarded her intently and with evident interest.

After all, and with a due regard to the claims of other nationalities, is there anything in the wide world more moving and heart-stirring than a beautiful young English girl? And this was one of the loveliest of the type. She sat erect on her thoroughbred, with her face full in the sunlight, that lit up the exquisite color of her thick

hair of bronze and gold, which the gentle breeze had blown in soft rings over her forehead. Her eyes shone like sapphires in the clear ivory of her face, and her lips, as perfectly formed as those of a Grecian statue, were curved with a pensive smile. When she was alone, the sapphire eyes were apt to grow cold and a trifle hard—one hates to write "calculating"—and the lips, without their smile, narrowed and lost their exquisite curve—but in public both the well-trained eyes and lips were on duty, so to speak, and took upon them any and every expression which their owner willed.

As Vane looked at her his heart gave one bound, then seemed to fall into an almost unnatural calm, a calm which made him marvel at himself; for, not so long since, the sight of this face, the sound of this girl's voice had set his heart beating for more than a moment, and had never failed to send the blood racing through his veins.

Quite unreflectingly, he remained where he was, leaning on the rail, and watching her with moody eyes, which expressed the dead calm and indifference which had fallen on him; and when, after a moment or two, she nodded her adieu to the group—the members of which had all the attitude and manners of courtiers—and, touching her horse, moved toward him, he still leaned over the rails and waited for her. She was almost abreast of him before she saw him, for she was bowing, with the pensive smile, to some friends on the other side of the ride, but it would have been well-nigh impossible for anyone to have passed her stalwart figure and handsome face, with their indefinable air of distinction, without noticing him, and presently her glance fell on him.

The sapphire eyes contracted and closed for a moment, the ivory of her face went a dead white, the smile fled from her lips, and her hand involuntarily closed so tightly on the rein that the horse stopped and tossed his head impatiently.

She was so close to Vane that he could see the quiver of the lips, the flicker of the lids, which had dropped over the brilliant eyes. He stood upright, and, regarding her with the calmness which still vaguely surprised himself, raised his hat.

She bent her head and her lips moved, but at first with no sound, then she said in a low, still voice:

"Vane!"

"How do you do, Lady Marlingford?" he said, in just the ordinary tone of polite greeting.

Her white teeth closed on her lip for a moment, then she bent her head. The "Lady Marlingford" was like a blow to her from the man who had been wont to breathe "Judith" as if it were a psalm of life, a sonnet of love.

"I—I did not know you were—back," she said.

"And why do you call me Lady Marlingford?" she added, her brows drawn, as if with pain.

He ought to have been startled by the question, but it would have taken very little less than an earthquake to startle poor Vane at this period of his existence.

"How do I err?" he asked, not bitterly, but with a placidity which cut her more deeply than any bitterness would have done. "You were just on the point of marrying Lord Marlingford when I left England—if you remember."

She raised her head and looked at him. The group to which he had been absent listening was quite close, and within hearing, and she made a slight gesture with her hand.

"Will you come a little farther up the ride?" she said, in a very low voice.

Vane hesitated for an instant. He had loved this girl with a love which he had thought eternal, had well-nigh lost his reason when she had betrayed and deserted him; but now he had not the least desire to talk with her. His love for Nina—how in its purity and truth it shamed his old passion for Judith Orme—had wiped out all thought of and desire for any other woman, even for this exquisitely beautiful one. But he could scarcely refuse her request, and, with a nod, he moved beside her to a vacant space. She took her horse close to the rail and bent down, so that she could whisper to him; he was still sensible of the grace of her movements, but only sensible of it as one is conscious of the grace of a particularly

beautiful statue or a singularly charming picture. "Don't you know? Have you not heard?" she said, with the faintest tremor in her voice, the voice which used to thrill him.

"Heard what?" he said, almost bluntly.

"Poor Lord Marlingford died just—just before our—our wedding day," she said brokenly.

Vane's eyelids did not even flicker, and he looked at her steadily.

"Poor beggar!" he said. "I'm sorry for him." And he was genuinely sorry, for he remembered what the loss of her had been to himself. "I hadn't heard."

She drew a long breath. "No? When did you come back to England? We heard that you were lost. And I—I was—sorry. I felt—when did you come back?"

"Some time since," he replied. "And so Lord Marlingford died. Accept my most sincere condolences, Miss Orme."

The sapphire eyes rested on him with sweet reproach.

Miss Orme! Oh, Vane, you cannot forgive! You did not understand. You do not understand, even now—"

Vane's lips began to curl.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with polite interest, nothing more.

She sighed again, as she curbed the impatience and restlessness of the Arab.

"I want to tell you—but this is no place. But I must congratulate you, Vane."

"On my succession to the title?" he said.

"Thanks!"

Her eyes swept over his seedy serge suit, and, as if in response, he said:

"I only heard it last night. I came back from—I was in London hard up, and, well, I suppose looking for something to do, when I heard the news. Sir Charles Letchford happened to spot me—"

She tossed her beautiful head slightly.

"The Letchfords? Yes. They used to be friends of mine, but Blanche has cut me lately, since—"

She did not understand, as you do not understand, that I was a victim of circumstances. You know, what my father is—what my life has been

Vane regarded her calmly. There was a note of appeal in her musical voice which would have reached his heart and elicited a quick response some months ago; but it did not move him now.

"I—I can't tell you all now, here," she said. "Will you not come to see me?"

Vane hesitated a moment. If the woman who hesitates is lost, how much more so is the man!

"Thanks, I shall be very pleased," he said.

Her lips parted with a smile, a smile that was almost one of humble gratitude.

"You will? Ah, that is good of you! And I want to hear all that has happened to you. You will tell me, won't you?"

Vane, thinking that he certainly would not, replied, as in duty bound:

"Certainly."

"You—you are not looking well," she murmured, the sapphire eyes sweeping over his face and the seedy serge suit.

"I've been down on my luck," said Vane, in response to the glance, "and I heard of the change in my fortunes so recently that I haven't had time to pull myself together."

"And I am changed, also; don't you notice it?" she said sadly.

"Can't say I do," replied Vane. "You seem to me as—"

as charming as ever, Judith." He had intended to say "Miss Orme"; but the familiar name escaped him.

Her eyes lit up for a moment, but she veiled them instantly.

"Do you think so? Oh, I am changed; very much so. And you will come? The old address."

"Thanks," he said. "Yes; certainly, I will come."

"Thank you; it is good of you!" she murmured.

"When? Tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow," he said mechanically. "I am engaged. I am going to Lesborough. When I come back—"

She dropped over her saddle, and held out her long, thin hand, so perfectly gloved that the kid seemed an outer skin. Vane took it—how often had his lips kissed the white hand that gloved

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29)

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

is not worth recording. Be vigilant and ever on your guard and never trust a man—well farther than you can throw him.

THOMAS, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a girl of thirteen years, have black hair and gray eyes. I have two sisters and one brother. We live on a small farm near the edge of town. My father is a marble man. He cuts and carves tombstones. He is going on a week's trip to set up some stones as soon as the weather is nice.

We have been talking of going to California in a year or so. We have been wanting to leave Oklahoma for a long time as it is so windy and dusty here. My grandpa has been staying with us for four years. He is eighty-four years old, and is almost as spry as a child. He has been making a windmill and spends most of his time on it.

We have two schools and a college in our town, one ward and a high school. I go to high school, am in the seventh grade.

There are three Indians going to high school. Now Uncle Charlie I would like to see this in print, and also would like to hear from some of our cousins.

I am your affectionate niece, VIVIAN V. DODD.

I am glad, Vivian, that you have your farm on the edge of a town instead of in the middle of it. If they'd start a few farms in the middle of New York City, it might improve the atmosphere, but to start a farm in a tank town that consists of three houses and a grasshopper, a saloon and a depot, does kind of spoil its metropolitan appearance. Vivian, you say your father is a marble man. I suppose you mean he is always playing marbles? No? Well then probably you mean he is all made of marble, is that it? I've met a lot of marble men and I don't like them, in fact to tell you the truth and of course I could not tell you anything but what is the truth, there are more marble men in the world than flesh and blood men. Ask the women who are married, about the marble men. The marble men have been the terror of the ages. Time mercifully buries them as fast as it can, and there are not half as many as there used to be, but there are still millions of them that we don't need, and whose dirty bodies would make an elegant picture sliding downwards into the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, and that by the way is where the marble man ought to be. My, my! but I'm horribly dense. Thank you, Mr. Goat for putting me on the right track.

Vivian's papa is a monumental artist, and an agriculturist at the same time. When he isn't whitening tombstones with a jack-knife, he's scaling cotton-trees, and picking number sixty raisins from the top branches. One of the most terrible experiences I ever had as a farmer was when I fell thirty feet from the top of a potato tree. I think it's exceedingly unkind of nature to place these life necessities in such outlandish places. Anyway, Vivian, I'm glad your father can be a sculptor and a farmer and carry on both professions without neglecting either. It would be rather unkind I should imagine though, to have you tell him that I hope his tombstone business is flourishing. I've seen father carve a Turk and carve a duck, but I have never seen father carve a tombstone. It must take a pretty tough knife and fork to carve a slab of marble and I'll wager before he has got "In loving memory of" sculpted out, he has got a pretty blunted carving knife, and a pretty dull fork. Maybe he finishes the job with a spoon. I'm sorry you've got to move to California on account of the Oklahoma dust. When things are particularly dry, Vivian, you should go outdoors and make a noise like a rain storm, and if that won't work, borrow a balloon, catch a cloud by its tail, drag it to earth and then give it a good squeeze, and I'll wager you'll have it rain the way you want. Or if you prefer it you can be an aviator, and fly up in the clouds with a tin dipper and dip the water out, then volplane to earth and give your thirsty crops a drink. Don't run away from the drouth, but try and induce nature to loosen up the rain pot. It grieved me very much to know what a dry season you had in 1913. The day is not far distant when we will have the rain question settled. The clouds are never far from earth, and every state will have its rain makers who will ascend above the clouds, drop bombs into them, and make the cloud juice saturate the earth with moisture. Of course any operation of that kind, carried out where you live, would make Oklahoma a wet state, so whatever you do will have to be done with caution. Don't be too reckless. I'm deeply interested in your dear old grandpa. Bless his heart. Just think of it, eighty-four years young, and doing stunts that would make a boy sick with envy.

My, if I had a constitution like his, I could have started a circus, and taken Billy the Goat and Maria on the road, and given you all a show that would make Bill Bryan's yodeling outfit look like thirty cents. Of course if Billy had stopped over at your place and eaten a couple of dozen tombstones (and Billy could get away with a meal like that in half the time it would take you to swallow a spoonful of ice cream) I should have had a big bill to pay. You say grandpa has been making a windmill and spending most of his time on it. Surely grandpa must be some spry to be able to spend his time on a windmill. In my mind's eye I can see him now being whirled around at the far end of the long revolving slats, singing: "I should worry, and brushing the cyclones aside as they hurried at him, in a vain endeavor to put a finish to his merry-go-round. The Goat says perhaps you mean grandpa spends all his time working on it. Ah me, why don't you tell a fellow what you do mean. Of course it's likely to leave something to the imagination. No one is an artist unless he does, but when you describe a thing the way you have, and your description meets up with a vivid imagination, such as I have, there's bound to be something doing. I'm glad you have two schools in your town, but I can't say whether I approve of a "college" or not, as I never had the pleasure of meeting one. That must be a wonderful high school that can't teach a young lady how to spell college, and it's that high school by the way that converts an honored father into a marble man and a venerable grandpa into an aerial dervish. Now Vivian, you go and ask those three Indians in your high school how to spell college, and I'll bet you they can tell you. Oh, these high schools!

OAK GROVE, LA.

DEAR UNCLE: Will you make room on your knee for a small girl of fifteen? You will have to make a large space for I weigh one hundred pounds. Uncle Charlie I have never written to you before, but imagine I would like to read an answer to this letter. I have been reading some of your witty answers to the cousins' letters. Do you love pets? I have one parrot, a canary bird, and a funny little monkey. While I help mother do the housework my pets enjoy themselves, by the canary bird singing, the parrot talking, and the monkey dancing. We have a fine school. There are seven teachers, four literature, one agriculture, one music, and one domestic science teacher. The agriculture teacher organized a tomato club, most every girl here has joined. I would like very much to have you to visit me this summer and seed tomatoes with Dad, mother and I. I hope Billy the Goat has gone to sleep by this time. Well, I will have to say good night hoping to hear from all the cousins. Your loving niece, ALMA CASTLEMAN.

Will I make room for a little girl of fifteen? Well, I should worry seven days and be a little weak. You ask me if I love pets. Well, I should smile. I don't care whether they are blond or brunette, short or tall. I love every one of them. You don't mean girl pets? Ah, me, those are the only kind of pets worth having. You certainly have a fine bunch of pets, a regular menagerie. I've just read that part of your letter which refers to your pets, to Billy the Goat and Maria, and they are both shaking with laughter. I had a pet canary some years ago and I was going to tell you all about him for he was the joy of my

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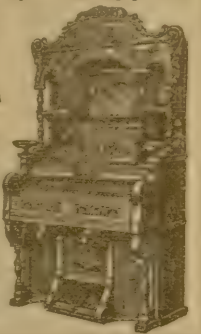
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life. He had a cage but the door was never closed except at night. All the rest of the time, when he was not eating, or sleeping, he was flying around my room. He used to begin singing at daylight. I could just reach his cage and remove the cloth which covered it at night-time, so the gas light would not disturb the slumbers of that little, fluffy, golden ball. His name was Pete. Directly he got out of his cage in the morning he would fly around the room about twenty times for exercise, then he would go to his favorite place, the brass rail at the top of my bed, and he would lean over and push down his head and talk to me. Though it was only bird talk I knew every word Pete said, and if there was any word of mine he did not understand, he used to go to the dictionary and look it up. After he chatted and sang to me for a while on the top rail of the bed, he would fly to the bottom rail at the foot and here he would do more stunts than any ten acrobats I ever saw. He could see himself reflected in the brass knobs of the bed. He used to think it was his best canary girl who had come to pay him a visit, and he used to coo and flirt and make love to her. Little dreaming it was but a reflection of himself. His next trip would be up on the gas globe, and from there he'd fly to one of the Japanese plates, which I use for decoration, high upon the walls. As there are no less than sixteen plates, as well as pictures in my room you may know he had plenty of places to rest on, and he made the handsomest decoration of all. If I sang, Pete would try and drown me out. If a visitor came he'd fly to them at once and want to shake hands with them. Though he had more lettuce in his cage than he could have eaten in a month, he always preferred to taste the lettuce I had on my plate. But alas, one sad morning, when I was too sick to listen to even his joyous song, Maria took him in the front of the house, and he found a little space between the window and the fly screen and he was soon at the top of a huge tree that stood outside, the happiest bird on earth. All the children in the block turned out to try and catch him, but the poor little chap didn't understand what it all meant, and as he was driven from one tree he flew to another, singing his heart out for the joy of living. After five hours of futile effort to catch him, Pete flew away over the housetops to another street. It was in the fall, and that night it was cold and there was a violent storm, and in that storm poor little Pete must have perished or possibly a cat got him. I still have his empty cage, and no other bird will ever occupy it. Pete twined himself around our hearts as well he might have done, for his song was glorious and he was beautiful to gaze upon. I prefer to treasure the precious memories of Pete and the beautiful songs he sang in his unceasing efforts to bring joy into my life than to transfer my affections to another of his kind. Alma, you see it is wise of me to only have pets that were once little girls like you. You see ladies with hobble skirts would make a poor attempt at flying up into a tree, and if they did fly away for five minutes they'd be mighty glad to come back. Now I've told you about my pets, let me discuss yours. You say you have a "funny little monkey." What kind of a monkey is a "funny little monkey?" I've seen a good many monkeys, but never saw a funny one to my knowledge. Maybe a funny monkey is an ordinary monkey with a college education, one who performs his toilet with a small tooth comb instead of his paws. I know there is not a single member of Comfort's reading family who would not cough up a dollar to see your pets doing their vaudeville stunts, the canary singing, the parrot talking, the monkey dancing. That surely must be high jinks. Some fun, believe me. I should like to see the monkey doing the tango with the parrot, while the canary provided the orchestra. I'm glad to find for once that the parrot and monkey can get along without fighting. I'm glad you have a fine school, and have so many excellent teachers. Among your teachers you say are four literature, one agriculture, one music, etc. I never yet saw a teacher that was literature, nor one that was agriculture. I have seen many women who have mentioned but I have never seen a teacher yet who was the thing that she actually taught. That's quite a fine idea of the agriculture teacher organizing a tomato club. I suppose she offers a prize for the scholar who can eat the most "tomato." Why don't you get her to invite the funny little monkey to join that club? I suppose the monkey prefers a meat diet. However I think a monkey would make a very aristocratic and desirable member of a tomato club, and would give a lot of tone to an organization of that kind. Why not form a musical club and get the parrot to sing a couple of solos. Billy the Goat says the parrot would probably sing one song and swear the other. If the parrot did swear one of his songs he could simply say to the audience that he was rendering a selection from Wagner, and no one would know any different. You are quite wrong in thinking that Billy the Goat has gone to sleep. On the contrary he is watching at the door so that if you bring that

funny little monkey along, he can help the parrot get the first grab at its tail.

MENA, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Here I come from the Sunny South. I live two and one half miles from the county seat of Polk Co. I am a girl fourteen years old. I have gray eyes and light hair. I live on a farm and have a great deal of work to do. I can make bread sweep and do all kinds of housework.

I also can do outside work. I can harrow drag drive and ride horses. I love to read the cousins' letters and last but not least Uncle Charlie's answers. We have a fine climate here. Most all garden is made in February and March. I have three sisters and one brother. He is the baby and is only three years old so you see us girls have to do boys' work too. My birthday day is in June. I would like to get letters from some of the cousins who care to write to me. I will close as my letter is long. With love to Uncle Charlie and the cousins, I remain your niece, GENEVA LLOYD.

Geneva Lloyd, huh, some class to that name eh? I'm so sorry you live so far from the county seat of Polk County, as it's a long walk if you are tired and want to sit down. I'm sorry too you have so much work to do on your farm. It's all very well to bring up children to be useful; parents who don't do that are idiots and ought to be walloped, but children should never have too much work to do. Geneva says she can make bread sweep and do all kinds of housework. I have not the least doubt that she can make bread do all these wonderful things, but I want to tell you right here I wouldn't like to eat the bread after it got through sweeping the house clean. It would be interesting of course to see a loaf of bread turning a mattress, sweeping under the beds and dusting the chairs. It would certainly improve the looks of the house, but I doubt if it would improve the quality of the bread. Use the broom next time, Geneva, and let the bread loaf in the breadbox. It is not wise to fill the family up with germs. I'm glad you can do outside work as I want the roof of our chicken coop half soled and heeled, and Billy the Goat wants his tail manicured and his horns kalsomined. You say you can harrow drag drive and ride horses. You must have a bunch of mules as big as a balloon to be able to do that. Driving and riding a horse is all right, but I should not want to drag him very far. You'd have some job if you had to drag him to your county seat and sit him on it, especially if he made up his mind not to go. It seems to me that animal of yours must be more mule than horse. I knew a colored man who had to light a fire under his mule to make him go, and then the mule didn't go. He just sat down beside the fire and warmed his hands, I mean his feet. I don't like the idea of your harrowing horses. That seems to be exceedingly cruel, and we shall have to get Billy the Goat to butt you out of the League if you do anything like that. I think it's exceedingly cruel to harrow a poor horse. It's all very well to harrow a field but to drag one of those barbarous instruments over a poor horse, that's no joke. You see I've been harrowed so much myself, I can sympathize with the poor gee. I had my feelings all harrowed up one night by a member of the horse family. I never had such a terrible time in my life. You see I had the nightmare. I've often wondered what we'll do when the automobiles sweep all the horses out of existence. Not one of us will have a chance to have the nightmare, I suppose

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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Rebel Rosemary

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

negro, rolling his eyes fearfully toward the Union soldiers in the hospital. Then aloud, "Deed no, Colonel Allen's way away from here. I spec's he won't be home till the war's all over most likely. 'Twon't do the low-down Yanks any good to be snoopin' round here."

"Oh, dear," cried Rosemary, her lips quivering, and her eyes filling with tears. "I want to see my Daddy."

"Don't you cry, child," soothed the old man, "I'll tell you a big secret when we get home." He turned to the nurse. "I'll have to take her home now, miss. Mistis is worried most to death."

"Good by, Yanks," trilled Rosemary. "I'll come again some day." She paused an instant and then laid her soft cheek against the gaunt one of the wounded soldier. "I hope your head will be all well when I come back."

With one hand held fast in the old negro's, and waving the other to the men in the hospital, she flitted out of the door. "God," muttered Kane, "I hope nothing will happen to Rosemary's father."

Faint streaks of light were beginning to show in the east when Kane was awakened from a short, uneasy sleep by the shrill whinny of a horse outside. There was a muttered curse and a minute later, the orderly who had brought the message to Dr. Brent, and another orderly entered with a man between them. The prisoner was a young Confederate officer and Kane's eyes followed him searchingly as he entered the office. In the half light he noted the handsome, clear-cut face and the shapely hands bound tightly together at his back. "Col. Allen," he breathed.

The two orderlies, young fellows who had recently joined the division, came out of the office. "Lee's favorite colonel," chuckled one. "Pretty choice morsel. Hokey, old boy, reckon this'll mean a rise for us, what?"

"I reckon so," returned the other dully. "Rather good turn I did you when I let you in on this. God, if you could have heard the kid reel it off, everything I wanted to know. Oh, it was dead easy."

"Yes, almost too easy," answered Hokey. "Do you know who the man is that was just brought in?" he asked, hoping against hope.

"A Confederate spy," she answered evasively. "He wrenched his shoulder a bit and they brought him here before taking him to the guardhouse."

Kane gasped. He had not thought of this accusation. "Is his name Allen?" he asked with painful intensity.

The nurse hesitated but could not evade those keen gray eyes. "Yes," she answered. "He's the child's father, but you mustn't worry about it. Your head will be worse."

"It will be worse in a little while anyway," he replied calmly. "I must use it while I can. But what can I do?" he groaned. "How long will Col. Allen be at the hospital?"

"I heard Smith tell Dr. Brent he would come back this afternoon."

"Couldn't I see him?" he begged. "I haven't any authority for that," she answered, "but if I can influence his guard in any way, I will. I want to help, too."

A fleeting smile crossed Kane's lips as he glanced at the nurse, who was young and pretty. "I imagine you would have more influence with the guard than anyone else in the hospital," he said pointedly.

The nurse flushed with pleasure but was serious again in an instant. "We all know he is not a spy," she cried vehemently. "Surely that ought to count for something."

"It ought to," agreed Kane, "but who has authority to stay the trial even if they wanted to?"

The little nurse shook her head in despair. "I don't know," she murmured thoughtfully. "Almost all of the officers went on in pursuit of Lee. Col. Harrison commands the nearest regiment and I should rather appeal to a wooden man than to him. Would he surely be convicted if he were tried regularly?"

"I don't know what papers Col. Allen had about him when he was taken," answered Kane, pressing his hands to his throbbing head. "But if there is any evidence at all they would sentence him in a minute. Somebody has been carrying important information from our camp to Gen. Lee and they are anxious to make an example of the first man they suspect."

The nurse shuddered. "We must save him somehow," she murmured. "But you must not worry about this. You will work yourself into a fever."

"I'll keep quiet," promised Kane, but after the nurse had gone he lay for a long time tossing in the grip of the problem which his love for the little girl made peculiarly his own.

One by one the other patients in the improvised hospital awoke and almost the first thought in the mind of each was the night visit of the Confederate officer to his home for the birthday with little Rosemary. All freely expressed their hope that he had got through the lines safely but though Kane was sure of their sympathy, he did not tell them that the man was a prisoner in the next room with a sentence of death hanging over him. A certain blind instinct to trust to chance was an important part of Kane's makeup. He could not join with the others in rejoicing at the probable safety of the man whom he knew to be in such a desperate position, but his silence was unnoticed.

The men had just finished their dinner when Rosemary flattered into the room and ran to Kane's cot in eager haste. "She would come to see her Yank," explained the old negro to the nurse. "I was comin' down the road a piece—on business." Nothing could have induced old Ned to tell this stranger that his business was to try to exchange one of Mistress Allen's handsome old willow-ware plates for a pound of crackers. "Miss Rosemary c'n stay here, till I come back."

The men were delighted to have the tiresome monotony of the day broken by this charming little visitor, but Kane's eyes constantly roved from the bright happy face before him to the closed door of the surgeon's office. Rosemary must not know. The child immediately began to talk of the wonderful birthday.

"My Daddy came last night," she carolled. "Last night when it was all dark."

"Were you watching for him?" asked someone.

Rosemary shook her head. "Well," she said, "I watched for a long, long time, most an hour, I guess, and then—I went to sleep, and then I heard my Daddy say, 'Wake up, my five-year-old baby'—but I aren't a baby," she corrected. "And Daddy held me in his lap and told mother and me all about Gen. Lee and the war. What do you think?" she clasped her hand behind her back. "Gen. Lee sent me a birthday present." She placed her hand in Kane's with the chubby middle finger crooked up to display a little ring, set with one blood-red garnet. "It belonged to his mother."

"I wrote a thank-you letter to him. I guess perhaps he's reading it now," she went on. "Daddy said he would give it to him just as soon as he got back to headquarters." Every word was torture to Kane and finally Rosemary seemed to understand. "Is your head worse?" she murmured.

The outer door swung open and the orderly entered. Kane's face whitened. If the old negro would only come and take Rosemary away somewhere. The latch on the office door clicked. Kane tried frantically to keep her attention. The door squeaked shrilly and the child turned. There was a glad cry of "Daddy" and Rosemary's arms were around her father's neck. Col. Allen stared and kissed her, trying to hide his aching hands.

He turned to the orderly. "May I have five minutes?" he said.

The fellow assented with a surly nod. Col. Allen sat down and Rosemary climbed upon his

knee. The men in the hospital listened with breathless interest but the prisoner seemed to search for words.

"Did Gen. Lee like my letter?" asked Rosemary eagerly.

"I haven't seen Gen. Lee yet," answered Allen, "but I am sure he will like it. It may be quite a long time before I go back to headquarters. I am going north a little way with these men." He was choosing his words carefully and watching the effect of them upon the child. Rosemary's face clouded.

"Probably, you didn't know either," she began. "They're such nice men, but, Daddy, they're Yanks."

"Yes, dear, I know," replied the man. He turned to his guard, "May I send a note to my wife?"

"Give the message to the child," returned the fellow. "It'll be kinder short, won't it?"

sneered, "Somethin' like this—"

Allen cut him short with a glance while an exclamation of anger and disgust burst from Kane's white lips. The Confederate turned again to the child. "Listen, Rosemary," he said. "I want you to remember just what I say and tell mother. I am going to the Yankee court but I shall prove my innocence and everything will be all right. Be sure to tell her that everything is all right."

"Yes," answered Rosemary dutifully. "But, Daddy, I don't like to have you go away with the Yanks—won't Gen. Lee need you?"

"I'm afraid he will," the young man's face was sad. "But there will be somebody else to do my work. There are plenty of brave fellows with Lee."

"Ready?" snapped the orderly.

"Yes, I'm ready. Good by, Rosemary. Take care of mother till I come back." He turned to follow the guard out of the door. Kane's lips were pressed together in a hard, straight line and his hands clenched fiercely. The little nurse in the corner was sobbing and Rosemary's lips quivered and her big blue eyes were misty though she did not understand the trouble.

A shadow fell across the floor. The orderly saluted humbly, all his bluster and swaggering vanishing in the presence of the tall, gaunt man with haggard, careworn face. As the prisoner passed President Lincoln, he hesitated and seemed about to speak, but finally passed out in silence. As the Confederate left the room without a backward glance at the little girl standing alone in the middle of the floor, looking after him with troubled, wistful eyes, the spell which had hung over the whole room was broken. There was a nervous buzz on all sides.

Lincoln stooped and laid his big hand lightly on the child's sunny curls. "Who is our little visitor?" he asked.

"Rosemary Allen, sir," answered the child staring dazedly at the doorway where her father had disappeared. "When will Daddy come back?"

The pathetic little figure was too much for Kane. "President Lincoln," he said, "The child's father has just been taken to be tried as a spy. We know that he came through the lines just to visit his home, but we can't be at the trial. What shall we do?"

Lincoln stepped to the door and soon returned followed by the orderly and Col. Allen. "I have only a few minutes," he said, "and I wanted to hear about the great work you fellows have been doing down here, but I guess if you are willing, we will hear what Col. Allen has to say."

There was a shout of approval that brought a smile to Lincoln's lips. "I will be the judge," he said, "but there is nobody here unprejudiced enough to be the jury. Sit down, Colonel, this promises to be rather informal."

"Please, can I sit in Daddy's lap?" asked Rosemary shyly.

"Yes, indeed," answered Lincoln, "that's the proper place for a little girl to sit." Then to the orderly, "If Miss Rosemary is going to sit on Col. Allen's knee, he might like to have his arms free."

The orderly cut the cord which bound the prisoner's wrist and with a grateful look at the Yankee president, he gathered the child into his arms. Suddenly Lincoln's gay mood changed.

"Col. Allen, why did you risk your life within our lines last night?"

"To visit my wife and my little girl," replied Allen, looking straight into Lincoln's eyes. "I was near my home and the army was moving away. I thought it might be my last chance."

Lincoln's eyes were sympathetic. "You knew you were in great danger."

"Yes, but I had a good chance for my life—and it was worth a try." His head went up proudly.

"Did the Yanks catch you, Daddy?" cried Rosemary.

"Yes."

"But you told mother that Ladybird wouldn't let the Yanks catch you," she protested.

"Ladybird fell," he answered briefly.

"It will save time Col. Allen if you tell us all about the affair without questioning," suggested Lincoln.

"I reached the house without challenge," began the prisoner, "though I came through an open field where I could easily have been seen. Apparently there was nobody in the woods. Our old negro servant held my horse while I was in the house. I may have been there twenty minutes. When I started back I took a different path. I was hardly out of sight of the house

when I heard something crashing through the underbrush behind me. A minute later there was a report and a bullet came rather close. I reined the horse out of the path and through the woods trying to find an old trail which I knew. The cracking of the dry twigs and the rustle of the leaves attracted the attention of the horsemen who were following me. By the time I reached the trail they were close behind me, and the shots showed truer aim. It was very dark in the woods and the trail was rough but my horse was surefooted. I touched her with the spurs and she raced down the trail, scattering gravel and small stones. Frequently I heard one of the horses behind me stumble and occasionally there were shots but they were harmless. I was drawing surely away from the two behind me and in a few minutes I should have been out of danger, but in the dark my horse stepped into a hole and fell. Before I could rise the others were upon me and there was no way of escape—I was unlucky, that's all."

"I see," Lincoln stared at his folded hands. "Smith, does Col. Allen's estate lie in your territory?"

"No, sir," replied the orderly. "I got a friend of mine to go on for me last night. I paid him well for it."

"But how did you happen to be on the Allen estate?"

"I went over to catch the Reb."

"You were expecting Col. Allen?" the President's tone was polite but cold.

Smith flushed and stammered. "I had a tip he'd be there," he muttered.

Lincoln bent forward and searched the face of the discomfited orderly. "Smith," he said, "Was it a fair tip?"

The fellow blustered and fumed but finally hung his head before the steady penetrating gaze of Lincoln's black eyes. "Well," he admitted, "Perhaps it wasn't just square. I was in the office there and heard the little girl telling the men that her Dad was a colonel with Lee and that he was comin' home at night and—well, I thought one of Lee's colonels would be a pretty slick catch; so I let a pal in on the little game and we went over and got him."

"Frankly, you did it in the hope of promotion," suggested the President not unkindly.

"I wouldn't mind a little rise," agreed Smith.

"But I suppose it's a soldier's duty to get as many Rebs as possible, ain't it?"

"Oh, Smith," cried Lincoln sadly, "be a soldier, but be a man at the same time. A man doesn't deserve death just because he happens to be on the other side."

He drew toward him a prescription blank which lay on the table. Two long fingers searched through one pocket after another of the shabby black suit. Finally he drew out a stub of a pen-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

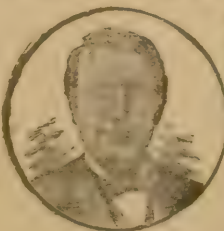


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Washington Anecdotes and Lincoln Jokes

Washington's Punctuality

Punctuality was one of Washington's strong points. When company was invited to dinner, he made an allowance of only five minutes for variation in watches. If the guests were late he would say: "We are too punctual for you. I have a clock who does not ask if the company has come, but if the hour has come."

Washington's Temper

Stuart, the painter, once said to General Lee that Washington had a tremendous temper, but that he had it under wonderful control. While dining with the Washingtons, General Lee repeated the first part of Stuart's remark. Mrs. Washington flushed and said that Mr. Stuart took a great deal upon himself. Then General Lee said that Mr. Stuart had added that the President had his temper under wonderful control. Washington seemed to be thinking for a moment, then he smiled and said, "Mr. Stuart is right."

Washington Blesses His Namesake and Future Biographer

At one time, as Washington entered a shop in New York, a Scotch man named Scott asked him, "What is his name?" asked the President.

"Washington Irving, sir," Washington put his hand on the child's head and gave him his blessing, little thinking that "the bairn" would write, as a labor of love, a life of Washington.

Washington's Diplomacy

Here is a story which shows Washington's diplomacy. He was asked by Volney, a Frenchman and a revolutionist, for a letter of recommendation to the American people. This request put him in an awkward position, for there were good reasons why he could not give it, and other good reasons why he did not wish to refuse. Taking a sheet of paper, he wrote:

"George Washington."

Washington's Consideration for a Conquered People

After Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, Washington said to his army:

"My brave fellows, let no sensation for the triumphs you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy. Let no shouting, no clamorous nuzzling increase their mortification. It is sufficient for us that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us."

Washington Advocated Plain, Genteel Clothes

Although very particular about his dress, Washington was no dandy, as some have supposed. "Do not," he wrote to his nephew in 1783, "conceive that fine clothes make fine men any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired and obtains more credit than lace or embroidery in the eyes of the judicious and sensible."

Lincoln Pacifies an Office Seeker

Chauncy M. Depew tells the following: The reception held by President Lincoln day by day was a series of amusing or affecting scenes. He at once satisfied and reconciled an importunate but lifelong friend who wanted a mission to a distant country where the climate was very unhealthy by saying, when all arguments failed:

"Strangers die there soon, and I have already given the position to a gentleman whom I can better spare than you."



They Say this Stuff Will Make Hair Grow on a Pumpkin

While Lincoln was always very patient, he often adopted droll methods of getting rid of bores.

A story is related of a Philadelphia man who called at the White House so frequently, and took up so much of the President's time, that the latter finally lost his patience. One day when the gentleman was particularly verbose and persistent, and refused to leave, although he knew that important delegations were waiting, Lincoln arose, walked over to a wardrobe in the corner of the Cabinet chamber, and took a bottle from a shelf. Looking gravely at his visitor, whose head was very bald, he remarked:

"Did you ever try this stuff for your hair?" "No, sir, I never did."

"Well," remarked Lincoln, I advise you to try it, and I will give you this bottle. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Keep it up. They say it will make hair grow on a pumpkin. Now take it and come back in eight or ten months and tell me how it works."

The astonished Philadelphia man left the room instantly without a word, carrying the bottle in his hand. The next delegation coming in, found the President doubled up with laughter at the success of his strategy. Before he could proceed to business the story had to be told.

Lincoln's Balloon Story

Lincoln once told this story: A balloon ascension occurred in New Orleans "befo da wa," and after sailing in the air for several hours the aeronaut, who was arrayed in silks and spangles like a circus performer, descended in a cotton field, where a gang of slaves were at work. The frightened negroes took to the woods—all but one venerable darky, who was rheumatic and could not run, and who, as the resplendent aeronaut approached, having apparently just dropped from heaven, said:

"Good mornin', Massa Jesus; how's yo pa?"

Lincoln at Antietam

On a bright and beautiful morning at the beginning of October, 1862, President Lincoln and Gen. George B. McClellan were riding in an army

ambulance over the battlefield of Antietam. Coming to a house along the road, filled with Confederate soldiers who were badly wounded, the President and Gen. McClellan entered. Looking about him, Mr. Lincoln remarked to the wounded men that if they had no objection, he would take them by the hand. As he did this, he said:

"The solemn obligations which we owe to our country and posterity compel the prosecution of the war, and it follows that many are our enemies through uncontrollable circumstances; yet I bear you no malice, and take you by the hand with sympathy and good feeling."

The Confederates silently but fervently shook the hands of the President. He then walked forward by the side of those who were wounded so severely to be able to rise, bidding them to be of good cheer, and assuring them that every possible care would be bestowed upon them to ameliorate their condition. It was a moving scene, and there was not a dry eye in the building.



"Whose Boots Did You Think I Blacked?"

Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts called at the White House early one morning. He was told that the President was down-stairs, that he could go right down. He found the President polishing his boots. Somewhat amazed, the Senator said:

"Why Mr. President, do you black your own boots?" With a vigorous rub of the brush, the President replied:

"Whose boots did you think I blacked?"

One on the Minister

A good story is told of the way in which one of the sturdy admirers of Lincoln paid his tribute to the great man's memory. It was in a Western hotel, and owing to the overcrowding of the city, incident to a session of a great religious organization, the Lincoln adherent was forced to room with a somewhat irascible and exceedingly plain-spoken clergyman from a distant city. The New England man bore with patience many slurring references to various persons and things dear to his soul; but when the clergyman spoke in slighting terms of Abraham Lincoln, his ire was roused.

"I assure you," said the minister, in a tone of great decision, "that I speak of what I know. I was acquainted with Mr. Lincoln personally, and he was a very ordinary man, sir. Honest enough, I admit, but of no talents, sir."

"Well," said the New Englander, with as much calmness as he could command under the circumstances, "I must say your estimate of Lincoln differs remarkably from that of most other people. It is strange that people of all classes should have been so mistaken. Most people regard him as the savior of our government."

"Sir," roared the clergyman, "that's a sin! God Almighty saved the country. It would have been the same no matter who had been President at the time."

"I know that," returned the other meekly, but with a twinkle in his eye, "but then I think it must have required less divine power to save it through Lincoln than it would have in case some other men had occupied the presidential chair at the time!"

A Bath Prescribed

In order to illustrate the moral uncleanness of certain unsavory politicians, Lincoln said on one occasion, he was reminded of a "feller" who applied to a physician for advice about a cutaneous disease. The doctor wrote out for him the following prescription, which he handed to him:

"R. Sapon. Castile, oz. 8. Aquae purae, gal. 1/2. Misco. Apply to all parts of the body with a sponge and then wipe dry with a towel."

"That simply means washing me!" exclaimed the dirty sufferer.

"It certainly is open to that objection," replied the physician.



Not His Fault

During the Rebellion an Austrian count applied to Mr. Lincoln for a position in the army. Being introduced by the Austrian minister, he needed, of course, no further introduction. But, as if fearing that his importance might not be duly appreciated, he proceeded to explain that he was a count, and that his family were highly respectable.

Thereupon Lincoln, with a merry twinkle in his eye, tapped the aristocratic lover of titles on the shoulder in a fatherly way, and said in a soothing way, as if the man had confessed to some defect:

"Never mind; you shall be treated with just as much consideration for all that!"

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Too Slow for the Resurrection

On another occasion, when Mr. Lincoln was going to a political convention, one of his rivals, a liveryman, provided him with a slow horse, hoping that he would not reach his destination in time.

Mr. Lincoln got there, however, and when he returned with the horse he said: "You keep this horse for funerals don't you?"

"Oh no," replied the liveryman.

"Well, I'm glad of that, for if you did you'd never get a corpse to the grave in time for the resurrection."

Lincoln's Loyalty to Country

In a debate, away back years before the historic Lincoln-Douglas debate, Mr. Lincoln gave utterance to the following lofty sentiment:

"Many free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose hers, but if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her. If I ever feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its almighty Architect it is when I contemplate the cause of my country deserted by all the world beside, and I, standing up boldly and alone, hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. And here, without contemplating consequences, before high heaven and in the face of the whole world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love. And who that thinks with me will not fearlessly adopt the oath I take?"

Party Loyalty of Lincoln

When Mr. Lincoln was a youth hardly of age, and struggling with poverty and privation in his effort to qualify himself for the practice of the law, a devoted friend went, without his knowledge, to Springfield, and, on his return, said to him:

"Abraham, I have procured for you a clerkship in the U. S. Land-Office at Springfield, which will yield you a good living and enable you to study law untroubled by debt and want."

"I thank you, my friend," said the poor youth, "but I cannot accept the place."

"Why not?" "Because I am a Whig on principle, and as such, have no claim to office or favor from the present Administration. I do not choose to incur an obligation in that quarter, and I could not take the place without incurring one. Please say to those who have offered it that I thank them, but must decline."

Lincoln's Brevity

Lincoln's first political speech was made in 1832, at the age of twenty-three, when he was a candidate for the Illinois legislature. His opponent had wearied the audience by a long speech, leaving him but a short time in which to present his views. He condensed all he had to say into a few words, as follows:

"Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens: I presume you know who I am, I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by my friends to become a candidate for the legislature. My politics can be briefly stated. I am in favor of the International Improvement System, and a High Protective Tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If I am elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same."

In 1858, when the compiler of the "Dictionary of Congress" sent to Mr. Lincoln the usual request for a sketch of his life, he received the following reply:

"Born Feb. 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. Education defective. Profession a lawyer. Have been a captain of volunteers in Black Hawk War. Postmaster at a very small office. Four times a member of the Illinois legislature, and was a member of the lower house of Congress. Yours, etc., A. Lincoln."

Lincoln's Kindness

During the presidential campaign of 1840, Lincoln, then a young man just rising into prominence, accepted an invitation to address an audience in Union county, Kentucky, at a Whig barbecue. He was met at a landing on the Ohio river, about ten miles from the place of the barbecue, by a committee, headed by Capt. George W. Riddle, and was escorted to the meeting, seated in a spring wagon by the side of Capt. Riddle, the driver. On the road Mr. Lincoln entertained the committee with several amusing anecdotes, and, on arriving at his destination, delivered an able and eloquent address.

After speaking, Capt. Riddle, who commanded a military company, fired a salute in honor of the orator of the day, but the cannon, an old six-pounder, was overcharged, and exploded; though without any serious results.

Many years passed. Mr. Lincoln was elected President, and the Civil War broke out. Capt. Riddle took sides with the South, and, having expressed his opinions rather boldly, was arrested for treason and sent to Camp Chase, a military prison. It proved to be a dull and gloomy place for Capt. Riddle, and, after he was there about ten days, he got homesick, and concluded he would remind his old friend Lincoln of bygone days. So he wrote him as follows:

"My Dear Mr. President: After presenting my compliments to you I wish to remind you that a good many years ago I had you in tow at a Whig barbecue in Union county, Ky. On that occasion I tried to treat you kindly, and even burst my cannon in firing a salute in your honor. I hope you have not forgotten it. Now, sir, you have me in tow, and I am your prisoner here in Camp Chase. I am lonesome and homesick, and want to get back to my old wife. Please let me go. Yours truly, George W. Riddle."

When Mr. Lincoln received this letter he

laughed heartily, and at once wrote on the back of it, "Please let Capt. George Riddle go home. A. Lincoln."

Lincoln's Magnetism

President Lincoln, having been often and severely arraigned in the Tribune for what Mr. Greeley considered his slowness in prosecuting the war, said on one occasion:

"If he (Greeley) objects to my policy, I shall be glad to have him state to me his views, frankly and fully. I shall adopt his if I can. If I cannot, I will at least tell him why. He and I should stand together."

"If I were to go," said Greeley, when the words were repeated to him, "he would simply twist me around his finger, as he always does."

"Lincoln's smile would wilt me in half a minute," he said on another occasion, when again urged to see the President and have a talk with him. "He is a wonderful man—wonderful! I can never harbor a thought against him, except when I keep away from him."

Lincoln's power was marvelous over those who came in contact with him. A certain prominent statesman was urged to stand as a candidate against Lincoln and prevent his reelection.

"By no means," declared the statesman, "for I share in the opinion of those who believe that God's hand is in the war, and that Lincoln is His selected leader. Nothing would induce me to run against Lincoln."

Lincoln's Love for His Mother

At the death of Lincoln's mother it was impossible to procure a minister to administer the last rites at the grave. Abraham was sorely grieved that his mother had thus to be laid away. In the spring he wrote to Elder Elkin, an old friend of the family in Kentucky, appealing to him to come and preach a funeral sermon over his mother's grave, adding that the granting of this request would be to him, his father, and his sister, a lasting favor. The minister complied with the request, though it involved a journey of over one hundred miles on horseback, and the people came from all the surrounding country and gathered about the grave. The minister discoursed to them of the virtues and estimable qualities of the deceased, and commended her worthy example for the emulation of all. As the last prayer was said, the audience fell upon

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by two; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p. picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o. over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; a. p. shorter than usual picot; ch. chain, a succession of double stitches made with two threads; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Crocheted Collar

Spider Web Pattern

USE crochet cotton No. 40 and No. 12 steel crochet hook. Begin by making chain 200 stitches.

1st row.—1 d. c. in each st., ch. 6, turn.

2nd row.—Sk. 2 sts., 1 d. c. in next, ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c. in next, repeat to end row, ch. 6, turn.

3rd row.—8 sps. made as in last row, 1 blk. made by working 1 d. c. on d. c. and 2 d. c. under ch., instead of a ch. 2, * 6 sps., 1 blk. Repeat from * to end of row, 8 sps., ch. 6, turn.

4th row.—7 sps., * 1 blk., ch. 2, 1 blk., 4 sps., repeat from * to end row, ending with 7 sps., ch. 6, turn.

5th row.—6 sps., * 1 blk., ch. 2, 3 s. c. under ch. 2 in last row, ch. 2, 1 blk., 2 sps., repeat from * to end row, ending with 6 sps., ch. 6, turn.

6th row.—5 sps., * 1 blk., ch. 3, 5 s. c., ch. 3, 1 blk., repeat from * making next blk. in next sp., and end row with 5 sps., ch. 6, turn.

7th row.—4 sps., * 1 blk., ch. 3, 5 s. c., ch. 3, repeat from * making next blk. between the 2 blks. in last row; end with 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

8th row.—Same as 6th row to the second blk., made then 4 sps. between webs made by working an extra d. c. between the 2 blks.

9th row.—Same as 5th row.

10th row.—7 sps. at the beginning and ending of row, and between spider webs, 6 sps., ch. 6, turn.

11th row.—8 sps., 1 blk., 8 sps., repeat, ch. 6, turn.

12th row.—Same as 4th row with the exception that there are 16 sps. between the spider webs an extra space being made by working 2 d. c.'s separated by ch. 2 in the first d. c. of blk. of second spider web (see illustration.)

13th row.—Same as 5th row, with 14 sps. between webs. Always finish each row with ch. 6 before turning.

14th row.—Same as 6th row, with 13 sps. between webs, making 1 extra space by working 2 d. c.'s in the same stitch as in the 12th row.

15th row.—Same as 7th row, with 11 sps. between webs.

16th row.—3 sps., 1 blk., ch. 2, 1 blk., ch. 3, 5 s. c., ch. 3, 1 blk., ch. 2, 1 blk., 10 sps., making one extra space in the usual way. Repeat, ending row with 3 sps., ch. 6, turn.

17th row.—2 sps., then across the three webs, working as in the 5th row, 8 sps. Repeat, ending with 2 sps., ch. 6, turn.

18th row.—1 sp., work across webs as in 6th row, 7 sps. Repeat, ch. 6, turn.

19th row.—1 blk., work across webs as in 7th row, 5 sps. Repeat, ch. 6, turn.

20th row.—Work across webs as in 8th row, making 2 blks. separated by ch. 2, before the 4 sps., as shown. Repeat, ch. 6, turn.

21st row.—Complete webs as usual, then 4 d. c., between 2 blks., 4 d. c. on last blk., 4 d. c., filling 1 sp., 2 sps., 12 d. c. worked in same manner, ch. 2 and work across next group of webs.

22nd row.—Complete webs as usual, then 1 d. c. in each stitch to next group of spider webs, ch. 6, turn.

Finish the first web off by working back and forth to a point. Break thread and join in end block of this web, and proceed to finish off the second point of the collar by making ch. 2, then 8 d. c., making 4 d. c. in the first space, 1 d. c. on each of the next 4 d. c., ch. 8, 6 s. c. on 6 center d. c., ch. 8, 8 d. c., making 4 of these on last 4 sts., and 4 d. c. in the next sp., ch. 3, turn, and working back on this row sk. 2 d. c., 8 d. c. on next 6 sts., 2 d. c. under ch. 8, ch. 6, 6 s. c. on s. c., ch. 6, 8 d. c. to correspond with 8 d. c. beginning this row, ch. 3, turn again. 8 d. c., ch. 4, 2 s. c., ch. 4, 8 d. c., ch. 3, turn. 8 d. c., sk. 2, 2 s. c., 8 d. c., ch. 3, turn. 6 d. c., ch. 2, 6 d. c., ch. 3, fasten thread and break.

Now crochet around the points with ch. 3, 1 s. c. in next row. Then finish the edge by working a full scallop of either double or treble crochet under the chains 6 down each edge and the chains 3 around the scallops. This makes a very pretty collar made either of white or ecru crochet cotton. If No. 40 or finer is used the collar will be about 5 inches in width.

Small Crocheted Doily

For pretty small crocheted doily begin with chain 7, join.

2nd round.—24 d. c. in ring.

3rd round.—Ch. 5, sk. 4, 1 d. c., repeat 5 times.

4th round.—11 d. c. under each ch. 5, ch. 3, 1 s. c. in 6th d. c.

5th round.—Ch. 10, 1 s. c. in 6th d. c., repeat 5 times.



CROCHETED DOILY.

6th round.—16 d. c. under each ch. 10, then 1 s. c. in 4 d. c.

7th round.—Ch. 3, sk. 2, 1 d. c., repeat all around.

8th round.—2 d. c., ch. 2, 2 d. c., ch. 3, sk. ch. 3, 2 d. c. under next, ch. 3, repeat.

9th round.—Same as 8th round.

10th round.—3 d. c., ch. 2, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 3, repeat.

11th round.—Ch. 12, 1 s. c. under, ch. 2, repeat.

12th round.—15 tr. c. under each ch. 12, then 1 s. c. in 3rd tr. c.

13th round.—Ch. 3, sk. 3, 1 tr. c., repeat.

14th round.—Same as 8th round.

15th round.—Same as 9th round.

16th round.—Same as 10th round.

Miss Palmyra's Lace

This dainty edging was sent in by Mrs. Anne Preston and is an old pattern known to our grandmothers. Made of fine thread it is very pretty for children's clothes.

Cast on 27 stitches. Knit across plain.

1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 1 (o. n.) 3 times, o. twice, n., k. 10 (o. n.) twice, k. 3.

2nd row.—O., n., k. 17, p. 1, k. 8.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 1 (o. n.) 3 times, k. 13 (o. n.) twice, k. 3.

4th row.—O., n., k. 26.

5th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1 (o. n.) 3 times (over twice, n.) twice, k. 9 (o. n.) twice, k. 3.

6th row.—O., n., k. 16, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 8.

7th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1 (o. n.) 3 times, k. 15 (o. n.) twice, k. 3.

8th row.—O., n., k. 23.

9th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1 (o. n.) 3 times (over twice, n.) twice, k. 9 (o. n.) twice, k. 3.

10th row.—O., n., k. 16, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 8.

11th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1 (o. n.) 3 times, k. 18 (o. n.) twice, k. 3.

12th row.—O., n., k. 31.

13th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1 (o. n.) 3 times, (over twice, n.) 4 times, k. 10 (o. n.) twice, k. 3.

14th row.—Sl. 9 sts. (first) on another needle,



CROCHETED COLLAR—SPIDER WEB PATTERN.

then slip them over the 10th st. without knitting, n., k. 8, p. 1 (k. 2, p. 1) 3 times, k. 8.

15th row.—Sl. 1, k. 1 (o. n.) 3 times, k. 19.

16th row.—O., n., k. 26.

Repeat from first row.

Knitted Baby's Stockings

By Request

Cast 80 stitches on 4 needles, 20 on each.

1st row.—Knit plain.

2nd row.—K. 2, p. 2, and repeat all around for 29 rows.

31st row.—K. plain; 35 rows are made like the 31st, except that the first stitch should be changed, it being purled in two rows, plain in 2, and repeat.

66th row.—P. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog., and plain to end of row, 9 rows plain.

76th row.—Same as 66th, 8 rows plain.

85th row.—Like 66th, 7 rows plain.

93rd row.—Like 66th, 6 rows plain.

100th row.—Same as 66th, 5 rows plain.

106th row.—K. 13, p. 2, k. 6, p. 2, k. 20, p. 2, k. 6, p. 2, k. 13. Repeat for 6 rows.

113th row.—P. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 8, k. 2, take off 3 stitches and knit last 3 first to get the twist.

114th row.—Like 109th. Repeat for 6 rows.

120th row.—Like 116th. Repeat from 106th row until you have the twist 5 times.

For the heel have 14 stitches each on 2 needles, and let the rest stand.

1st row.—Sl. 1, p. 2, k. 11, p. 1, k. 12.

2nd row.—Plain. Repeat from * nine times.

19th row.—K. 14, k. 2 tog., knit back on other side, k. 4, k. 2 tog. Knit until all of your stitches are taken except the 11 stitches you had. Pick up 9 stitches at each side of the flap, then knit all around again. Continue until you have 5 twists more at the foot, narrow 5 times, knitting 2 plain rows between each time. For the toe k. 10, k. 2 tog., and repeat all around.

Next row k. 6, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and repeat all around. Continue until you have 4 stitches on 2 needles. Put pins together and bind off.

Lattice Lace

This knitted lace sent in by Kate C. Cox, is made of fine wool makes an especially pretty edging for children's flannel skirts.

Cast on 23 stitches.

1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, o. n., o. n., k. 16.

2nd row.—K. 1, o. 3 times, k. 1, o. 3 times, until there are 7 sts. on needle. These knit plain.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. n., o. n., then with right-hand needle slip off each st. that is knitted, then drop the 3 loops, pull up to make long st., sl. next st., drop loops, pull up and so on till you have 16 long stitches.

Take these long stitches on left-hand needle, take up and knit the fifth stitch, pulling it over the 4 long stitches on needle, knit 3 more separately, pulling each one over the 4 on needle, then knit the 4 you have been pulling over, then knit the balance of 8 in the same way.

4th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

5th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

6th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

7th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

8th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

9th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

10th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

11th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

12th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

13th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

14th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

15th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

16th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

17th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

18th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

19th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

20th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

21st row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

22nd row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

23rd row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

24th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

25th row.—K. plain. If a wider heading is wanted more stitches can be added.

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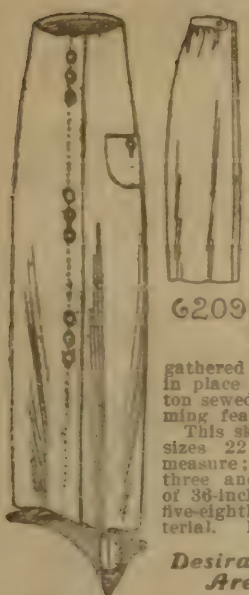
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Home Dressmaking Hints

Mid-winter Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



6209

Desirable Dresses that Are Easily Made

The three dresses illustrated in this group are charmingly becoming to little girls, inasmuch as they are in perfect taste. No. 6200 can be made without the yoke, or with, from allover, or same material as dress with a little hand work for decoration. The sleeves may be long or short, and the gathered skirt joined to the waist by a plain belt and worn with a sash, or if made of cotton, with a wide Hamburg beading through which ribbon is run and tied to the left side as illustrated.

Cut in sizes four, six, eight and 10 years; size 8 requires two and five eighths yards of 44-inch material, one and three quarters yard of beading and three and one quarter yards of ribbon. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6205, the second in group, has a waist of plain material and a skirt made from flouncing, or it can be made from one material. Tiny tucks hold the fullness over the shoulders, and the neck can be round or cut square as shown in illustration. A sash with short ends, matching hair ribbons trims a dainty costume for a little girl.

Cut in sizes two, four and six years; size four requires one and three eighths yards of 36-inch plain material, one and seven eighths yard of 44-inch material, and one eighth yard of beading, and one and one eighth yard of flouncing. If made of one material, one and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material will be required. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6140—Girls' Dress. A model adaptable to a variety of materials, it makes an ideal school dress and is in no way complicated in its making. It closes at the front in a button style and is made with a two-piece skirt attached to the waist by a belt of material same as shield collar and cuffs.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; size eight years requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material and three quarters yard of 27-inch contrasting material. Price, 10 cents.

Pattern Descriptions

No. 6191—Misses' and Small Women's One-Piece Dress. For all the seasons, this model is an extremely useful one. As shown in the larger cut, the regulation waistline is effected, finished with a belt. The whole dress opens at the left side. The waist has the long shoulder with set-in sleeve, finished with Dutch cuffs, and at the slightly pointed neck with graceful collar. A button pocket gives a tailored appearance to waist. The skirt has two inverted pleats on the left side, the lower ones slightly overlapping with a pretty maid trimming is carried around collar and cuffs and down the left side to meet the pleats in skirt. The fastening is blind. If the bias waistline is desired, turn in the top edge of skirt and stitch flat onto waist as shown in small cut.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; age 16 requires three and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material and three and one quarter yards of beading. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5694—Misses' and Small Women's Dress. Everyone admires this style of dress and it is very useful as well. The bands, trimming shield (which may be worn or not), the collar and cuffs, also the bow and girdle are made of a deeper shade of material than dress. Navy blue serge with black silk, topped with red silk, linen colored linen with golden brown are attractive combinations. The opening is in front, which may be of buttons and buttonholes, or blind, using the buttons as a trimming as shown in illustration. The skirt is in four pieces.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; age 16 requires five yards of 36-inch material and five eighths yard of 24-inch for trimming. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5731—Ladies' Dress. This neat, becoming dress can be made from any desired material and the same material used for collar and cuffs to make. The waist can be made with or without the yoke. The skirt is cut in three pieces.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires four and five eighths yards of 36-inch material and one half yard of 18-inch all-over lace or embroidery for the yoke. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5787—Ladies' Waist. Striped silk was used to make this waist with narrow and tab on cuff of plain silk matching stripe. The pointed chemisette and collar are of lace. There is a button at the corner of each rever and a bow to finish, and three buttons trim the front fold over seam. The waist closes at the back and is made without shoulder seams.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires two yards of 44-inch material, five eighths yard of 18-inch all-over and three eighths yard of 24-inch of plain silk. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6510—Ladies' Dress. One of the new models, designed for soft clinging materials. The closing is at the left side of the front. The body and sleeves are in one piece, the sleeve being close-fitting to elbow. The waist is worn blouse, corresponding with the fullness in top of skirt which hangs in soft, unpressed folds. The skirt is one piece, opening at the side-front. A soft full finish the waist, and is wired at the back (with fine soft wire) to hold it standing.

Cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust measure; medium size requires four yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 10-4-7—Apron in Shadow Embroidery. This dainty little apron is made of very sheer nainsook. The bow-knot design is worked on the wrong side of apron in double cross-stitch. Done in colors it is very pretty. The edge is buttonholed. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5699—Ladies' Empire Dress. This smart tailored model is equally suitable for wool, linen or heavy cotton. The waist is cut with body and upper part of the sleeves in one. The skirt is cut in two pieces and is made with a front and back panel. The chemisette is removable.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires five yards of 44-inch material and one eighth yard of 18-inch all-over. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4797—Ladies' Corset Cover. It is close fitting, and by boning each seam a very comfortable support is given women who cannot wear corsets. Make of twilled cotton, stitch a crosswise strip for a bone casing over each open seam (and if more support is desired, between seams), insert bones and sew across top and bottom to hold them tightly in place.

Cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure; medium size requires one yard of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5915—Children's Dress. Made to slip on over the head. If a higher neck is desired, make a short placket at back of neck so head will slip through. This simple little dress is very useful, easily made and laundered.

Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; age six requires two yards of 44-inch material and five eighths yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4650—Ladies' House Dress. This neat dress closes at the left side of the front and can be made with either the Bishop or close sleeve. The skirt is in seven gores.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires four and five eighths yards of 44-inch material and one and one half yard of insertion. Price, 10 cents.

How to Make a Child's Set of Short Clothes

This set of short clothes, No. 4619, is very simple and practical, and anyone knowing how to sew will have no difficulty in putting them together. A dress with a round yoke, sacque, petticoat and one-piece drawers complete the set.

The dress can be made with long or short sleeves, as preferred, and if the latter, cut off the sleeve pattern at the crossline of large perforations. If you are going to trim with edging as illustrated you will not need the hem for which two and one half inches are allowed, or any material under the ruffle, so cut this amount off lower edges of front and back pattern pieces;

for instance, if your edging is three inches wide cut off at least five inches, which leaves you a half inch for sewing.

To make the opening in back of dress, slash down the center of back as far as the perforation and then finish each side with a half-inch hem. At the lower end of the opening tack the right hem over the left. Gather the back along upper edge, from the hem each side to the triple notch, and gather the front between the double notches. Make hems in the back yokes, turning under at the perforations, and then join to front yoke with single notches matching. Make this a fine French seam. Also French-seam the shoulder and under-arm edges of front and back. Now sew the yoke to front and back. There are several ways of making such a joining. For very fine material seam heading may be used between the two portions, the material rolled and the heading whipped to it; or, an ordinary seam can be made with the edges on the right side and a narrow bias fold laid over them, the fold afterwards embroidered with braid or other fancy stitch. If a ruffle trims the yoke, as in the picture, the upper edge should be basted in place as soon as the seam is made and then the fold will cover it.

Use French seam or heading to join the wristband to lower edge of sleeve after you have gathered the sleeve edge. Then flush with the narrow edging and close the sleeve seam, beginning at the bottom so as to be certain to match the wristband edges. Gather top of sleeve between the notches and place in the armhole with notches matching.

There are various methods for finishing the sacque. The picture shows the edges buttonholed, but if preferred, they may be turned and feather-stitched or bound with satin ribbon. At each front edge one and one quarter inch is allowed for a hem but it should be cut off if the sacque is to be buttonholed or bound. Close the seams at shoulder and underarm and press them open. Then finish front and lower edges in the way you have decided upon and also collar and cuff edges, closing the cuff seam beforehand.

Baste the collar to neck edge with single notches matching and then baste one edge of a narrow facing strip next the collar. Stitch all together and turn the facing inside and stitch its other edge to the sacque. Close the sleeve seam, then gather lower edge and join to lower edge of cuff with the seams meeting. Finish with a facing strip like the collar. Gather top of sleeve between the notches and sew in arm-



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Three pieces—a sample of my value giving. Waist made from white marquisette lawn, Bonito effect, kimono sleeves and collar of all-over hand embroidery, lace trimmed. Skirt of all wool Panama, panel front and back, side gorges, Kie effect, trimmed with silk embroidery, black or navy. Petticoat of silk finished edge, one bordered, flounce, black only.

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care of A. LEATH & CO., 7814 Grove Ave., ELGIN, ILL.

hole as notched, with the single perforation at shoulder seam. Then trim the armhole edges and bind them. Ribbon would make a pretty fastening for the front.

Make the waist of the petticoat first, French-seam the shoulder and under-arm edges. Then turn under back edges one and one quarter inches for hems. Cut a bias strip of the material an inch wide and placing against upper edge on the outside, stitch the edges together; then turn the bias strip inside and hem its other edge flat to the waist. Do the same at each armhole. The front of the skirt pattern is placed on a fold in cutting and if the material is wide enough the back can be cut on another fold and the two breadths joined at each side. In any case, an opening must be arranged at center-back, several inches long and each side finished with a half-inch hem. Fasten the right hem over the left at the lower end of the opening and then measure for the tucks.

The small perforations at the front indicate the location of each tuck crease and after creasing all round, stitch one quarter inch above each crease, making four tucks in all. Turn up the lower edge two and one half inches for a hem. Gather upper edge of the skirt and baste it to lower edge of waist with the back edges even. Cut a facing piece one and one half inches wide and lay it next to the skirt, basting one edge over the gathers. Stitch all together and turn facing up and hem to the waist. Work buttonholes in right hem and sew buttons opposite.

To make the drawers, fold them at the line of large perforations and then close each side seam below the extensions, as notched. Turn under each extension one and one eighth inches and make a hem. The back hem will be even with the seam but the front hem still extends and is intended to be lapped under the back hem. The single perforation in upper edge marks the front of drawers. Finish the leg edge with a narrow bias facing, inside and if possible trim with the ruffle of edging, letting the facing cover the top of it.

Cut in four sizes, one half to three years; for one year it requires one and one eighth yard of 27-inch material for sacque, for dress one and five eighths yard for petticoat and drawers one and one half yards. Price, 10 cents.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

ful recipes, also about the care of chickens (I never owned any poultry until a year ago) and I can't begin to tell you all, dear sisters, how much encouragement I have received from the home letters. I always have a resolve to do right and perform my duties (be they ever so hard) with a lighter heart after reading them. I am living on a homestead, thirty-five miles from a railroad, and only one woman within five miles (and she is away most of the time). How would the sisters like living right in the timber, alone, for months at a time, with only a dog and chickens for company? My husband is away working this fall. I haven't been a mile from the ranch in two years and no one knows how lonesome I get at times; seems as if I can't stand it. Then I think of others worse off, or read COMFORT. After reading about other sisters' homes, while and begin over again. I have always lived in cities like Chicago and Los Angeles until four years ago, but we are poor, and this is the only way for poor people to get hold of land. So I do my very best.

Thanking you all for the help I have received, I am sincerely your COMFORT sister,

Mrs. P. E. Lewis.

261 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: While I am a comparatively new subscriber to COMFORT, which name is no doubt well justified, and as I have derived a great deal of comfort as well as pleasure in reading it, I venture to write a few lines, not having seen many letters from the City of New York.

As most of the sisters begin their letters by giving us an idea as to their appearance, I shall do likewise; I am nineteen years of age, have dark hair and eyes, and about five feet tall; by birth I am a Hungarian, but we have lived here since my fifth year, until about a year ago we decided to purchase a little residence in Jamaica, Long Island, which is situated about ten miles from New York City, and being a stenographer in my father's office, which is located in the lower part of Manhattan, right opposite the City Hall, we come to New York every morning. I noticed in some of the sisters' letters the question as to whether it is nice for a girl to do office work, and "Girls" in my opinion, no work can be more adapted to be done by girls than this particular one, for I have done office work for the past two years, and must admit that I certainly love and enjoy it.

New York is far advanced as far as improvements of all kinds are concerned, but I do not consider it a good place to reside in, for even the residential sections, which are located in the upper part of the city are crowded, and while some of the apartment houses have anywhere from forty to fifty apartments, rents are nevertheless extremely high, and even with all such conveniences as hot-water supply, steam heat and elegant bathrooms, individual tenants have no freedom, being encaged, as it were, in their four or five small rooms. Having lived under similar circumstances for thirteen years, I appreciate the country now, and to those who are desirous of living in the city, one as large as New York is, my advice is to live right in their little country towns, and of course I know that we have to work everywhere, but people in the country take life a great deal easier, and therefore have better health and live longer.

To those who desire to have a clear complexion, I should recommend the use of buttermilk, which should be applied, after having washed the face thoroughly, at night and left on during the night.

With best wishes to COMFORT and its readers, and hoping to hear from the girls who may read this, I am, sincerely,

ETHEL FEDER.

WADESBORO, N. O.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I've never seen a letter from this part of the state I'll venture to write.

My subject shall be about poultry. Why don't the sisters write and give their experiences with poultry? It would make our page more interesting I think. I'll give a little talk on Indian Runner Duck culture for beginners.

These ducks came originally from India, hence the name Indian. The term "runner" comes from the fact that they literally run instead of waddling like most ducks. These ducks have been credited with records of more than two hundred eggs each in flocks of ten, and one hundred and ninety-two each in flocks of one hundred.

The Runners are active in their habits, are good foragers, and on an extensive run are able to find a large portion of their food. They are non-sitters, are hardy and easily raised. The young mature quickly, at ten to twelve weeks of age, if they are fed properly. Good feed is composed of the following: Corn-meal, malt feed, best scraps and wheat bran, and ground oats is good also.

We should be careful and never purchase a cheap strain. The best is none too good. I purchased a cheap strain to begin with, but by the time they reached me I was sick of them, realizing there was no money in their tinted eggs. I disposed of them and now have a beautiful flock of forty-old, after selling off a good many, that lays a pure white egg. These came from first prize winners of a good many big shows.

I've sold thirty dollars' worth of eggs and Indian Runners and the ones left are worth more than double this. Feed has not cost much as they have free range and find so much of their food.

Indian Runners if properly fed will begin laying at four to four and one half months of age. The flesh of a prime young duck, when properly served, is in my estimation the most appetizing of any food. The prevailing idea that ducks must be pond or stream in which to swim is due to ignorance. Many are raised with perfect success with no more water than a well filled bucket to drink from. Be careful to start right. Get good foundation standard stock, for which the demand is always greater than the supply. Read carefully all the information you can get. Hold off all the good sense you have. Go slow, start with a few of the best and increase the number of your flock as you grow in experience. Stay with your business to the finish and success is sure to come. I also keep some beautiful Rhode Island Reds. There's pleasure in raising a good strain of poultry.

With love and best wishes for Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters,

Miss SADIE COVINGTON.

Miss Covington. In 1911 we had some very interesting and instructive letters on the raising of Indian Runners, and following is a reprint of one received from Mrs. Cross at that time. Within a month several sisters have expressed a wish for information regarding Indian Runners, and your letter, so clear and sensible, came just in time. I like your enthusiasm and "push"; their valuable assets overcome many an obstacle that threaten our successes.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

SEXTONVILLE, WIS.

I will try to give what information I can in regard to the Indian Runner duck. They are supposed to have been brought from the West Indies to England about one hundred years ago, but their real origin I do not think is known. They have only been recently introduced in the United States, and have forced their way to the front more rapidly than any variety of poultry was ever known to. Their color was originally brown and white, but as we are never satisfied with what we have, we have set a new standard with requirements that are impossible to obtain. Fanciers in search of something new have almost ruined the breed in this country by the introduction of alien blood. Our Indian Runner standard requires them to be fawn and white, although there are pure white, dark brown, penciled, and various other combination of colors. The Runners should have their legs set close together as this gives them an upright carriage and a running gait. I find the penciled varieties give the largest percentage of pure white eggs, while the fawn and white give the largest percentage of green eggs. And their eggs are all marketable, think the preference is given to the white eggs and everyone who has the interest of this wonderful new breed of poultry at heart should endeavor to obtain white eggs, breeding and selecting for that purpose. Running water is not absolutely necessary, but they must have plenty of water for drinking at all times. There are but few people who realize the great possibilities of this grand new variety. They are more profitable than chickens if they can have a free range as they secure the greater amount of their food even while quite young, and are fully matured at twelve weeks and very often begin laying at four and a half months. Lice and mites do not bother them and they never droop around pecking and fretting as young chicks are apt to do. They are genuine hustlers and require very little care after they are two weeks old. They should be given water slightly warmed when they are new or twelve hours old but no feed for thirty-six hours; then old bread soaked in warm milk or water; the water is preferable as milk makes them sticky and dirty. After a day or two give cornmeal and shorts in equal parts with a little clean sand

and pulverized charcoal just wet enough for them to swallow easily. Green food is acceptable to them at all times. I feed mine lots of onion tops, dandelions, lettuce and young grass or white clover, which they relish and it also reduces the cost of feed. If I want to force their growth or get them in laying condition quick, I feed them commercial beef scraps, and all the table scraps and cooked vegetables I can spare, but I never dope or doctor them with poultry foods or medicines. I find the best results are obtained by giving pure water and good clean food, and do not overfeed as that will cause indigestion in young ducks, especially if they are not allowed to run. In case one should have any trouble with ducks keep in pens a drop or two of sulphuric or carbolic acid in their drinking water and it will soon correct any trouble.

And now for a little advice. Most people seem disposed to start in the poultry business on too large a scale. Get a few birds, or two settings of eggs is enough to start with. Do not try a large flock of these ducks until you can successfully handle a few. Do not introduce new blood every year by procuring eggs from reliable breeders. Indian Runner ducks when fully matured should weigh four pounds and the drakes five but it is not unusual for them to weigh five and six pounds. As for color the fawn and white are very pretty while the penciled are more white, rather mottled or penciled are also good to look upon. The white ones seem to be very scarce, although have seen them advertised I do not think they are very much known, but imagine they must be odd and pretty.

Some breeders are sacrificing egg production, color of eggs, everything to color of plumage. While I think color of plumage should be maintained I also think we should strive for egg production and uniformity in color of eggs. Hoping this may help anyone who is interested in these wonderful little Indian Runners, I am yours sincerely,

Mrs. CHARLES CROSS.

ELMWOOD, R. E. 1, Wis.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit another into your happy circle? I am five feet three inches tall, have dark brown hair and eyes of a greyish brown; as for my age I will leave that until some future date.

May I have a little talk on a subject which seems to me a most important one? It relates to a lesson we all need to learn, and find it difficult to get along without learning, yet it is a hard one—the lesson of self control.

Even to acknowledge the value of self control is, however, a step toward gaining it. There are situations so trying that those who have gotten their temper into the most perfect subjection may find it at times getting the upper hands of them, but I have learned we will come out the happier and better from any difficulty if we will guard our words and say as little as possible.

It is true that our first impulse is to "hit back" and show people that we know what has been done or said, and that we are "real mad" about it, but if we stop to think we will find it is not the wiser course to pursue. Don't say a word about it, don't lose your temper, for thereby you lose your dignity. Be calm and quiet and thoughtful. If instead of saying the first thing that comes in mind when we are all stirred up and angry—uttering words that can never be recalled and perhaps never be forgotten, we would say to ourselves, "remember you are a lady and under all circumstances and conditions must act as such," we should have far less to regret.

There are a great many things in this world that we must appear not to have seen or heard. There are no two of us alike.

We must take this fact into consideration, and if you find someone has done you a wrong, say nothing about it, just go your own way and let that person alone. The world is very wide and there are lots of people in it and you will be sure to find other friends.

That God may bless you dear sisters, is the sincere wish of your loving sister,

Mrs. IDYLLE BAILEY.

PALOUSE, R. E. 2, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber of COMFORT for several years and think it the most inspiring paper I read. The many useful hints sent in give me courage to ask this favor. Does anyone know of a way to dye a white woolen sweater and auto cap? I am afraid to use the dyes which require boiling as I think that would shrink them, and so I want to know if there isn't some other way.

I like to read the helpful hints on rearing the children, for I have three little ones to care for and see they are brought up right. It is truly a hard task to teach them as they always like to do the way the older folks do. I also have one stepdaughter thirteen years old, who is a lot of help to me. Her name is Florence, and the three younger ones are Emma Myrtle, Lina Elinor, and Walter Joe of five months.

All my children were bottle babies, and it has been difficult to find food that agreed with them. I have alternated with malted milk and cow's milk. At times baby has diarrhea, and then I give one feeding of cocoa. Baby did not grow much till the last two months and now weighs about fourteen or fifteen pounds.

I have a dear good husband who helps me all he can. I am twenty-six years old and weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, so you see I am not a very small woman.

I should enjoy a shower on my birthday, Feb. 26. With love to all,

Mrs. GEO. GARDNER.

Mrs. Gardner. I think you can purchase a dye expressly made for woolen materials. I want to advise you not to feed your baby with cocoa. It is very indigestible and clogging, and far too rich for baby's stomach. In case of looseness of the bowels, alternate the cow's milk with rice water, made by simmering four tablespoonsful of rice in one quart of water for one hour; strain and add a very little sugar. I would also try substituting the malted milk for oatmeal water, made the same as rice water. Equal parts of oatmeal water and milk might agree with your baby, and if so, he would gain in weight. Keep him quiet, not allowing him to be tossed, rocked or excited. Have regular hours for feeding; also for sleeping in a darkened room away from noise. Ed.

TULARE, Box 755, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Having a few suggestions to pass on, I am going to brave the waste-basket for all it is the thirteenth of the month.

How many of you know that a strong tea made from the leaves of the eucalyptus tree will cure blood poisoning? Wrap a white cloth around the sore, and just pour the warm tea on, using every little while. One day should cure the worst case.

For an abscess in the ear, roast a good firm onion in the hot ashes and squeeze the juice out and put the juice in the ear. It will relieve very quickly. If baby or yourself is broken out with heat, take one teaspoonful of powdered borax to one half basin of tepid water; sponge the broken out places with a soft cloth. Will give relief immediately.

My dear Mrs. Owen, count your blessings and forget your cares, and live and think for those that love you, and you will soon see that there is great pleasure in this world. I have been where you say you are now, but thanks to good friends that taught me to forget myself and my troubles in doing and thinking for others, now I am happy. I can sing that good old song:

"Lord, I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold, I would make sure of heaven, I would enter Thy fold, etc."

With prayers and love for all dear sisters, I am,

Mrs. ELSIE THOMAS.

LEBANON, MO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Although many remedial agents are offered through the sisters' letters, I do not see many suggestions on surgery, a little knowledge of which is sometimes very useful.

In the treatment of cuts, wounds and bruises, nothing is as efficacious as hot water applications. In many hospitals steam is used. A temperature of one hundred degrees produced by the direct application of this moist heat will stop even the most excessive hemorrhage without the use of ligatures. Surgical wounds are healed without suppuration or appreciable loss of blood.

In ordinary households the application of steam would be difficult because of inexperience. Hot water is always obtainable and affords ready relief in cases of acute pain or severe inflammation. When possible as in the instance of a hurt or painful arm, foot or limb place the member over a large pan and pour water as hot as can be borne over it for half an hour or longer. The pain will gradually subside and the injured part can then be bandaged.

In fever cases (especially typhoid), wet sheet packs

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Special Care of Stock for Winter

THE snow and the cold, the frost and the rains make it necessary to take special care of the stock during the winter months. The feed, the water, the shelter and the bedding are the things which need most to be given this special attention if stock is to thrive and do its best. Milk cows to give most milk, pigs to grow and lay on fat, horses to keep healthy and able to do most work, and sheep to keep free from disease.

Warm Water Essential

The first large requirement of all classes of stock is a plentiful supply of water—not necessarily warm—but free from the icy chill. Water drawn from the well immediately before being given to stock is all right and has the proper temperature, but if allowed to remain in the tank and ice forms over it, then given to cattle, it is so cold that it chills the animals. Stock cannot drink enough of this icy water to supply their needs. They jump up around the barnyard, their digestion is retarded or impaired and in consequence their food does them little good. If, on the other hand, fresh water is drawn from the well and immediately given to stock they can drink much more of it and will not suffer from its chilly effects.

Now it is not always possible to do this so that the next best thing is to have a water heater in the tank to keep ice from forming in it and to keep the water moderately warm, that is, to take off the chill. A temperature a little warmer than fresh well water is about right. Then, when the cattle have filled up on this water they should be returned immediately to the barn, especially on cold, wet, raw or stormy days. If kept comfortable the work of digestion is aided by the plentiful supply of water and the stock is thus kept in a thriving condition and in the best of health.

The Winter Shelter

The necessity for keeping stock under shelter in bad weather has just been mentioned. A safe rule to follow is this: Do not allow stock to remain out of doors longer than necessary to clean the barn and water them, when it is uncomfortable for a man to remain out. This is especially true in the case of dairy cows and may be further modified to cover the needs of these animals as follows: Dairy cows may be allowed to stay out on bright, warm winter days if it is comfortable for their owner to work outside in his shirt-sleeves. The reason is this: It takes feed to keep the animal body warm; feed used in keeping cows warm cannot be used in making milk. The cow can't use the same feed for two things at the same time any more than her owner can use his money to buy two things at the same time. If the owner can provide shelter to keep her warm then she will have surplus food to use in making extra milk. If he can induce her to drink extra water by warming it slightly, which will assist her to better digest her food, then she will have still more surplus food out of which to make milk. Warm quarters and warmed water then both tend to increase the capacity of the dairy cow and these same things are equally good for all live stock.

Winter Feeds

During the winter live stock is forced to subsist on dry feeds very different from the fresh green pastures of the summer months. It is well known to every stockman that there is nothing equal to summer pasture for the health, growth and production of live stock. If then we can succeed in supplying them during the winter season with food that resembles summer pasture conditions then they will be much more likely to thrive and grow, take on fat or produce milk. It is for this reason that chopped roots of all kinds are excellent winter feeds. Silage is a sort of canned pasture and a most excellent winter feed. Then, nice, well-cured, juicy, not too dry, clover hay, free from dust is also a splendid winter feed for all farm animals. As a general rule farmers should not fail to provide either clover or alfalfa hay or the hay from some other legume, such as cowpeas or soy beans, for winter hay and for winter pasture either silage or cut roots.

A Good Warm Bed Necessary

Every farmer himself realizes how fine a good warm bed is on a cold winter night, but he does not always remember that his horses, cows, pigs and sheep enjoy a good warm bed quite as much as he does himself. Farm animals should always be provided with good, clean, dry bedding. They should never be allowed to lie on cold cement floors, or on cold wood or dirt floors for that matter, though cold cement is much the worst and most uncomfortable. Let any farmer who permits his stock to lie on a bed of cold cement try it for a night himself. This will convince the most skeptical that cement is a rather cold and uncomfortable bed.

Good clean straw is the best kind of bedding and usually the one most easily to be had. Shavings or sawdust or even dry moss and peat are far better than no bed.

Pigs Need Most Care in Winter

Probably the winter pigs are the animals most neglected in this particular. The barns are usually provided with good bedding every day at cleaning time, and the horses and cattle thus properly provided for. Sheep have heavy coats of wool and their sheds are usually dry because the manure is dry and because they scatter so much hay about while feeding, but the pigs are usually placed off in a pen by themselves with no rough feed, and before the farmer is aware of it the pen is soiled and wet and the pigs are lying on beds of ice.

It is therefore necessary to give special attention to the care of the pig pens. Pigs, above all other animals, need to be kept clean and warm and dry in order to thrive. Feed fed to a dirty pig is thrown away. Feed fed to a cold pig is used up in keeping it warm instead of making meat. Feed fed to an unhealthy pig does little or no good. It is important therefore that pigs be kept clean, warm, dry and healthy in order to give proper returns for the feed given them. The wise farmer will look sharp after his pig pens during the hard, cold and nasty winter weather.

To Prevent the Freezing of Silage

In the northern section of our country much complaint is made against frozen silage. Some

people believe that freezing depends wholly on the kind of silo used. They contend that concrete and stave silos freeze worse than the hollow wall type. While this undoubtedly is true in some degree, it is also true that quite as much depends on the way that the silage is fed as upon the kind of silo.

Silage always freezes from top downward and from the wall toward the center. This gives a ring of frozen silage around the wall at the top. Now if silage is continually removed from the center this ring continues to grow in width and may extend downward even to the bottom of the silo. The more silage taken from the center the more will this outside freezing occur. The remedy is plain: always feed from outside first and keep silage high in the center. The heat of fermentation always keeps the silage warm in the center, hence if it is kept high here it will seldom freeze. On the other hand, if it is kept low around the walls the frost cannot creep in from the outside.

It is a good plan, where the silo freezes badly, to keep the silage covered with a binder or other heavy canvas or a stack cover. This can be thrown back while feeding and then immediately spread over the silage again. This keeps the heat in and prevents freezing.

Another point not to be overlooked is that of keeping the silo closed. As soon as cold weather sets in the outside openings should be closed and kept closed. This will prevent the escape of the interior heat of the silo and thus keep out the frost. The feeding door into the barn may be kept open but if the barn is warm little heat will be lost in this way. A little extra attention to keeping the silo closed and to feeding the silage lower around the walls than in the center will prevent much of the difficulty and annoyance due to feeding frozen silage.

Clean Cows and Clean Milk

Summer milk is usually of a much higher quality than that produced in winter. It is well known that some of our grandmothers made butter of a higher quality than that which is now made in many commercial creameries. The reason is not far to seek. They had better milk, cleaner milk. They usually made their butter from the milk of cows that were kept scrupulously clean both summer and winter and milked out doors so long as the weather would permit. Factory butter is now made from the milk of many herds—clean milk, dirty milk, sweet milk, sour milk, the cream from which is all mixed together in a common vat. The best milk is contaminated by the poorest milk and the general quality lowered thereby.

Now the cows run out all summer and are only put up at milking time, but during the winter they are kept in the barn continually, lie around in their own filth and manure and if the dairyman fails to use proper care they get dirty and filthy as a result.

It is practically impossible to milk a dirty cow without getting some of this dirt into the milk. When once it does get in both flavor and odor are spoiled. It is therefore of greatest importance that cows be kept clean in winter—important to the dairy farmer and city consumer alike. Three things need special attention—the bedding, the fastening and the cleaning.

The importance of clean dry bedding for dairy cattle has been sufficiently discussed in another article. This bedding should be so placed as to absorb the liquid manure as well as to keep the cow clean and dry—that is all liquid not falling in and being carried off by the gutter.

The cow should be tied with a fastening that will compel her to back up while standing and force her to step forward when lying down. This will keep her out of her own filth. If the stiff stanchion is used it should slant back at the top, but the easy swinging stanchion and the flexible tie is better.

Every good dairyman will clean his cows before milking. All dirt, dust and loose hair should be brushed off before milking so that it will not fall into the milk. Comfort is essential to highest dairy production and the clean cow, brushed daily, is the one that is likely to yield highest returns because cleaning and brushing add much to her comfort.

Winter Mud

One of our leading magazines recently made an investigation of the reasons why so many people are leaving the farm and came to the astonishing conclusion that it was all the "woman's fault." Why the women sought to get away from the farm was said to be because of its poor social advantages, its poor schools and the drudgery of farm life.

The writer isn't very much worried about the social side. Some little experience has convinced him that many of the supposed advantages of the town are really disadvantages in that they really add much to the burdens of women. The good roads movement, the telephone and the automobile are rapidly solving this problem. Neither will he admit that the country school is to be despised.

But he does know that the average farm woman works far too hard and too many hours per day, and the worst feature of this is that much of this hard work could be avoided if we only tried to arrange matters so that the farm woman wouldn't have to work as she does.

Take the one item at the head of this article—winter mud. Mud makes work for the woman and men bring it in. Much of this is useless and could be avoided in one of two ways. In the first place the only way to get from the house to the barn on many farms is through the barnyard. There is no use of this. Why have the barnyard between the house and the barn? The barn should be so built or the fences so arranged or both, that men can go from house to barn without going through the barnyard. This is in most cases, a simple matter and could easily be done.

In the next place there is no reason why a farmer must wade back and forth through the mud over the same path many times each day when cement, sand and gravel are so cheap and concrete so easy to make. Good concrete walks from house to well and barn and other outbuildings are a necessity. When sand and gravel are at hand concrete is the cheapest kind of walk to build and if properly put down will last forever. A plank walk is not so enduring but is equally good while it lasts. Gravel or cinders are next best for walks and help to keep out the mud. It is every farmer's duty to his wife to keep the mud of winter, of late fall and early spring out of the house. Proper ar-

range of barnyard and good walks will keep mud out of the house. There is much to be admired in the good old Dutch fashion of wearing wooden shoes and leaving them always outside the door on entering the house. The Dutch women are much commended for their neatness and their husbands help them to keep their houses clean by leaving their dirty shoes at the door. American farmers might do much to keep mud out of their homes if they would follow this splendid Dutch example. By all means they should keep the winter mud out of their homes by every possible means at their command.

Exercise Horses Every Day

A farmer lost his best horse the other day, just because he forgot a bit of advice often given here. That advice is that no horse ever should stand for a single day idle in the stable. If men were to make that the invariable rule of their practice it would save the lives of thousands of horses every year. In one day upwards of one thousand horses were hauled off the streets of New York, paralyzed with azoturia. That disease often is called spinal meningitis, which it is not; or paralysis, which it is to a certain extent. It follows a day or more of rest during which time the horse has eaten his usual rations, rich in protein. Oats are especially dangerous. So is alfalfa hay. The affected horse goes out feeling fine; soon sweats, droops, knuckles over on a hind pastern, goes down, paralyzed in one or both hind legs, with the muscles of the stifle, thigh, hip and loins swollen and as "hard as a board." The urine in this disease is dark black or red-brown in color, like strong coffee. No man need ever have another case of this disease if he will remember to make a horse take abundant exercise every day and when there is no work for the horse to do, cut down the grain ration materially, or altogether, and feed hay, bran and roots, or a little silage—if the horse is accustomed to the latter feed. This practice also will prevent lymphangitis (Monday morning disease) which is characterized by sudden soreness starting up in the groin, causing painful swelling of the hind leg, fever, lack of appetite, quick full pulse and fast breathing. The horse is anchored in his stall and may stay there for a week or more. One attack, of either disease, renders the animal prone to another attack. Prevent these diseases by exercise and light feeding. In so doing one also prevents stocked legs, indigestion, hidebound coat and some slight forms of kidney derangement.

Developing Young Stock

It does not pay to half starve young stock in winter. They got a fine start when suckling their dams and no calf or foal flesh should be lost. It never can be quite made up. Heifers that most of the day are to dairy cows should be kept growing right along. They need all the development possible by the time they are bred, when rising two years in age. Stunted now, they will remain stunted, and that is not all; they will not be likely to turn out well in the dairy. The perfectly developed dairy heifer makes the profitable dairy cow. Such heifers should be out of good dairy cows and by pure bred bulls from large producing cows. If they are not so bred do not develop them at all. Let them go to the butcher at once. Cattle by scrub sires are money losers and feed wasters, to say nothing of man's valuable time. If the heifers are the right sort see that they get lots of good mixed clover hay, or alfalfa hay and silage this winter. Bright oat straw is a good addition to the ration. Some have an oats may be fed with advantage and profit; but most of the feed may consist of hay, silage or roots, with bright oat straw and a little bright stover. Heifers want to be kept "sappy" by which term is meant, loose and mellow in hide. The tight, harsh skin means stunting every time. Take the skin in the hand and it should be soft, loose and mellow, filling the hand. That sort of beast is a feeder and a good grower and keeper. Flaxseed meal helps to keep the skin in that condition, if roots or silage are not available. We call it "well oiled" skin. Keep the colts growing too. They should have plenty of fine hay, corn stover, oat straw and about all they can clean up twice daily of a mixture of equal parts of oat and wheat bran. A little silage may be allowed; provided it is free from mold. Moldy silage kills horses as sure as a shotgun. Let all young animals have exercise; but keep them out of the corn-stalk fields and see that they have plenty of pure drinking water at all times. Take the chill off the water in winter. Do not feed any dope or drugs of any kind; but allow free access to rock salt.

Examine Grass Seed Carefully

It would interest any farmer who has not done so to spread out some home or bought grass seed, or alfalfa or clover seed, on a sheet of white paper and see how many weed seeds he can detect. They are there. The strictly upright dealer cleans his commercial seeds carefully; but unless great precautions of that sort are taken weed seeds are sure to be present. Does each reader of this page know the "look" of the common weed seeds in grass and grain? That is, can he identify the most of them? We are sure that he cannot. The work is that of an expert and it is being taught to agricultural students all over the land. They are made to study and be able to identify fifty varieties of weed seeds commonly found in grass and grain seed. A small hand microscope is needed for the work and much study and practice are required to make a man expert in recognizing the different weed seeds with certainty. In some states there is a bureau of examinations and guarantee samples of commercial seeds. That is a good plan and one that should be adopted in every state. Poor seeds are the result of carelessness rather than fraud; but carelessness is necessary if we are to keep our fields clean and it should be made imperative by official seed inspection and guaranteeing. If you have a lot of grass or clover or alfalfa seed to buy better have different seedmen submit samples and then have them examined by the experts of your state experiment station; or learn to do this work yourself. Bulletins on the subject can be had from some of the experiment stations, or possibly from the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. In nineteen samples of red clover seed submitted to the Virginia station for examination forty-nine varieties of weed seed were found and nearly all of the samples contained other commercial weeds, such as Timothy, white clover, alsike clover, etc. In studying weed seeds it is best to collect known weed seeds in little glass vials and have these at hand when examining a sample of seed to be bought or used on the farm.

Precautions in Buying Fertilizers

It is a well-known fact that before the expert stations got to analyzing feeds and fertilizers, according to law, and making the manufacturers offer "straight goods," adulteration of such products commonly occurred. Ground wheat screenings often were mixed in with "cow feed" and sweepings from granary floors and the mill feeds offered on the market. Such adulterations are now less common, because less profitable. Today, as then, buying from a reliable firm is good policy for every farmer to follow. The little fellow and new beginner may be less careful than the established firm in complying with the law. In buying fertilizers the same rule applies and it should be understood that such preparations sometimes are not up to standard and often "diluted" with comparatively worthless substances. For example garbage and muck tankage have been used as "fillers" and to supply some of the nitrogen in artificial fertilizers of low grade. To avoid mistakes it is advised never to buy a complete fertilizer that claims (on the tag) to contain less than 1.65 per cent of nitrogen.

This Girl Could Not Walk or Stand

—at the age of four

Pink Vosburg, daughter of Mrs. Sula Vosburg, Bedford, Ia. Mrs. Vosburg brought her daughter to this Sanitarium January, 1911, for treatment of Infantile Paralysis. The child could neither walk nor stand alone, but could only crawl on her hands and knees. She was here eight months; now walks, goes to school and gets about splendidly. Mrs. Vosburg will affirm the above. This is not a selected case, nor are the results unusual.

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The chemists of the Virginia experiment station offer this advice and believe that it would, if generally followed, save the farmer from loss. Not only will he avoid buying too little nitrogen, but also will escape getting low grade potash, because the complete fertilizers mentioned over the percentage of nitrogen above mentioned are made to meet the demands of those who know what a real fertilizer ought to do and for what intelligent people the maker would not wish to run chances in using low-grade potash. It pays best to buy high-grade fertilizers. Low price necessarily means poor quality and that means disappointment and therefore loss of money instead of a saving in the use of the fertilizer. In one instance bone meal was found diluted with about an equal weight of worthless material so that the phosphoric acid and nitrogen, as shown by the tags, were reduced to about one half of what they should have been. Such stuff would mean buying two tons to get one; paying freight on two tons instead of one; paying the maker for the mixing of two tons when no mixing was necessary. Make it a rule to buy complete fertilized containing not less than 1.65 per cent of nitrogen and then use less of it to the acre.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

ST. BETHLEHEM, TENN.

I have a pny named Jane. Jane is always ready to carry me out riding and I am always ready to go. I am very anxious to see how you look, but I suppose you look out of your eyes.

I can embroider milk and climb trees, don't you think I am a tom boy? Uncle Charlie I like the most.

Comfort very much, especially your answers.

Your sincere cousin,
MARGARET WATSON.

FANNETT, Box 136, TEXAS.

FAR UNCLE CARLIE:
 I am a little girl ten years old. I live on a farm.
 My father plants rice, potatoes, corn, cane, peanuts,
 melons and black-eyed peas. I go to school and am
 a first class girl. I like to sing and read. I have
 some time ago, but the doctor got me in time to cure
 my. Mamma is not at all well. One of our horses
 is sick and papa thinks he has the bots. Papa said if
 he made a good rice crop this year he would take
 my sister and self to Mississippi to see our folks.
 Hoping to hear from you all soon. I am, your niece,
 ANNA GAULDING.

Oma, you might send us a dish of those br-
ette peas. The peas up here are all blue-eyed,
and they have such very poor sight that they
are all born with spectacles. I hope, Oma, that
the peas don't have to wear spectacles as
people's eyes are a horrible nuisance. I'm glad the
doctor cured your sister of diphtheria. Diph-
theria is a horrible disease and the trouble is
that it is hard to diagnose, as it's quite difficult
times to tell tonsillitis from diphtheria. In
the big cities where the physician is not sure,
he takes some of the mucus from your throat
puts it in a test tube, seals it up and sends it
to the Board of Health. By noon the next day,
the city bacteriologist phones the physician
whether or not there are any of those diphtheretic
germs in the culture taken from your throat.
He waited on three different occasions for
that report to come over the wire, and you
let I was mighty glad when it came back nega-
tive instead of positive. Country doctors are at
a disadvantage in such matters. Antitoxin,
thank heavens, has robbed this terrible disease of
most of its terrors, and the mortality now is
only about ten per cent where it once was
from sixty to eighty. Tonsillitis is the most
common form of throat trouble and tonsillitis
is no joke. We all have one spot that is more
susceptible to disease than other portions of the
body. If I catch a cold, it always goes to my
throat, and invariably to the tonsils. In another
person the cold will probably develop in the
throat—that is the wind pipe that leads to the
lungs, and possibly cause bronchitis. In others
the cold will show in the head, or the pharynx

the larynx. When "itis" is placed at the end of any of these words it means "inflammation," so tonsillitis means inflammation of the tonsils, appendicitis means inflammation of the appendix. Now let me tell you how to treat throat trouble. Most of the troubles begin with a chill, and you would think that your temperature is below normal, but if you put a thermometer in your mouth, below your tongue, you'll be surprised to find you have a fever, and in tonsillitis the fever is higher than in diphtheria, rising up at times to 103. It is best with this disease, to hike to bed at once, and the sooner you can induce perspiration the more comfortable you will be. Tonsillitis loads the system with poison, and you have to get rid of it through the skin by sweating, and through the bowels, start the bowels moving at once with salts, castor oil, calomel, or any other good cathartic, and while there is any sign of fever, take a cathartic every morning and live on a milk or liquid diet. Never eat solids while there is a fever, as the stomach is not able to digest food, and the effort is put on it to do this, forces the temperature up. Now, the medication that best drives the poison through the pores of the skin and kills the tonsillitis poison bug, is called *novaspirin*. Phenacetin used to be used for this purpose, but *novaspirin* is much better and safer, and it is also the best possible thing to take for rheumatism and grippe. Take a five grain pow-ket every two hours. Take it too at night, if you can, and it will send you to a comfortable sleeping all over the body, and drive away the sickly sick, want to make your will feeling like a king. Keep under the blankets and take hot drinks at frequent intervals, until you are perspiring freely. If you don't perspire, you can take Dover's powder, from five to ten grains for grown-up person, and this will bring about perspiration and sleep. Now for local treatment. Get some peroxide of hydrogen. Fill a tumbler half full of it, then fill the tumbler up with water. Gargle with this solution every two hours. Everybody should practice gargling. Some people take a mouthful of gargle, and go



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ROXTON, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I will describe myself. I am five feet and ten inches tall, weigh one hundred and sixty pounds. I have light hair, light complexion, blue eyes, am twenty-two years old. I live in the country and like it much better than city life.


Say Uncle what do you think of the Parcel Post? I believe we should have a decent Parcel Post law passed by our present Congress and have just written my Congressman a letter in regard to it.

This is not such a poor country as regards to it. Lots of big red apples. Land is reasonably cheap here to what it is in some places. I have been to all parts of the West and I think California is a very fine country; it has such a fine winter climate. Well I will close with best wishes for Uncle Charlie and consins.

"GUY DEBOUTIER."

What do I think of the Parcel Post, Guy? Well to be candid I don't use that kind of language. That's the reply I once gave to a man who asked me what I thought of him. What I think of the Parcel Post as practiced and experienced on the helpless and never kick people of the U. S., would, if put into words fill the universe with a sulphurous flame, that no water could ever quench. I am writing this before

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DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
Will you let a little girl ten years old join your
League? I have brown eyes and brown hair. I have
two brothers and sisters. I go to a country school.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

ERICKSON LEG
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OLD COINS WANTED. \$1 to \$600 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1884. Send 10 cents for our coin value book, it may mean your fortune. ROCKWELL & CO. 100 N. 3rd St. ST. LOUIS, MO. 63101

A vintage acoustic guitar, likely a Gibson, shown from a side profile. It has a light-colored body with a dark pickguard, a dark fretboard, and a circular soundhole. The guitar is positioned horizontally across the middle of the advertisement.

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and
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Full solo instrument, 2 feet and 10 inches long, 10 1/2 inches wide, American manufacture, well and carefully made, cherry finish, richly ornamented. All strung with 6 strings, has clear, rich tone, easy to hold, durable and satisfactory as \$10.00 guitar. With it we give **FREE** a SELF INSTRUCTION BOOK. Write for 25 packages **BLUINE** to sell at 10 cents each. When sold return the \$2.40 and we will send Guitar and Instruction Book.

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Club Offer: For a club of only two subscribers at one of these attractive Vanity Cases free by Parcel Post. Premium No. 876.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Putting on the New Corsets

I PRESUME not one of my girls who has reached the corseting age but will admit the style and shape of a corset determines the figure of its wearer. But I wonder how many of you have realized that the shape of a corset is regulated to a great extent by the manner in which it is put on.

Not one of you, Mercy! It is time we had a talk together, isn't it? For I can assure you that just the way in which your corset strings are laced, and the manner in which the corset itself is slipped on and fastened, are matters of supreme importance to the girl who longs to have a graceful figure, with all the curves in the right places.

You remember the old cook-book recipe for cooking a hare, which began: "First, catch your hare." Well, my first admonition is very similar, indeed: First, buy your corset. And in doing so, take time to consider your figure a little. All women cannot wear the same style corset any more than all women can wear the same style hat. If you are very slender and small-boned, a corset which is little more than a girdle is all you need. If you are rather large around the abdomen, a long-skirted corset will be the best for your figure. And if you have a very full bust, you want a corset which is extremely low in the bust.



THE PROPER WAY TO LACE A CORSET.

I know most women have the impression that a full bust demands a high-busted corset as a means of support, but if you will be quietly observant of your plump friends for such a corset acts as a sort of shelf and only accentuates the fullness of the figure. To be sure, the loose large bust does need support, but this should be given by a brassiere or even a very firm, close-fitting underwaist, the corset itself being sufficiently low of bust to permit the figure to drop down slightly and so decrease its apparent size. As a matter of fact, none of the season's corsets are more than four inches, and many are only two inches, above the waistline.

Let us suppose you are just a little too large in abdomen and hips to look graceful in a short corset, since that will inevitably push the flesh down and thus widen the figure. In such case your choice should be a very long corset with six or eight garters. The bones in the sides should only extend to your hip-bones, but the corset material or skirt should come half-way between hip-bones and knees. In front, of course, the length is shortened to just the length of the trunk of the body. Two garters should be attached to the front of the corset, one each side of the middle bone, and these should be fastened to the hose slightly on the inside of the leg, to prevent any strain upon the front of the corset by the movement of the limbs.

Two more garters should be attached to the skirt of the corset, each about three inches from the front garters. Two more garters should be fastened on a line with the hip-bone, one on each side, and two more at the back of the leg. These hold the corset smoothly in place, and while permitting freedom of movement through their elasticity, prevent the corset from slipping up out of position.

It sounds quite complicated, does it not? And really feels so for the first two or three days, but after that it is as simple as falling off a log. Before putting on your corset, you must see that it is properly laced. Get a very long corset string, and begin at the top of the corset with both ends of the string, cross-lacing to the waist. At that point, instead of crossing, as usual, put each string into the hole just below the last hole from which it came out, and on the same side of the corset, leaving a long loop hanging; then continue cross-lacing until you reach that part of the corset which must keep the fullest part of the back in shape, where do as at the waist, leaving two loops again.

Then cross-lace to the bottom of corset and tying. Of course you have laced very loosely indeed, leaving a wide space between the two halves of the corset.

To don the corset properly, slip it on, with the lacing loose, as above; fasten the front; attach the garters to hose and adjust them by their buckles so that they are trim. Then settle yourself easily into the corset, the waist of which should be at your own waistline. Now, draw the two loops at waistline until the corset is shaped to the figure, then tie; next, beginning just below this knot, draw up the lacing, hole by hole, to set easily on the figure, until you reach the long loops, when tie firmly.

You have, of course, purchased a very low-busted corset, and, if you find it extends too high under arm or at back, have had it either cut down at the shop at which you purchased it, or have done it yourself at home. In such case, your bust will not be touched by the corset except at its extreme lower curve; and not there when you are standing erect.

If you have a full bust, invest in a pretty brassiere, which is really a bust support of all-over embroidery, dimity or lace, with shoulder straps and boned, which extends just below the bust and keeps it firm without the stiffness which a high-busted corset creates.

At night, in removing corset, untie waist and hip knots, and loosen all lacing, then detach garters and unfasten fronts. A corset should be laced to the figure every time it is put on, because figures change from day to day. Besides, it retains its firmness and good shape when treated in this manner.

The short corset, for the slender person, should be laced with waist loops, but no hip loops, be-

cause it will not extend far enough down to need the latter.

If you wish to be ultra-fashionable, you may decide to leave off the conventional boned corset, and wear only brassiere with an abdominal "slip-on" as it is called, a band of elastic webbing without bones or any fastenings, which slips on from waist to thighs and holds the figure in shape, while leaving it soft and plastic.

For those who would like the fashionable uncorseted effect without entirely omitting corsets there is another "slip-on" made, which extends just above the waistline but as low on the hips as one desires, has no front opening, but laces in back and has three front bones, two back ones and four garters. It is slipped on—hence its name—over the head, or pulled up over the feet to the figure.

You see there are all kinds of corsets or substitutes for corsets, for all kinds of figures. I hope all my girls will look themselves over in their mirrors and decide just what they need; then follow carefully my advice about putting on whatever corset they choose.

Remember that a small waist is distinctly unfashionable. The waist, to be an absolutely correct 1914 waist, should be only four inches smaller than the hips. That's quite a change from eighteen and twenty-inch waists, isn't it? And you'll be surprised to find how graceful one's figure looks with the new lines.

Questions Answered

Mrs. G. W. L., Mrs. F. B. S., Mary A. B., Jocelyn, Wild Bill and Mrs. Wm. Lam.—The wrinkle plaster is made by coating ordinary heavy wrapping paper with the white of egg. When one coat dries, apply another. Cut into triangles for the forehead wrinkles, and crescents for the lines about the mouth and eyes. Apply at night just before going to bed and let remain on until morning. A good cleansing cream is the following:

Kentucky Cold Cream.

Rose-water, four ounces; almond oil, four ounces; spermaceti, one ounce; white wax, one ounce. Before commencing any massage, the face and neck should be washed in hot, soapy water, rinsed, dried and the skin coated thickly with the following cream:

Massage Cream

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce. Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from the fire and add the Benzoin and the orange-flower water, duffing it with an egg beater until cold. When ready to manipulate the flesh, run fingers lightly across forehead lines, using a circular motion. Crow's-feet must be treated by the delicate rotary movement of the eyes is so delicate that it is an easy matter to rub in more wrinkles than you can ever rub out. Put the first and second fingers on the nose—just above the eyes—and massage out beyond the eye corners, then sweep in underneath the eye toward the nose. Press down very lightly indeed. The cheeks should be massaged up from the point of the chin with the palms. This will keep them from sagging. Laughing wrinkles should be effaced thus: Put first and second fingers underneath the center of lower lip, then massage out beyond corner of mouth and up to nostril. Hollows under chin and behind the ears should be massaged with a delicate rotary movement of the fingers. When massage is completed, wipe off surplus cream, spray face with the following astringent and brie you to bed:

Simple Astringent Lotion

Rose-water, six ounces; almond milk (thick), one and one half ounces; alum, eighty grains. The entire treatment should not consume more than fifteen minutes if the face is badly wrinkled—or five minutes if there are only two or three tiny lines.

Mr. G. P.—Why not start a mail-order business of your own. Write to the advertising manager of COMFORT for rates.

Miss Vera H., Little St.—Your druggist evidently does not know his business or he would have filled the prescription properly. I am giving below formula for an excellent hair grower. Massage it into scalp for fifteen minutes every day.

Baseline Pomade

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces; gallic acid, one and three quarters drams; oil of lavender, thirty drops.

B. E.—You should weigh one hundred and thirty pounds at least.

Miss L. C. H.—Your weight should be one hundred and forty-three pounds, so you are only a few pounds underweight.

Mrs. O. S. S., Mrs. Wm. Lam.—If you wish to reduce your chin, steam it at night before retiring with steaming hot water, then wear a reducing chin bandage all night. Also snipping the fleshy fold vigorously with the tip of your index finger will help to reduce it. This reduction will cause the flesh to become flabby so it will be well to use the following treatment. Dampen a folded cloth with the astringent given below and lay on neck, pressing it firmly down on the flesh. Every few minutes dampen cloth anew and apply again to skin. When you have persisted with applications for half an hour, call a hair.

Extra Strong Astringent

Juice of cucumbers, four drams; tincture of benzoin one ounce; cologne, four drams; elder-flower water, sixteen ounces.

Combine the juice of the cucumbers with the cologne, add the elder-flower water, and lastly the benzoin, drop by drop.

Ex-Schoolmaster, Ida E. F. and T. H.—If you wish to reduce your thick lips, rub them with the following pomade:

Astringent Lip Pomade

Any good cold-cream, one ounce; pulverized tannin, one gram; pulverized alkanet chips, one gram. Melt the cold cream and add the other two ingredients. Let macerate for five hours, then strain through cheese-cloth.

Mrs. L. C.—The only thing you can do is to wait until the streaked hair grows out. See my reply to Miss Vera H. Yes, peroxide is very drying.

Fay F., Margery, Hannah G., Blue Eyes, Mrs. E. O. K., Mrs. Edna H., Mrs. E. L. P., Miss L. M. L. and others.—Frequent bathing with myrtle water is a preventive measure, when there is a disposition to that annoying affliction, sties. Eat plain and nourishing food, nothing spicy or stimulating. Do not keep late hours or become excessively fatigued. This sty pomade has been highly recommended by a reliable physician:

Sty Pomade

White vaseline, eight grams; white precipitate, ten centigrams; oil of birch, ten centigrams.

Troubled Sweet Sixteen.—I would advise you to consult a physician regarding your big neck. You may have a goiter.

X. Y. Z., Blue Eyes or Carpenter, O. Mabelle B., Mrs. N. E. P., Jessie E., Miss L. B., Miss C. H. and other.—If you wish to reduce, rub the following preparation on such parts of the body as you wish to reduce, and let it dry in. The best time to take this treatment is at night. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue the use of the fat reducer until the desired results are obtained. In addition to this wash, take the juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water, three quarters of an hour before breakfast. The average reduction in weight is two pounds every week.

Epsom Salts Reduction Paste

Dissolve one pound of epsom salts in one quart of rain-water. Shave fine three bars of white soap (the kind you use for washing woolen, fancy wool, etc.), and dissolve in one quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cool, pour in the epsom salt solution. Now add two more quarts of water and it is ready for use.

Blue Bell.—I wrote an article in the December number of COMFORT on feet. I trust that you saw it. It answers all the questions you ask. See my reply to Miss Vera H. in these columns.

Little Louise.—The cocoabutter is not very expen-

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My Free 30-Day Trial—No Money Down—Your Own Time to Pay—Offer Breaks All Records—Bunches Competition.

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Winners of Gold Medal at National Conservation Exposition, Knoxville, Tenn. Write for Free Organ or Piano Book.

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ADDRESS.....

FREE MILLINERY BOOK

of NEW YORK STYLES

Full of beautiful illustrations picturing the very latest 1914 Fashion Creations in Trimmed and Untrimmed Millinery, Flowers, Feathers, trimmings, etc. This interesting book of all that is new and desirable in spring and summer millinery is yours for the asking. Published by millinery authorities—a house in business over 25 years and now operating three large retail stores in Greater New York. Send for your copy today—a postal will bring it.

MILKMAN'S MILLINERY HOUSE
442 Fulton St. - Brooklyn, N. Y.

sive. You can get enough to last you for several weeks for about twenty-five cents. I cannot tell you just how long it will take before you obtain the desired results, as this depends entirely upon the individual.

Miss June B. and B. B. L.—A simple freckle remedy is the following: Ammonium chloride, one dram; distilled water, four ounces. Apply at night after face has been bathed in hot water. Send my reply to Miss Vera H. in this column.

Z. M. A.—The formula you refer to is for an oily scalp, not an itchy one. You do not give me enough particulars of the condition of your scalp for me to give you intelligent information. Is your scalp covered with dandruff; or is your scalp broken out with pimples? Write me more particulars, please.

Evenly H.—Saturate your scalp with sweet almond oil the night before shampooing your hair. This will loosen the dandruff considerably. Tie the head up with a thick piece of muslin so the oil will not soil the bedclothes. Use the soap jelly shampoo when you wash your hair.

V. B.—I do not believe you saw the formula you speak of in my department.

Mrs. E. M. M., Emily B.—See my reply to Evelyn H. When the dandruff has disappeared use the Vaseline Pomade, according to directions given Miss Vera H. in these columns.

Comfort Reader.—No amount of bleaches will bleach your skin. What you want to do is to drink plenty of water during the day—at least eight or ten glasses a day. Take the juice of a lemon in two of the glasses of water during the day.

Mountain Rose, Frederick and others.—Before attempting to remove the pimples, see to it that the blackheads have disappeared. Wash the face at night just before going to bed with hot, soapy water and a complexion brush. Scrub very lightly else the skin will be irritated. After this, massage a little boric powder into the cuticle and finish by rubbing a tiny bit of cream over the face. Once every seven days, after the nightly washing of the face, steam it over a basin of boiling water for ten minutes, then rinse face in hot water and cover skin with a thick coat of soap jelly, recipe for which is given below. Let this remain on for ten minutes, then wash the jelly off and massage face for several minutes. The boric powder application can be omitted on this night.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.

Pimples are generally caused by too great a fondness for sweets. If you wish the ugly blotches to disappear, and of course you do, you must taboo candy, pie, cake, pudding, fried foods, hot breads and greasy meat. Get plenty of outdoor exercise and sleep with your bedroom windows opened wide at night and make a habit of the daily bath. See to it that your eliminative organs function properly. In addition, it would be a good plan to touch the pimples several times daily with the following lotion:

Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose-water, four ounces.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

greatly assist the medical treatment. They should be given every three hours day and night as long as the fever registers around one hundred and three degrees Fahr. Place patient with clothing removed on an oil cloth sheet. Use cold water sponges or wrings from which the water has been removed, sponges for fifteen minutes or until the body is cool. Wrap in blanket and remove to another bed. (Caution.) Always have two beds in the room of a fever patient. Roll the empty bed up to the side of patient. It is then an easy matter to make the change of beds. No difference how high the fever, they will be able to sleep an hour after each bath.

To the many sisters who inquired personally about the demand for the price of labor in La Grange, Ga., will say there is very little demand outside one's own home. When there is, the dealer in the customary price per day. Also unimproved timber lands eight miles from La Grange sell from seven dollars and fifty cents to ten dollars an acre. Improved farms tend to fifty and up, according to distance from town and improvements.

Just a word about myself. I am twenty-nine years old, dark hair, hazel eyes, five feet five inches high, weigh one hundred and forty-five pounds. With best wishes for the continued success of COMFORT in its noble work,
DORIS MITCHELL.

BERRA, R. E. 2, Box 10, Ky.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
A girl of nineteen from East Central Kentucky sends greetings to each of you.

I was to speak of home, the greatest magnetic force, the most influential power, and the dearest, sweetest and best spot on earth.

From the first generation of Adam and Eve through all the thousands of years up to the present generation, man has ever been drawn to and influenced by the atmosphere of a place called home.

Adam and Eve were given a perfect home in the garden of Eden but because of their transgressions were cast out. Being deprived of a home as their punishment for transgressions, consequently they brought on themselves the responsibility of making another. And from that day to this man has struggled to make his home as near perfect and like that in the Garden of Eden as possible.

Man's first home was very rude and to us would seem very much unlike home. Yet an excavation in a rock, containing his belongings, consisting only of the skins of wild animals, a few sharp stones and such things, meant a well-loved home to the most savage. Such a home was dearer to him than any other spot on God's earth and he would fight to the last drop of his royal savage blood to defend it.

We have ascended from the cave home of the barbarian to the modern home of highest civilization. But our modern home with all modern improvements is no dearer to us than his cave home to the savage.

But as we grow older we learn more, take a higher and broader critical view of life and conditions and are not satisfied with the present state of things; consequently we adjust matters according to our view and make improvements all the while in our homes.

Man's ideal of a home of today and as we grow older of today be unlike that of the man two thousand years hence. And so we shall continue to make changes and improvements through all the ages until the end of time.

Be it ever so humble there's no place like home. Even Jesus inferred the blessedness of a home when he said: "The birds of the air have nests, and the forces have holes, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Take the case of George Washington. No man knew better the blessedness of home than he. No man ever did more for the service of his home and country. When the peace of the American home was threatened and secured for us the liberty and peaceful home we now enjoy. Having served his people in war and in the Presidential chair he hoped to return home to improve it, to make it a model one, to love it, and to spend his old days in peace and joy at home.

But a sudden illness of two days ended his life. For what do we labor and toward what end do we strive? We labor for a home here and we strive toward heaven that we may have an eternal home.

What does the little teach us? Are we not taught that the happiness that we are to seek to glorify and reward for ourselves a glorious eternal home, a great home, not made with hands? Are we not taught that to build up our earthly home we must first build up the Master's? Are we not taught that there are no true pleasures in riches of glory prepared for those who do not have home or one of us who does not have a home, now and hereafter? Then let us strive to build that we may have his will, and do his service, that we may enjoy our earthly home more fully and secure for ourselves that perfect home where all is in perfect harmony.

A few words more and I will close. Two months ago the wise Master called my dear father to the everlasting home of joy. Only those who have sustained such a loss know how lonely I feel. I am alone on a small farm with an aged mother. But after all I have much for which to be thankful, for no matter how great our sorrows are God sends a blessing wrapped in each sorrow.

Some of the sisters would write to this department of comforting each other at home in which girls and women might engage themselves. If any of them have had any experience with a home canner or in writing articles for household and agricultural papers will they please relate their experience in COMFORT, providing of course, that such is agreeable to Mrs. Wilkinson?

I will go now. May I come again sometime? Very sincerely your sister,
TALITHA ETHEL POWELL.

BRUCHAMP, Scott Co., ARK.

DEAR EDITOR:

I know of no other way I could reach your many readers who have written me than through a letter in your paper. Many inquired in regard to the state of Arkansas, and especially Scott county in which I live, and I will endeavor to answer as near as I can and give true and plain facts.

Western Arkansas is more or less rocky and mountainous. Pine and oak timber grow plentifully and saw-milling is the greatest industry we have at the present time. Our upland is adapted to fruits of all kinds that grow in the middle states, potatoes both sweet and Irish, vegetables, corn and cotton. The price of the upland ranges from three dollars and fifty cents to ten dollars per acre and the improvements. We have some valley land which is not rocky and does not overflow and is very productive of corn, cotton, small grain, such as alfalfa, peas and potatoes. This valley land ranges in price from eighteen to twenty-five dollars per acre, according to improvements. We have fine outcrops for stock and have excellent fine water and good health and the climate is white. Good schools and churches, good Christian people and good society, no saloons. Now I have outlined the country just as it is. Our country is not level, but for a cheap home and out range, I know of no other place where a man can do any better. We can raise our living at home, have our own fuel and water and are not overburdened with taxes; have free access to free range, some small game and fish.

Mrs. M. F. NICHOLS.

EAT GALLIE, FLORIDA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
Will you admit a little Southern girl into your pleasant circle?

My mother has been a subscriber of COMFORT ever since I can remember, and it has always been a pleasant visitor in our home. I am sixteen years old, have dark hair, brown eyes, dark complexion, weigh one hundred and four pounds, and am five feet tall. I go to school and am in the ninth grade. I have four sisters and two brothers. My oldest brother and sister are married.

Eat Gallie is located on the east coast of Florida, on the far-famed beautiful Indian river, ninety miles south of Jacksonville. The town is built upon high and dry land, overlooking the river, which is one and one-half miles wide at this point. The town is one of the most beautiful and picturesque sections of Florida. The town is a lot of truck-farming. This place is a favorite winter resort for the Northern people, because of its mild climate. We seldom ever have any real cold weather here. We did not even have any frost last winter. This place is also the winter home of the Kentucky Military Institute from Kentucky.



READ WHAT THIS WOMAN DOES
"Made over 11,000 yards of carpet on my loom in spare time the past three years," writes Mrs. Sadio E. Jagger, West Plains, Mo. "I never weave a day that I don't make 30 yards and I do it for my housework. I weigh only 115 pounds—don't tire of weaving. Loom as good an investment as an 80-acre farm."

To remove mildew on articles of clothing, soak them in buttermilk.

Whitening will cleanse white enameled woodwork perfectly and will not injure the gloss, as soap does. If woodwork is troublesome, cut up green cucumbers at night and put them about where the roaches are most troublesome. Remove the cucumbers in the morning and renew them at night. Do this for three nights and they will disappear.

To remove scorching, rub a soft bread and crust over the scorched cloth and the burn will disappear. How many of the sisters like to read? I do and have read a good many books. I also like music, although I have never studied it. We have a piano and an organ.

I would like to hear from the sisters about my age and will answer all I can.

ETHEL PENNINGTON.

154 Warrenton Ave., HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I am a reader of COMFORT and like it very much. I find every item it contains so interesting.

I enclose a poem of my own composing, and I hope it may be deemed worthy of a little corner somewhere in COMFORT, as I think it may be a help to someone.

Greetings to all the sisters. May God bless them in their work.
HERSCOA COLLINS.

In My Father's House

In our sleep we oftentimes wander
In a dreamland bright and fair,
In a land where flowers of beauty
With sweet fragrance scent the air.
There's a dream of golden vision,
Of a heavenly land so bright
That I dreamed of, could I only
Now to you its message write.

Le, I wandered in a country
Beyond beyond compare,
Golden harps were ever sounding
Heavenly music in the air,
Rivers, too, as clear as crystal,
Fountains with their silver spray,
And the light of that blest country
Clearer was, than light of day.

As I stood in silent wonder,
One bright form came softly near,
As I looked I knew my Savior,
In His hands the nail prints clear.
Then He touched me on the shoulder
As He spoke in gentle tone,
"In My Father's House are mansions,
Mansions built by love alone."

"Each one here doth claim a mansion."
"Where is mine," I then replied,
"Come with me," He softly whispered,
And I glided by His side.
Now my heart stood still in wonder,
Mansions fair did meet my gaze,
Some they were not yet completed,
Others their stately domes did raise.

And I prayed and longed so earnest
That I could claim one as mine,
Then a voice, it was my Savior's,
Saying, "This my child is thine."
As I looked I saw a structure
Of a grand foundation plan,
Nothing else, no walls, no towers,
Work left off where it began.

"Lord," I cried in anguish sorely,
Why unfinished work is mine,
And His voice was full of sadness
As He spoke those words divine,
"In My Father's House are mansions,
Don't you see and understand,
God is the Great Master builder,
Ye are workers 'neath His hand."

"For by each unselfish action,
And by every gentle word,
Ye are building heavenly mansions
In the city of your God.
Back to earth my child go calmly
And thy work take up with zeal,
Lay thy treasure in this kingdom
Where no thieves break through nor steal."

"Lord," I cried in anguish sorely,
"I was blind, I did not care,
'Twas the things of earth I cherished
Not my heavenly mansion fair,
But my life is in Thy keeping,
All I have, and am in Thine.
Lead, O Lord, in Thy footsteps,
To that heavenly life divine."

'Twas a dream, but there's a message,
Meant for all this world to know,
Just pass on a word of kindness,
In life's pathway here below.
Bear ye one another's burden,
As ye walk along the road,
Those the stones that build your mansion
In the heavenly home of God.

Just to help on life's short journey,
Some poor soul along the way,
Just to take their hand in kindness,
And a gentle word to say.
What is wealth or what is pleasure,
We shall leave those all behind,
When we cross the heavenly portal
We immortal joys shall find.

2029 GURNEE AVE., ANNISTON, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
Often strong helpful thoughts come my way through this department.

So many mothers write concerning the training of children, something even our girls much need to know. I have one beautiful, healthy boy and, mother-like, I'm planning for him even though my plans may fail to materialize. He is now nineteen months old, and two things I'm making ready for him are: A quilt with pieces of his baby dresses and a scrap book with choice clippings. When he learns to talk I am to have a blackboard on which I will write and teach diacritical marks and phonetic sounds. I'm planning, too, to teach him in childlike language the story of the Great God—that he has a soul for eternity. To love fairy stories, to build frog houses, make mud fences, that there's work for all little boys to do. And if I live too, I hope to have him memorize standard poems and whole chapters of the Bible by the time he is ready to enter school. Don't somebody up and say "Pshaw! she doesn't know what she's saying!" Yes, I do, for several hundred different children have been under my care and I know these things can be taught more easily than you'd imagine—that is, if you know how.

Right now, my boy is tugging at my skirts, playing so do you wonder at "scattering remarks?" Again, I'm planning, hoping, praying to give my boy an intelligent, sympathetic answer when he shall ask me and I get him. More than 1,000,000 children yearly ask such and one in twenty is told the truth. How do you expect to face your Lord if you tell your children an untruthful lie? I have a son and daughter, seven sons in turn brought him a beautiful harvest of lies concerning their brother Joseph. A child has opinions, convictions and an individuality.

One of our most noted purity lecturers has said that he would rather train one hundred little children than to train ten parents how to teach their children.

Start NOW Comfort Readers \$25 Per Week

Can Easily Make \$25 At Home

For over four years I have been advertising in COMFORT. Scores of Comfort Folks are earning good money with Newcomb Looms. I want all Comfort Readers to know how you can make your time most profitable—how you can engage in a delightful and fascinating occupation in your own home, that will not interfere with your other duties and assure you big profits for as much or as little time as you may be able to devote to it. I promise that you'll be interested. I say, and I know that every word I say is true, that you can make more money and make it more easily by weaving on a Newcomb Automatic Loom than at any other kind of home employment. My 35 years' experience with them and their letters proves what you can do.

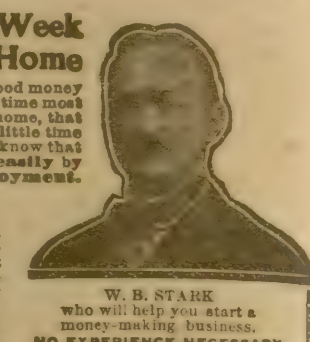
THE NEWCOMB AUTOMATIC LOOM

is made especially for home workers. Unlike any other loom, it practically works itself. A simple movement of the hand is all it requires of the operator. No treading—no stooping—no shuttle throwing. Just the easy work that thousands of old and young are making big money at today—no waste. No experience is necessary. You will be delighted with the ease with which you can make the finest and most durable carpets, rugs, mats, draperies of every kind, and even beautiful portieres, chenille curtains and hammocks.

It is made also, that no cash outlay for supplies is required. Old carpets, sacks, coats of clothing and rags all furnish material for the loom. And the results you get with such material are simply wonderful. You can be sure when you own a Newcomb, that you will have more than enough work to keep you busy. Many of our customers make from \$25 to \$50 a week weaving with the Newcomb, and you can do likewise.

Do not neglect this opportunity. Write me today for my free catalog, "Weaving Wisdom," which tells all about our looms and the extremely reasonable prices on which COMFORT Folks can obtain one of them.

W. B. Stark, Sec'y, NEWCOMB LOOM CO., 44 Taylor St., Davenport, Iowa.



W. B. STARK
who will help you start a money-making business.
NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY
Let me send you some samples of the work you can do on a Newcomb Loom. The more you need the money the more I can and will help you to get started to making it.

Surely one of the greatest existing evils of today is incompetent parenthood.

MRS. JENNIE SCHOLLS BENTON.

HARTVILLE, MO.

My DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
Have received so many nice letters since I wrote from Tulare, Cal., and certainly do not wish to seem unappreciative, so have chosen this means of speaking to you again through the columns of our dear old COMFORT. Having just settled temporarily in South-west Missouri, I have been unable to collect myself sufficiently to write even when I could get time. To those inquiring as to healthfulness of Tulare Co., will say it is very healthful for some but was too hot and dry for us. The winters are all right, undoubtedly, but summers very long, hot and dry. The dust caused us to have very fever a great deal and the intense heat (though the nights are cool) made us both weak and miserable. I don't believe it would have affected us so badly after our first summer, as all the Missourians and other Easterners there say the heat, being a dry heat, does not bother them like the heat here, and true this does seem almost like a hot steam, but somehow I can stand more of it.

If we can retain our health we are expecting to remain here until 1915. My husband has gone into business here and although we both long for the coast country, we are at home and happy. I shall try to long to answer some or all of the very interesting letters received and thanks so much for the quick response to my request. So many such warm, friendly letters, fairly bubbling over with good fellowship and I believe that I have proof from them that not only in the West does one find warm hearts, but in the East, West, North and South, alike.

Some, however, wished a California correspondent and "course since I'm back in Missouri they don't love me no more." But I'm going to write anyhow. Sincerely,
MRS. E. M. MITCHELL.

JUNCTION CITY, Care J. Maloney, R. R. 1, KANS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
Will you kindly make room for a very lonely Kansas woman. I was born and reared in this good old Sunny state, and of course think it is the best of all, though we have others that are nearly as dear. I have written once before, quite a long while ago, but I suppose my letter was of little interest as it was never printed.

I have taken COMFORT since I was a girl and certainly think it a dear old paper as it has been a source of comfort to me for we live quite a little distance from town and neighbors. I think you, Mrs. Wilkinson, Uncle Charlie and Mr. Gannett are three wonderful people for you are doing so much good in this world. It's really a shame there are not more like you. I enjoy reading the sisters' letters, also the cousins' and Uncle Charlie's replies.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters, lovingly your COMFORT sister,

MRS. BULAH ZIEGLER.

FAIRFIELD, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I derive so much comfort and help from the sisters' letters I thought I would add my mite. My mother sent me COMFORT four years ago as a present and such a nice one it was. I shall always love it as I learned through its columns about feeding infants on goat's milk and I have since fed two babies on it, and can say I don't think it can be excelled. I began feeding it to my baby when he was four months old and in a very nick and condition, and in one week he looked much better and slept and rested, something he had never done as he should. When ten months old he weighed twenty-two pounds and could walk everywhere.

My next experience with goat's milk was last December, when I began feeding it to my little black-eyed boy when ten hours old. He is now one year old and weighs twenty-two pounds, has eight teeth and has been a very healthy baby. To our first baby we fed the milk full strength in small quantities, four or five times a day, less at night, until he grew stronger. Then we gave him all he wanted. Except for the first four months when I sterilized the milk, I have fed this baby all he wanted.

The kids (young goats) are fed twice a day and run in the green pasture all day. We keep two goats of common stock, and as soon as their kids eat well they are weaned from their mothers. The kids learn readily where their feed boxes are. Our goats will eat any kind of clean grain and the boxes must be clean also.

I hope this will benefit someone. I certainly was thankful to read about goat's milk in COMFORT. We are having disagreeable weather and the rain the last month has damaged the cotton and corn badly. I will close by asking the sisters who will, to send me a block of any kind of woolen goods, four by six inches with their name printed on it so I can make a souvenir to remember dear COMFORT magazine and its sisters by.

MRS. A. L. BLOUNT.

Mrs. Blount. It is extremely gratifying to know COMFORT brought you this blessing, and having well children is one of the greatest. I am always so glad to receive testimonials of our COMFORT sisters' work, and wish all who have benefited by our corner would tell us of it, and in what way as you have done.—Ed.

REDMOND, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I often wonder why we never see a letter from central Oregon, but I expect most of the Oregon sisters are like myself, working to the limit of their strength and being so far from our old home and spare moments to use.

This has been one of the most perfect years for farmers who irrigate; no rain, no heat, but long sunny days and comfortable nights that leave us strengthened and eager to go ahead. While we guide the water through the ditches and watch things grow we often pity those who do not irrigate, though there is lots of hard work and big bills for those who use the water.

Our grain is thrashed and the men are putting up the third cutting of alfalfa. Our cows and hogs are growing fat on good stubble pasture. Cream and eggs bring good prices now the railroad has reached us. A great many changes have taken place since we came here eight years ago. Then this was a sagebrush and juniper desert, but irrigation has made many small towns and settlements spring up. Lots of people grow discouraged and leave while newcomers take their places and do well, the same as

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A great many of our \$25 to \$50 Every Week
We furnish everything to start. Hundreds are making from \$100 to \$200 per month and expenses. We guarantee these amounts and will pay the rest. We are one of the largest business concerns in the country and have the only

Write today for this big outfit. It is sent express prepaid. Drop a postal and we will start you at once on the road to Success. Be sure and write today.
DANIEL WOOLLEN MILLS, Dept. 3, 300 Green St., Chicago

In any other new country. We have an eighty-acre farm, fifty acres of which is under cultivation, and we manage to keep twenty-five head of cattle and almost a hundred hogs.

What we like best of all is that from being almost an invalid I have grown well and strong. The scenery is grand. To the West the Sisters Mountain and Mt. Jefferson raise their snow-capped heads, and away to the north Mt. Hood shows almost like a dream, and on every side deep blue, gray and purple hills looking like great blotches of crude color between the blue of the sky and the gray green of the sage brush and junipers. But lately the sage is giving place to fields of alfalfa, clover and grain. The people of the old eastern settlements cannot imagine the interest of watching a new country prove itself. Eight years ago the wild horses, cattle and sheep wandered at will over the land, now it is thickly settled with eastern people who dream great things, and railroads and creameries bring the market to our doors.

I am a Canadian and miss lots of our Eastern comforts, for I love to read and paint and do fancy work and have a nice home, but they are all going to become possible some day to all who wait and work.

LOTTIE ELLY.

DUGGER, Box 188, IND.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
It has been some time since I wrote to our cozy corner but no doubt if you do not remember me you will my little cripple son, Walter Abell, to whom so many sent cards and letters.

My last letter told you dear little Walter had died, and this one is to tell you that a little more than a year ago my husband was brought home to me with a broken back, from his work, only to live a few

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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10 YOUR NAME IN GOLD 100 beautiful Silk Roses or Valentine Post Cards, 100 for 90¢. G. Rose Co., 2147 Arthur Ave., N.Y.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

short hours and then passed on into a higher and grander life. One year has passed. Sisters, how have I spent that year? I have spent it in work, work, the greatest thing that one can do when they are left, for if the hands are kept ever busy the human mind can't have very much time for worry, and worry is the worst enemy one has; it has always been my foe, but I am glad I am becoming the conqueror. I have three children to make a home for and I try to make the home happy and cheerful for these children and that is one thing I am thankful for in our own home. There is nothing fine or grand about it, but it is cozy and a comfortable place where the children can feel free and not feel like they are outsiders.

Dear sisters, the happiness or discontent in the home is just as we make it, and we should always be more ready to be thankful for the things we have, than to be murmuring about things we do not have. May happiness, peace and content reign in all Comfort homes. Good by, MRS. DAISY ASHLEY.

ROBERTSDALE, Baldwin Co., Ala.

DEAR SISTERS:

In our corner was a request for a remedy for convulsions. If the convulsions are caused by constipation and indigestion, I think the following will cure them: Do not let the child eat too heartily in warm weather; give it only light and nourishing meals; no eating between meals at all, especially cake and candy. When convulsions come on, give the child a warm bath and rub gently. Cloths wrung out of cold water and applied to the lower and back part of the head and plenty of fresh air will relieve the convulsion. Be sure and loosen clothing around neck. After convulsions are over, give the child a few doses of potassic bromide and an injection of Castor oil if abdomen is swollen. MRS. W. M. MADDOX.

VERONA, E. R. 3, Lawrence Co., Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I will adopt a child, boy or girl, if I can find one, and I ask your assistance. I am childless and find myself lonely for children. I should like to hear from some of you sister on this subject. MRS. E. V. HILLHOUSE.

A Valentine

A Valentine! Ah, can it be That someone has addressed to me These lines, so sweet and tender! Name or initial is not set Upon the page, and yet—and yet I think I know the sender.

What though the writing be disguised, And many a little trick devised To add the fond deception; St. Valentine provides the key That spoils the little mystery The moment of reception.

How easy we detect the signs, And read the words between the lines, No other eyes discover! And thus the secret ne'er confessed By word of mouth is plainly guessed By sweetheart or by lover.

We may be right, we may be wrong; For lack of confirmation strong We give the rein to fancy, And let her wander at her will, And her bright destiny fulfill In fields of necromancy.

And Valentines would lose their charm If they at once could doubt disarm Ere yet the seal was broken; And so the deeper the disguise The more delightful the surprise, And sweeter is the token.

For I confess that from a host The one I've always prized the most— Time has new beauty lent it— Is this poor, faded Valentine; Because I never could divine Just who it was that sent it. —Josephine Pollard.

James Fisk, an American stock speculator was born in Bennington, Vt. He figured conspicuously in the gold conspiracy of 1869 and the well-known "Black Friday." Following a quarrel, Fisk was shot by M. S. Stokes, an associate in business.—Ed.

Stokes' Verdict

TUNE—"NEVER GO BACK ON THE POOR."

If you'll listen a while, I'll sing you a song About this "glorious land of the free," And the "difference" I'll show 'twixt the rich and the poor.

In a "trial by jury," you see— If you've plenty of "stamps," you can hold up your head, And walk out from your own prison door: But they'll hang you up high, if you've no friends or gold.

Let the "rich" go, but hang up the poor! In the trials for murder we've had nowadays, The rich ones get off swift and sure, While they've thousands to pay to the jury and judge; You can bet they'll go back on the poor!

Let me speak of a man who's now dead in his grave— A good man as ever was born— Jim Fisk he was called, and his money he gave To the outcast, the poor and forlorn; We all know he loved both women and wine. But his heart it was right I am sure; He lived like a "Prince" in a palace so fine. Yet he never went back on the poor! If a man was in trouble, Fisk helped him alone To drive the "grim wolf" from the door; He strove to do right, though he may have done wrong. But he never went back on the poor!

Jim Fisk was a man who wore his "heart on his sleeve," And he did all his deeds (both the good and the bad) In the broad open light of the day. With his grand "six-in-hand," on the beach at Long Branch.

He cut a "big dash," to be sure, But "Chicago's great fire" showed the world that Jim Fisk, With his "wealth," still remembered the poor! When the telegram came that the homeless, that night, Were starving to death, slow but sure, His "Lightning Express," manned by noble Jim Fisk, Flew to feed all her hungry and poor!

Now, what do you think of this "trial" of Stokes, Who murdered this friend of the poor? When such men get free, is there anyone safe If they step from outside their own door? Is there one law for the poor, and one for the rich? It seems so—at least so I say. If they hang up the poor, why—damn it—the rich Ought to swing up the very same way! Don't show any favor to friend or to foe, The beggar or prince at his door; The big millionaire you must hang up also. But never go back on the poor!

Oh! shame on this "land of the free and brave," When such sights as this meet our eye! The poor in their prisons are treated like slaves, While the rich in their cells they live high, A poor devil, "crazy with drink," they will hang For a murder he didn't intend; Gets off, for, he's money to spend! But if things go on this way, we'll stand it no more; The people will rise up in bands; A Vigilance Committee we'll raise on our shore, And take the law in our own hands!

Sent in by Harry W. Rhineland, Freedom, Box 509, Pa.

Remedies

COUGH AND COLDS.—Take ten cents' worth of brown sugar, ten cents' worth of glycerine, five cents' worth of honey, and ten cents' worth of pine tar and ten cents' worth of rock candy. Boil brown sugar in one quart of water till strength is all out, strain and add other ingredients and boil to syrup. Dose, teaspoon every two or three hours.

CONSTIPATION.—One half pound of seeded raisins and five cents' worth each of senna leaves and manna. Grind all together and make into small pills. Take at night, regulating dose.

MRS. C. McCLEATHY, Madison, Ill.

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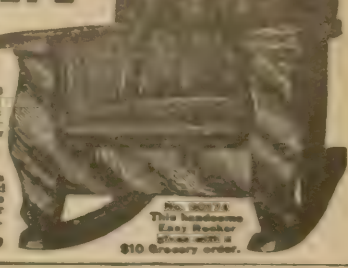
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SORENESS IN BREAST.—Mothers who are thus afflicted will find the essence of pennyroyal very beneficial. If breasts are caked, rub frequently, but very gently. MRS. A. B. LAMB, Bendon, Mich.

SICK HEADACHE.—Take a piece of flannel cloth, dampen it and lay it on the pain and take a small sack of salt and lay it on the damp cloth and it will give quick relief. ALICE CHAPMAN, Bonnetterre, E. R. 1, Mo.

ASCARIS.—Slimmer (not bolt), three pounds of lard, one and one half pounds each of rosin and beeswax together in an iron kettle, then add two ounces of oil of spike and simmer again for four hours. Be sure it does not boil. Strain, cool and use as salve. MRS. H. SPRAGUE, St. Louis, Mich.

BRUISES AND SWELLINGS.—Bind on clay dampened with water. The addition of glycerine makes it more effective. Continue the clay poultices till relieved. The above remedy cured a bad condition of my foot caused by stepping on a nail. MRS. L. H. HOLLISTER, Elysean, Minn.

FITS.—(Requested.) Pulverize sage until it will go through a very fine sieve and mix with it the same amount of sugar. Give teaspoonful for three or four mornings when patient shows signs of fits. MRS. DELLA KIMSEY, Dawson, E. R. 2, Ala.

RHEUMATISM.—Put one and one half ounce each of columbo root, Peruvian bark and quassia into a glass preserving jar and cover with one half pint of pure alcohol. Let stand twenty-four hours then add one half pint of water. Dose, One tablespoon before each meal and at bedtime. MRS. V. JACKSON, Clermont, E. R. 1, N. Y.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three or more 25-cent subscriptions or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notices are required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every ten words.

Wanted.—Information of friends of H. H. Schade of Nebraska and Hannah Lewis of Tennessee. Mrs. Polly Schade, Beeler, N. C.

George W. Berry, E. R. 1, Box 83, Ky., would like to know the whereabouts of his son Robert Weber, twenty-one years old, who ran away from Louisville, Ky. Orphans' Home in 1904. Has not been heard of since.

Wanted to know the whereabouts of my sons, John F. last heard of in Chicago, Ill. and Stodd, last heard of in Redondo Beach, Cal. Mrs. E. M. Irving, 2618 6th St., Ocean Park, Cal.

Conjunct Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and 25 cents to pay for card. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

George B. Rice, 131 Baltic St., Room 131, Brooklyn, N. Y. Ed. Lord, West Chicago, E. R. 1, Ill. Would like to exchange views. Mr. Aubyn Mangum, Madisonville, Ky. Etta Wheeler Austin, 410 East Fayette St., Connellville, Pa. Miss Helen Hobbs, 1347 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Bert F. Townley, Pembroke, Ky.

A Girl in a Thousand

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

not feel it too much of a burden, may I stay a little while until—I can find something to do to support myself?

There were answering tears of sympathy in the man's own eyes, at this touching and unexpected plea.

"Truly," he thought, "the girl's troubles have changed her greatly, for I have never seen her in a mood like this before; they have softened her, and, perchance, will develop latent virtues which will yet make a noble woman of her."

"My child," he said, gently in reply to her, "don't talk about earning your own living or of being a burden to me, for I have an abundance of this world's goods. When your mother became my wife my home was also cordially opened to you for as long as you should need a shelter. Believe me, you are still welcome here for as long as you care to stay."

"But—but—" Imogen craftily interposed with downcast eyes, although a flush of secret exultation over the success of her scheme dyed her cheeks crimson. "I am sure I can find something to do—and—really—when I have no real claim upon you I—the obligation—"

"Tut! tut! Imogen; don't talk to me of obligation, for I tell you, you are welcome," the judge interrupted in turn, then continued with a sigh; "I am a lonely man—almost a heart-broken man, when I think of my only child a helpless invalid in a foreign country, and perhaps you can help to make life a little less monotonous and irksome to me. I am sure it will be pleasant to have some young life in the house, for as you recover somewhat from the blight that has fallen upon you, you will naturally draw others about you, in a social way, and thus make my home brighter."

"Nothing could make me happier," Imogen murmured, and for the first time during the interview she spoke with the utmost sincerity.

"And then, there is our little one—our darling up-stairs," her companion resumed; "you have seen her, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; and isn't she just the sweetest baby in the world?" Imogen exclaimed, with an earnestness and a sudden lighting up of her whole face that caused the judge to marvel still more at the change in her.

"You like children, then?" he inquired, while he studied her glowing countenance curiously.

"Like—that is a tame word; oh, I know I shall love little Olive dearly—I love her already. Why, she came to me directly, laughed and cooed at me, patting my face with her dainty hand as if I were someone whom she had always known, instead of—of an utter stranger," the girl returned in a voice that actually shook with emotion and won the judge completely.

"Then I am sure you can assist me greatly in rearing the child," he said, gravely; "when she is a little older you can begin her education, by training her in the courtesies of life; then, too, she must be properly clothed. No doubt Mrs. Bartlett would do the best she could in that respect if the duty was left to her; but I like to see a pretty child daintily clad, and you have good taste, Imogen."

"Thank you; I am sure the care of the darling's wardrobe would be a delight to me."

"Then, too, as she grows older, she will need to be carefully trained for the social position she will have to fill later, and also a chaperon to attend her when she goes out," pursued the judge, who seemed strangely inclined to lay plans

for the dim future of his young charge, upon this occasion.

"And can you trust me for all this?" Imogen inquired, as she lifted a searching yet half-surprised look to her companion's face.

"I think I can," he smilingly returned; "at least, we will try how such an arrangement will work for a time, and so let there be no more talk about burdens and obligations."

"Thank you! thank you! I will sincerely try to deserve your confidence," murmured Imogen from behind her handkerchief, which she had raised to her eyes ostensibly to absorb tears of emotion caused by his generosity and faith in her; but really to conceal the flash of triumph which had leaped into their dusky depths to find everything working so exactly to her mind and the man such an easy prey to her crafty plot.

Judge Ashburton made no reply, for a sudden and unaccountable revulsion had taken possession of him and he found himself secretly rebellious over the incomprehensible dealings of Providence with him.

"Why, oh, why," his yearning heart cried out, "could not his own beloved daughter have been restored to him, to resume her proper place in his household and her natural relations to her child?" Not that he wished ill to Imogen, or would have doomed her to Alice's fate; but life seemed such a perplexing problem with everything so awry.

But presently he aroused himself from his bitter mood, and, changing the subject, conversed pleasantly upon various topics with his companion until dinner was announced.

Imogen presided at the table with a charming grace, and was so chatty and companionable the judge experienced a feeling of homelike comfort to which he had long been a stranger, and he really felt grateful to the girl for coming back into his life to give it a touch of brightness.

But soon after they arose from the table Imogen excused herself on plea of being wearied from her journey—she could still feel the motion of the steamer, she said—and sought her own room.

Once securely locked within it, she threw off the almost maddening restraint under which she had been laboring during the last three hours and gave free expression to the wild joy that possessed her.

"The game is mine!" she exclaimed exultantly; "my scheme has succeeded far beyond my most sanguine expectations! I hardly dared believe that he would receive me at the outset, with such confidence and overwhelming hospitality. I imagined I would have to worm my way into his good graces by degrees—I sura-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

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BENEDICT ARNOLD

The Traitor, a
Fallen Hero

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THAT Arnold was a traitor everybody knows, but how many are familiar with the thrilling details of the formation and detection of his plot? That truth is often stranger than fiction is well exemplified in the brilliant exploits and dramatic incidents of his remarkable career as narrated in this sketch.

Benedict Arnold, born in Norwich, Connecticut, January 3, 1740, was thirty-five years of age when the Revolutionary War began. As during Arnold's youth his father was prosperous, the boy was given a good education and then apprenticed to a druggist.

At an early age he developed those traits which distinguished his later life. As a boy he was bright, smart, bold and daring, but cruel, wayward and disobedient, getting into various scrapes much to the distress of his good mother. Apparently he inherited his character and disposition from his father who is reputed to have been an unscrupulous and addicted to strong drink which reduced him to poverty in his old age.

In childhood Benedict delighted in robbing birds' nests, torturing animals and tormenting his schoolmates, and as a youth he would throw broken glass from the drug-store, where he worked, into the street to cut the bare feet of the school children.

At sixteen he enlisted in the British army, but through influential friends his mother secured his release. Again he ran away and enlisted but soon deserted and returned home to finish his apprenticeship. Then he moved to New Haven, Conn., and went into business, on his own account, in which he so far prospered as to accumulate in a few years sufficient capital to buy a vessel and engage in trade with the West Indies. Having failed in this he resumed the drug business, in New Haven, in which he was engaged at the outbreak of the Revolution. At that time he was captain of a militia company of fifty-eight men called the Governor's Foot Guards.

Raises a Volunteer Company

When news of the fight between the British troops from Boston and the Massachusetts minute men at Lexington and Concord reached New Haven the town went wild with excitement. Arnold addressed the crowd in the street and called for volunteers to march under his leadership to the support of the Massachusetts colonists.

Sixty men, including many members of the Foot Guards enlisted under his banner. They were armed but had no ammunition; so Arnold called on the selectmen of New Haven to supply the need. These officials asked for time to get

The ruined career of Major-General Benedict Arnold exhibits the most notable example of utter wreck and degradation of splendid genius through its combination with moral depravity. Arnold had all the essential attributes of a great hero, except one; and the lack of that dragged him from the pinnacle of glory to the depth of infamy.

Gifted in many respects, his military talents amounted to genius. The fine strategy with which he conceived and planned his campaigns was equalled by the consummate skill with which he conducted them. He was noted for his bold designs and daring undertakings, which were denounced by lesser minds as rash and foolhardy, but were approved by Washington as based on excellent judgment and keen foresight.

An indefatigable worker, possessed of a dauntless spirit that was never appalled by calamity or disheartened by difficulties, by his energy and resourcefulness he overcame almost impassable obstacles, and with wonderful fortitude withstood the severest privations and hardships.

And he had the rare power of inspiring his men with his own courage and determination, whereby, on more than one occasion, he was enabled to snatch victory from the very jaws of defeat.

In every phase of war he fitted perfectly, but on the field of battle he was superb. Cool and collected, he grasped instantly the significance and foresaw the consequences of every move, and met every emergency with lightning rapidity and unerring decision.

His personal bravery could not be excelled. Dashing over the field as the battle raged he would plunge into the fight where it was hottest to lead his men and encourage them by his gallantry.

But he lacked moral character to a degree that overwhelmed all his grand and noble qualities. Save for that baseness which impelled him to betray his country, Benedict Arnold's fame would have been as illustrious as that of any of Washington's generals.

all within the fort were soundly sleeping in blissful ignorance of the impending attack, the Americans suddenly charged from the darkness, overpowered the lone sentinel on guard at the covered entrance and rushed through it into the fortification before he had time to sound the alarm. The surprise was complete; the soldiers of the garrison were captured in their beds, without opportunity for resistance, while the doughty Allen pounded with his sword on the British commander's door to wake him up and demand of him instant surrender. Given no time to dress, Captain De la Place, with his breeches in his hand, came immediately to the door and in utter astonishment asked by what authority the surrender was demanded, as he had heard of no war. To this Allen replied in words destined to become as famous as his bloodless victory, "In the name of the great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress." As the British officer disregarded the great Jehovah as a source of military authority and undertook to dispute the powers of Congress, Allen cut short the parley with a flourish of his sword and enforced immediate and

investigate complaints of his arrogant conduct. Arnold was indignant at this treatment which he denounced as grossly unjust, claiming that he had performed his duty faithfully and in addition had expended over five hundred dollars of his own money for the public service. Refusing to submit to the humiliation of serving under a junior officer he resigned his command, disbanded his men and returned to Cambridge. That he was treated unfairly and harshly there is no doubt, but his overbearing conduct and quarrels with his brother officers, for which he was blameable, were the cause of this and many other troubles of a similar nature which attended his subsequent career.

Arnold Leads the Famous Expedition Against Quebec

At Cambridge he made the personal acquaintance of Washington who became so impressed by Arnold's military talent, energy, determination and coldness balanced by good judgment, that he

them to reinforce the garrison and otherwise prepare to defend the city.

The hoped-for surprise had failed, the attack had to be postponed, and the Americans camped in the snow to await the arrival of reinforcements from Montgomery who had captured Montreal.

As soon as General Montgomery learned of Arnold's plight, he left his victorious army in Montreal and with three hundred of his best men made the long, weary, hazardous march through snow and cold and winter storms to Quebec.

Even with the addition of this small reinforcement the American force was too weak for the



CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRE THE BRITISH SPY.

task set before it, but as the scantily clad soldiers were suffering severely from cold and the ravages of the small-pox, and the only hope of relief lay in the desperate expedient of capturing the city by assault it was the wish of the officers and men to make the attempt.

Wounded in Leading the Assault at Quebec

In the night of the last day of December, 1775, in the darkness and bitter cold of a driving snowstorm, conditions thought favorable for their purpose, the Americans in four divisions left their camp and moved to the attack. Two divisions were to make feints to distract the attention of the enemy from the other two divisions which, led in person by Montgomery and Arnold, were to make the real attacks simultaneously at two separate points.

Montgomery had led his men up the steep acclivity almost to the muzzles of the enemy's guns and was on the brink of victory when he was shot dead. At the fall of their brave commander his followers were thrown into confusion and beat a hasty retreat, leaving Montgomery's body to be buried by the enemy.

Arnold's party fared even worse. Leading his men in the charge, Arnold fell, wounded in the leg by a musket ball which shattered the bone, and he had to be carried to the rear after an ineffectual effort to rise.

Captain Morgan, a brave Virginian, who had joined the expedition at head of three companies from Virginia and Pennsylvania, now took Arnold's place. With two companies he pushed through the deep snow and the storm of shot and shell to the walls, placed his ladders, scaled the ramparts and drove the British from their guns. Two more companies, following close behind, joined him here. He was within the walls, victorious in the streets of Quebec. Up the street was a barrier and from behind it a battery still fired on him. He formed his men and charged it, and with its capture the city would have been his. But just at the critical moment the enemy at this point was heavily reinforced by the arrival of a detachment of the troops that had driven back Montgomery's men. The British now largely outnumbered the Americans. From behind the barrier their artillery and musketry swept the street, while from the house-tops they poured a deadly fire on the heads of their assailants.

Morgan tried to rally his men, but the slaughter was terrible, the odds against them too great for the bravest troops, and they fell back, some escaping by hasty retreat while others rushed into the houses where they were made captives. Morgan himself was surrounded and taken prisoner.

Made Brigadier-General for his Gallant Conduct at Quebec

For his gallantry in storming Quebec Congress rewarded Arnold by promoting him to brigadier-general.

He remained in the snow-bound camp until spring when General Thomas arrived with reinforcements. Then Arnold went to Montreal and took command there. In the following campaign the Americans were driven out of Canada, but Arnold held Montreal as long as possible and then saved his army by a skillfully conducted retreat to the American fort at Crown Point on Lake Champlain, near Ticonderoga.

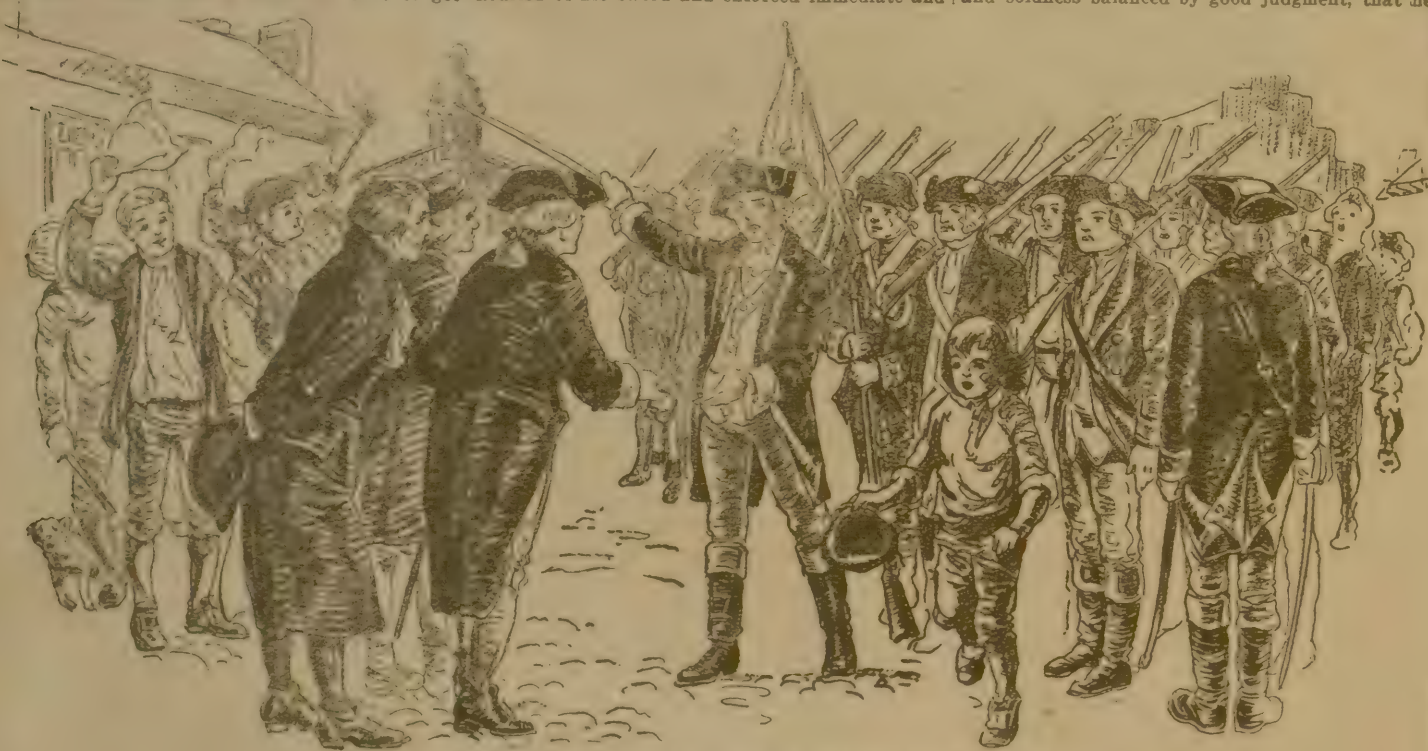
October 11, 1776, in command of a fleet of small vessels, carrying in all seventy guns, on Lake Champlain, Arnold fought the famous battle of Valcour Island, fighting desperately all day against a far superior British fleet that mounted ninety-three guns, and in the darkness of the following night safely led his shattered vessels



ARNOLD TAKING LEAVE OF HIS WIFE.

through the British line and made good his escape.

Soon after this active operations about Lake Champlain were suspended and Arnold was sent to Providence, R. I., where he spent the winter of 1777 in organizing the militia and preparing to attack the British forces in that vicinity.



ARNOLD ENFORCES HIS DEMAND FOR THE KEYS OF THE NEW HAVEN POWDER HOUSE.

orders from the Connecticut authorities. Whereupon Arnold, at the head of his company, made a demand for the keys of the town powder house and backed it by a threat to break in and help himself, if refused. The selectmen immediately surrendered the keys, and Arnold, after obtaining the ammunition, marched with his company to Cambridge, near Boston, where the Massachusetts militia was gathering to offer further resistance to the British.

Immediately on his arrival he reported to the Massachusetts Committee of Safety and proposed to organize and lead an expedition against Ticonderoga, a British fort in northeastern New York close to the border of Vermont, and so situated, at the confluence of Lake Champlain and Lake George, as to command the commerce of both these bodies of water. His project was by a hasty move to take the garrison by surprise and capture this important fort.

He was commissioned colonel, given supplies and authorized to enlist four hundred men for the expedition.

Immediately he began energetic preparations, in the course of which he soon reached western Massachusetts by riding over fifty miles a day. Here he was chagrined by information that a volunteer force of "Green Mountain Boys," as Vermonters were then called, led by the rough-and-ready Ethan Allen was well on its march to the fort. He commissioned others to complete the mustering in and equipment of the troops he had been enlisting, and hastened forward alone. At Castleton, within twenty-five miles of Ticonderoga, he overtook Allen's little army of two hundred and thirty men and attempted to assume command. Allen, who had organized his expedition without any knowledge of Arnold's efforts and design, very properly insisted on retaining his command, and the men, who were Allen's friends and neighbors from Vermont, refused to accept Arnold as their leader. Arnold was enraged with disappointment, but wisely decided to join as a volunteer.

Capture of Fort Ticonderoga

The march had been made so quickly and cautiously that the British had received no tidings of Allen's approach. At dead of night, when

unconditional submission. The cannon, ammunition and other military stores within the fort were much needed to equip the American army.

Ticonderoga was the first fort, and its garrison the first body of British troops to surrender to the Americans in the war for independence. And history rightly has given the credit for this brilliant exploit, so boldly planned and skillfully executed, to Ethan Allen, for he designed it and he was in command. But by his side, as he led his men into the fort, was Arnold, equally brave, resolute and resourceful. Allen and Arnold, each independently of the other, had conceived the same project, but fortune favored Allen in being first on the spot. There is no reason to doubt that, if Arnold had got there first, he would have accomplished the same result in about the same manner and with equal success.

Immediately after the capture of the fort, which occurred May 10, 1775, Arnold reasserted his claim to command, but without avail. Then

gave him command, with the rank of colonel, of the force of eleven hundred men then being fitted out to attack Quebec. The plan was for this expedition to proceed by water from Newburyport, Massachusetts to Fort Western, now Augusta, at the head of ship navigation on the Kennebec River, and thence march two hundred miles through the then unexplored wilderness of northern Maine and Canada to Quebec. It was a daring enterprise of great difficulty and required a commander of great skill, courage, activity and perseverance. In the seeming rashness of the project lay its best hope of success.

Although a natural stronghold and well fortified, Quebec had a very small garrison at that time, and the idea was to take it by surprise by a sudden attack from an unexpected quarter. Arnold's march was to be made secretly and the attention of the British was to be diverted from the danger to Quebec by the larger force which General Montgomery was leading from Ticonderoga against Montreal.

The expedition landed safely at Fort Western, where it was entertained by Mr. Gannett's grandfather, Captain James Howard, the commandant of the post.

Here the provisions, ammunition and camp equipage were transferred to small boats to ascend shallow waters of the upper Kennebec in company with the army as it marched along the river bank.

The expedition left Fort Western in September with the expectation of arriving before Quebec in October, but it encountered unexpected and almost insurmountable difficulties which so impeded its progress that it did not reach its destination until the early Canadian winter had set in. A road had to be cut through the trackless forest; the boats and equipment had to be carried around the numerous falls and rapids; provisions ran short, the men's clothing became worn and torn; the streams froze; snow and sleet covered the ground and filled the air; the men were exhausted by the fatigue of incessant toil and terrible hardships; some died, many broke down, and all came near perishing from cold and starvation. The rear division, consisting of three companies under Colonel Enos, deserted and marched back to Cambridge.

But Arnold's dauntless spirit was undismayed and inspired his men with fortitude and courage to struggle on in the face of conditions that seemed hopeless. That he ever pulled through seems miraculous.

At last his little army reduced in numbers by sickness, death and desertion, and weak from the incredible sufferings of the march, but unbroken in spirit, drew up before Quebec, the Gibraltar of America, and made ready to assault its frowning battlements, when hope of immediate success was shattered by information that the Indian war in advance to carry a despatch to General Montgomery had turned traitor and warned the British of Arnold's approach in time for



A PART OF THE WEST POINT FORTIFICATIONS.

His Difficulties with Congress Begin

It was while thus engaged that his long series of difficulties with Congress began, which, as it proceeded, exasperated him to such a degree of bitter resentment that it ended in his turning traitor to his country three years later.

At this time Arnold was a brigadier-general in the Continental Army, commissioned by Congress, without his request, as a merited honor and reward for his distinguished services and gallantry in the Quebec expedition; and his subsequent campaign from Montreal to Lake Champlain had crowned him with new laurels. He was justly proud of having thus earned his rapid promotion and was satisfied with the rank he held and the honors thus far conferred on him. He was intensely ambitious to rise higher but was content to await further promotion in regular order.

In this situation Congress created five new major-generals (the next grade above brigadier-general), and filled these positions by promoting five junior officers over Arnold's head. None of them had shown themselves superior to him in ability, courage or devotion to the cause, while some of them were notably his inferiors. It was a disgrace which he felt keenly, and he wrote Washington proposing to resign on the ground that under the circumstances he could not continue to serve without sacrificing his honor and self-respect.

Washington sympathized with Arnold's feeling of indignation, but urged him not to resign because the country needed his services, and promised to exert his influence to have this injustice righted.

Political influence, the intrigues of ambitious rivals and the accusations of personal enemies, for Arnold's haughty and overbearing treatment of his brother officers had made him many enemies among them, had combined to bring him into disfavor with Congress, and Washington found his efforts in behalf of Arnold unavailing, and wrote him to that effect. Thereupon Arnold started for Philadelphia to appear before Congress and demand an investigation of his conduct.

As he passed through Connecticut he fell in

reported to be within three miles of the American camp, and by persistent urging Arnold persuaded Gates to march out to the attack. The battle fought there that day (Sept. 19, 1777) is known as the battle of Saratoga or the first battle of Bemis Heights. Gates commanded the right wing of the American army in person, and Arnold the left wing. But Gates's division was separated from the enemy by an impassable creek, and, with the exception of one regiment, took no part in the battle. Arnold and his men did all the fighting on the American side, and did it gloriously. Arnold, on his gray horse, was conspicuous dashing here and there and every where that the battle raged hottest, leading his raw militia in such furious charges that the British veterans were driven back, and the victory was his until reinforcements of fresh troops from the other wing of the enemy's army forced him to fall back to his original line of battle, where he maintained his ground until darkness ended the fighting. Had Gates supported him, instead of holding his troops idle spectators of the battle, Arnold would have utterly routed Burgoyne's army and captured his camp.

Gates, in his report of the battle, claimed all the credit for himself, but the army and the entire country gave the honors to Arnold and the brave soldiers of his division. This caused an angry dispute between these two officers and Gates took Arnold's division away from him. Thus deprived of command and with no duties to perform in the northern army, Arnold demanded and received from Gates a passport to go to Washington who, he knew, appreciated and wanted his services. But Arnold postponed his departure a few days to avoid criticism for leaving just before an expected battle. This battle which he awaited, known as the second battle of Bemis Heights, occurred on the seventh day of October while Arnold was still in camp.

If not expected. His generals were on the firing line, except Arnold who, having no command, remained in camp, a silent but excited spectator. It was the first battle he had looked on without taking an active and prominent part, and he was actually crazy to dip into it.

Like a chained lion he paced to and fro before his tent as the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry bore in upon him, and as the battle wore on, raging fierce without decisive advantage to either side, his frenzy became uncontrollable, for his genius grasped the situation, he saw the point where the attack should be driven with concentrated force and spirited leadership, the turning point of the battle, the key to victory; and the thought that General Gates, the commander, was far in the rear preparing for the retreat of his troops at the very moment when it only needed the presence of a skillful and dashing commander at the front to lead them to complete and decisive victory; that despite this dispiriting conduct of their general-in-chief the Americans were fighting bravely; that his own troops, which had borne the brunt and carried off the honors of the previous battle on the same field, were fighting without him to share their danger and direct their action, drove him mad and to a degree of desperation that, in disobedience of orders and in disregard of consequences to himself, he called for his horse and mounting his

were driven out of Philadelphia, Washington gave him the command of the troops in and about that city.

Court-martialed for Misconduct at Philadelphia

Those moral defects which marred his character from boyhood and caused much of the troubles which marked his entire career made him very unpopular with the people of Philadelphia within a month after his appointment to the command of that post. His haughty demeanor and arbitrary exercise of power in disregard of the rights of the citizens brought him into bitter conflict with the city officials and the government of the state of Pennsylvania. Accusations against him were sent to Congress and referred to Washington who called a court-martial to investigate the charges. Meantime Arnold resigned his command, but remained in Philadelphia awaiting trial. This was in March 1779. Much to his annoyance the trial was postponed until December and lasted into January 1780, when the court acquitted him of the most serious charges but sentenced him to be reprimanded for having conducted himself imprudently and unwisely. He was deeply incensed at this treatment which he regarded an insult and a gross injustice.

It was at this time that he finally resolved to turn traitor, partly in revenge for his treatment by Congress and partly through an even baser mercenary motive. He was heavily in debt, for in Philadelphia he had indulged in riotous extravagance far beyond his means, and had resorted to questionable, if not dishonest, practices to obtain money.

Beginning of His Treason

During the long months that he awaited trial the uncertainty as to his future prospects and the pressure of his financial stress induced him to consider treachery as a means of obtaining wealth and an appointment to a high position in the British army; and as a feeler in this direction he began a treasonable correspondence with the enemy by secretly writing letters under an assumed name to General Clinton, commander of the British forces at New York. His overtures were favorably received, yet he hesitated to take the final step, in the determination of which he decided to be governed according to circumstances. With him it had become a mere matter of promoting his own interests in the line of his ambition, regardless of principle and honor. With the door thus open to go over to the enemy he would serve on the side which seemed most to his advantage.

The action of the court-martial appears to have been the last straw that tipped the scale in favor of treachery. And as he had now decided to sell himself, he planned to get as high a price as possible. In order to accomplish this he must get command of an important post that would be of great value to the enemy. Accordingly he applied for the command of West Point, which, as has been explained, was the most important fortress in America, the key to the Union. Having no suspicion of Arnold's purpose, Washington at length granted his request, though surprised that a man of such an active temperament and so ambitious for campaigning and fighting should wish to settle down to the monotony of garrison duty.

Taking command of West Point and its dependencies in August, 1780, Arnold, under the name of Gustavus, resumed his correspondence, begun the year before, with General Clinton, and revealing his identity made a bargain to surrender the fortress and all its out-lying works for a commission in the British army and a money consideration the amount of which is unknown. The plan was for the British to send an expeditionary force up the Hudson to make a night attack at a prearranged time when Arnold would have the American troops so placed that the works could be easily captured.

To complete the arrangements of this important undertaking it was necessary to have a personal interview between Arnold and a member of General Clinton's staff. For this purpose Major Andre, the British commander's adjutant-general, who under the name of John Anderson had carried on the correspondence in behalf of Clinton, was sent in the sloop-of-war Vulture up



ARNOLD WOUNDED WHILE STORMING THE BATTLEMENTS OF QUEBEC.

with Generals Silliman and Wooster, who, with seven hundred militia, were trying to protect the inhabitants and their property from pillage by two thousand British troops out on a marauding expedition which had already burned the town of Danbury.

Arnold's fighting blood was up in a minute and, disregarding his own grievance, he volunteered his services. While brave Wooster, until mortally wounded, led a furious attack on the enemy's rear, Arnold and Silliman made a splendid fight against the head of the British column and held it in check until outflanked by superior numbers. Then drawing off they followed and harassed the enemy on the march, attacking at every favorable opportunity until the British were driven aboard their ships. It was two days of the hardest kind of chasing and fighting, in the thickest of which Arnold, with characteristic bravery, rode at the head of his men. Two horses were shot under him and he had many narrow escapes, but he seemed to bear a charmed life.

Promoted to Major-General

Such gallant conduct was more eloquent than personal appeal, and Congress immediately made him a major-general, but put him at the foot of the list so that the five junior officers who had been promoted over his head still outranked him, still led him in line of promotion, still held the precedence of command over him.

Arnold, who insisted on full justice being done him, denounced such a promotion as an insult and would have resigned at once but for Washington's urgent request and appeal to his patriotism to submit to the indignity for the sake of serving his country. After an investigation the Board of War reported that all the accusations against him were false and that he had been "cruelly and groundlessly aspersed." Congress confirmed this report, but inconsistently refused to give him his proper rank among the major-generals.

That summer (1777) Arnold was sent, by Washington's request to serve under General Gates who commanded an army in northern New York which was expected soon to fight an important battle with the British forces under General Burgoyne. Washington wanted the benefit of Arnold's services in his army but he knew that Gates, who was not a great fighter and in battle directed the movements of his troops from a safe distance in the rear, needed him much more.

Soon after Arnold's arrival news came of the defeat and death of General Herkimer and of the danger of the garrison of Fort Shuyler besieged by seventeen hundred British and Indians. Arnold, with about a thousand men went to the rescue. It seemed a desperate venture, but Arnold's genius was equal to the emergency.

Rescues Fort Shuyler by Brilliant Stratagem

On the march he captured a British spy, who, according to the laws of war, he had a right to hang. He offered to spare the man's life on condition that he would return to the British camp and report that Arnold had a very large force so to scare the Indians into deserting the British. The spy accepted the proposition and did as he agreed, while Arnold held the man's brother as security for his good faith. The stratagem succeeded. The Indians ran away in fright, and Arnold drove off the British and saved the garrison and fort from capture.

Arnold Fights the Battle of Saratoga but Gen. Gates Claims the Credit

He was absent on this expedition only twenty days and then joined Gates near Saratoga, N. Y. Soon after his arrival Burgoyne's army was

Burgoyne's army had been weakened and dispirited by the battle of September 19 and by the daily skirmishing that had gone on since between the two armies which remained in their fortified camps only three miles apart. Meantime Gates's forces were strengthened by reinforcements of militia.

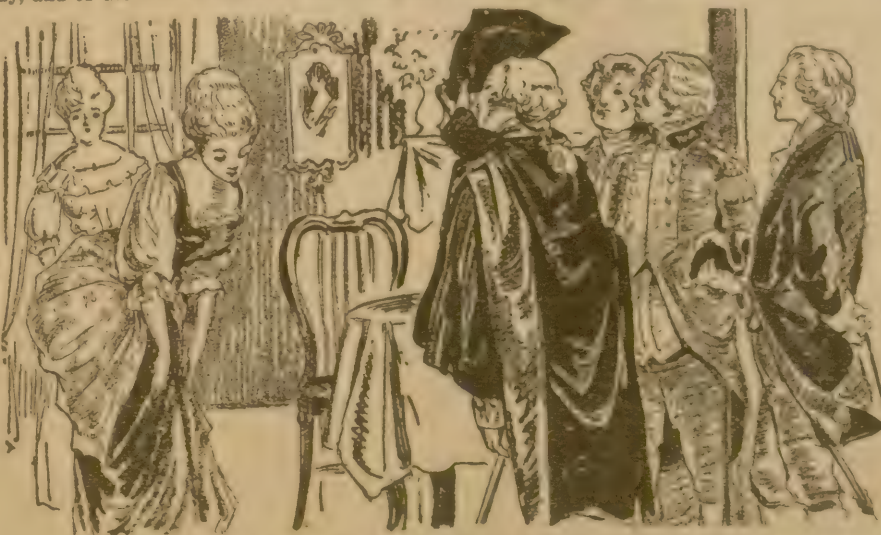
With a perfectly equipped army of seven thousand British regulars and three thousand Canadians and forty cannon, and with every prospect of success, Burgoyne had set out from Canada for the capture of West Point, on the Hudson river, at that time the strongest and most important American fortress. Marching by the way of Lake Champlain, he had taken the forts at Ticonderoga, Crown Point and other places along his route, crushing all opposition until, at Saratoga (Bemis Heights) on the upper Hudson, he encountered Gates's army composed largely of hastily assembled militia which he expected would be easily routed and shattered by his grim veterans. Then there would be no power to oppose his triumphal march down the Hudson through Albany and on to West Point, the key to the Union. The British were already in possession of New York City and the Hudson below West Point. So with West Point and the upper Hudson and Lake Champlain in their hands, New York state would be completely in the enemy's power and the United States would be cut in two, a blow which would probably have brought the war to an early end in favor of the British.

Thus we see the supreme importance of the first battle of Bemis Heights, on September 19, which halted and weakened Burgoyne's superb army, and of the second battle of Bemis Heights,

splendid black charger dashed to the front, and galloping along the firing line took command and directed the entire battle. With reckless bravery he spurred his foam flecked horse hither and yon, wherever the fight raged fiercest, waving his sword in flashing circles over his head and shouting his commands to the officers and appeals to his men in tones that were heard above the din of battle. Everywhere he was hailed with hearty cheers. His example was infectious. The men were inspired with his dauntless spirit of daring and determination, and charged after him with a fury that drove the entire British army from the field of battle back into their camp.

There, behind their strong fortifications the British rallied and made a determined stand. Arnold prepared to lead a charge in an effort to take the enemy's works by assault and complete the victory. Choosing for this purpose the best of his troops, he appealed to them, saying to some, "You were with me at Quebec," to others, "You in the wilderness, and you on Champlain—Follow me!" Riding gallantly at the head of his men he charged into the sally-port of the enemy where his horse was shot down under him, and he was wounded in the leg and borne bleeding to his tent.

This ended the battle. It was Arnold's battle and Arnold's victory. The victorious Americans now surrounded the British camp and laid regular siege to it, whereby General Burgoyne and his army were soon starved into surrendering. General Gates received unbounded praise for the capture of this army, although to Arnold is due the credit of fighting the two battles that brought about the final surrender.



WASHINGTON CALLS ON MRS. ARNOLD TO EXPRESS HIS SYMPATHY.

about to be described, which shattered its power and resulted, shortly after, in the surrender of General Burgoyne with all his troops.

Arnold Usurps Command at the Critical Moment in the Battle of Bemis Heights and Wins the Victory

The battle of October 7 began with an attack by the British which the Americans were expecting and prepared for. General Gates, instead of being at the front to encourage his men by his presence and cheer them to victory, was at a safe distance in the rear preparing for retreat in case of defeat, which he seems to have feared

This was Arnold's last battle, and if Fate had kindly decreed him the honor of a soldier's death on that field he would have borne the glory of a hero's name and a patriot's fame unsullied by any stain of treason.

At this battle he reached the acme of his career, and thence he descended rapidly to the lowest depth of infamy. All the following winter he was at Albany recovering from his wound, and while there Congress gave him the rank which he deserved and had demanded; and Washington presented him with a sword and pair of epaulettes. The next summer he visited his old home in Connecticut, and the next winter he spent with Washington's army at Valley Forge. Then, after the British



ARNOLD ESCAPES TO THE VULTURE.

the Hudson to a place a short distance below West Point. About midnight, September 21, 1780, Major Andre landed at a lonely spot, on the west bank and was met there by Arnold. So many details had to be arranged that before the conference ended day began to dawn, and Andre had to be kept hidden all day within the American lines. Meantime the officer in command of a newly planted American battery discovered the Vulture at anchor within range of his guns and opened fire, compelling her to drop some distance down river. The next night the boatman hired to row Andre down to the Vulture, alarmed by the firing at the British ship, refused to attempt the passage. In this predicament Andre's only recourse was to make the long journey back to New York by land.

The British Spy Captured

Disguised in a citizen's coat and hat, Andre crossed the river and, with a swift horse and a pass through the American lines signed by Arnold, set out in the darkness, safely passed the guards and next morning thought himself well out of danger, when at a turn in the road he was stopped and questioned by a soldier wearing an old and shabby English coat. The soldier asked him which side he belonged to and where he was going. Andre, inferring from the man's coat that he was a British soldier, and rejoicing in the belief that he was safe among friends, replied truthfully, "the lower party," which was generally understood to mean the British in New York City, and he added that he was a British officer out scouting. Thereupon the soldier, with the assistance of his two companions whom he called from the bushes beside the road, arrested the Major.

Andre at once saw his mistake and tried to mend matters by showing his pass from General Arnold and stating that he was on a mission of great importance to the American cause, and must not be delayed. But the soldier's suspicions were aroused by the first answer and he ordered his companions to search the stranger. As nothing of a compromising nature was found they were about to let him go, but the soldier insisted on pulling off the Major's boots for further examination, and in them were found the treasonable documents which the spy was bearing.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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Manners and Looks

"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Topay, Lady Lake, Fla.—It is not all right for a married woman to let her husband's friends hug and kiss her, even if he does not object. The woman herself should have the sense of propriety not to permit it, even if her husband has not. And by the same token she should not spend the day shopping with one of them notwithstanding she has her husband's permission. Her moral conduct may be perfectly proper, but there are social rules of conduct that must be observed or the entire social fabric, including the home and the family, will fall to pieces. Such conduct is scandalous and tends to immorality. What one or two individuals may consider proper conduct will not answer for all, and the majority decides what is correct.

Subscriber, Alameda, Oregon.—Having had a parting with your beau it is the proper thing for you to return his presents to him and be yours to you. That is the etiquette of the situation, but the rule is not rigid and unless the presents are of some value they are not always returned. As to restoring your beau to you, there is no rule of etiquette for that and you must devise your own means.

Y. M. F., Tabor, S. Dak.—Coffee with much sugar and rich cream is fattening, at least the sugar and cream are. (2) All the colors are worn this winter in combination, with some stress on yellow. The split skirt is not considered disgraceful, but when worn to excess it is almost so. (3) A woman five feet six inches tall should not weigh under one hundred and twenty-one pounds nor over one hundred and sixty-five; average one hundred and forty-three.

Susan, Green Bay, Wis.—When the man, whom the lady did not know spoke to her on the street and asked to walk home with her, and she made no reply presumed upon that to say to her that silence gave consent and proceeded to walk with her until she told him it did not, she should have called a policeman or struck him in the face. Only the most persistent and vulgar masher will continue to annoy a woman when she refuses to speak to him at first. She was quite right in not speaking to him until she was compelled to.

Doubtful, Halcottville, N. Y.—Your father has no right to insist upon your accepting the attentions exclusively of a man ten years older than you are and whom you do not like. At the same time you should not disobey him by going with young company. Affect a compromise. If the older man were a gentleman he would not monopolize you against your wishes. That is no way to treat a lady.

Silly Kid, Gary, Ind.—Don't try to get acquainted with the beautiful actress who played in vaudeville in your town in a road show, unless you are rich. Beautiful actresses in road shows look with scorn upon any young men except Johnnies whose fathers are millionaires many times over.

Two Girls, Morral, Ohio.—A girl of sixteen may accept company occasionally to a party or to church, even if she is still in school. She should, however, make society entirely secondary to school where she should prepare herself to count for something socially when she is older. Too many girls seem to think that they need no mental training to go into society. They don't, if the society is made up of that kind of women. (2) Continue writing cards until the man writes the first letter. If he doesn't write it, take it as a sign that card correspondence with you is all he cares for.

Poor Girl, Richland, Mo.—If a girl's finance does not object to her accepting attentions from other men during his absence, nobody else has a right to object. At the same time she should not forget that she is engaged. (2) It is not customary for the groom to give the bride money with which to pay for her wedding clothes, but if he wants to and the girl hasn't money to get what she needs, it would not be improper. It is a matter concerning nobody except themselves.

Subscriber, Swedberg, Mo.—The lady goes into her own house and asks the gentleman to follow. (2) Either the lady or the gentleman may make the date, depending upon what the engagement is to be. For the small social attentions the man usually asks the lady.

Margo, Hiram, Ga.—As you are the best looking girl in your city and the wealthiest, taking your own word for it, you think you shouldn't bother a minute about this faithless young man who doesn't know a good thing when he sees it and instead of worrying over him, drown your sorrows in a spelling-book and grammar. You may be beautiful and rich, but your early education in orthography and syntax has been sadly neglected.

B. B., Somerset, Ala.—It is not good form for a lady to accept presents of any value from a gentleman unless she is engaged to him.

Brunette, Jamestown, N. Y.—Black will be all right for a girl of sixteen to wear if she believes the somberness of it by its of color, for black is very serviceable and carries any kind of color well.

Gray Eyes, Washington, Pa.—Your father is very sensible in not wanting you to go with a young man whose kin are not such people as you would care to associate with. The young man is not to blame for his kin not being what they should be, but that doesn't make it necessary for you to share his drawbacks with him. It is a wise thing to stop before going too far.

Puzzled, Yuckon Valley, N. C.—It is a matter of choice whether the gentleman takes the lady's arm or she takes his. There is no fixed rule.

E. I. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Callers in leaving should really shake hands with the host and hostess last, others being present, but there is no much formality in leaving as a rule, and unless host and hostess are with the last people the departing caller sees, it does not make any difference. If, however, there are only one or two other callers and the going caller shakes hands around, he should make the host and hostess last. There is no firm and set rule, either, about which shall speak first when meeting, the man or the woman, though the rule given the privilege to the woman. Usually when people who know each other at all well meet they speak spontaneously and without waiting on etiquette. Life would be a dreadfully stiff and disagreeable condition if men and women acted always by rule.

Anxious Puzzle, Hero, Pa.—It is quite "mannerly" to call anyone out to a crowd to speak to him if you first ask the crowd to excuse you for so doing. It is not "mannerly" to talk about anyone who talks about you unless you say something in praise.

Mrs. M. J. B., Loxley, Ala.—It used to be that only widows signed their own names. Instead of their husband's names, but in these days of women's militancy, married women very frequently sign their own names almost invariably so in their private correspondence. However, when their names appear in print it is with their husband's initials or first names, not their own names. Old-fashioned women still take their husbands' names on all occasions, unless they are business women doing business under their own names.

E. C. P., Turlock, Cal.—Nobody can be told in print how the Tango is danced. It must be seen, or danced, to be understood. It looks like the old fashioned waltz to begin with, but after the couple has made a move or two it gets into mad tangles, twists and turnings, and a couple would develop in a hundred years. An usually danced it is generally denounced by pulpits and press as improper. Like any other dance it may be danced improperly, very decidedly so, and it often is and in circles which only a few years ago would have not have permitted it for a minute or had any-

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thing more to do with the people who would dance it.

Blue Whiskers, Middletown, Ill.—Girls in school are always so busy over their books that they do not have time to answer boys' cards. Your girl was one of the busy ones. We think you will be on the safe side to look for another girl. Of course, fifteen-year-old boys should show all the letters they receive from girls to their parents. Don't try to conceal your shame from your dear papa and mama.

A. R. Y., Belvidere, Nebr.—With two high tempers that can't get along with each other without frequent quarreling and separating, do you believe that marrying them together so they cannot get away from each other will improve matters? Have you never heard about the Kilkenny cats tied together by their tails and hung over a clothes-line? Still, it may be that you would be happier with each other than with anybody else and if you want to try it, you have our permission. But please don't marry before she is twenty-one and you are twenty-four and give your tempers some chance to mellow with age.

Blue Eyes, Green Bay, Wis.—The young man should let you know when he will call or take his chances at finding you at home. You have spoken to him about it, but he does not seem to consider your wishes. And he doesn't have to, seeing that you put him before good manners and are always at home when he calls. Let him miss you on two or three or four even-ings if he doesn't improve in his manners and let you know when he wants to call. Otherwise he never will and he will boss you as he pleases, etiquette or no etiquette.

B. F. Wick, W. Va.—If your parents and hers also object to your going together, it seems to us that you should get a different girl or different parents. At nineteen you have at least six years to figure it out in before you should marry.

Subscriber, Deadwood, S. Dak.—In offering wine to ladies, whether driving with them or not or how cold they may be, you should know your ladies. These were insulted because you offered them wine; others would have been insulted if you hadn't; so there you are. It isn't so much a question of etiquette as morals.

Lonely, Fall Pine, La.—Until you are legally free of the husband who has deserted you, be very careful how you begin to recall the old lover. Don't write to him, but wait until you see him or until you can talk to some friend about him and let the friend tell him he is not forgotten. You are free to receive him again as a sweetheart you may, but until then you should see him only as a friend of your girlhood.

Youth, Chatham, Va.—Why should you not thank the friend who told you you were looking well or said any other complimentary thing to you? Do you think it would be at all responsive or appreciative to stand dumbly silent and say nothing? You ought to say something and "thank you" is about the most expressive thing you can say. (2) It is not necessary to make a formal request of the lady visiting at your house to go to church with her, seeing that she is going anyhow, but you might say pleasantly to her that you would like to go along.

P. C. M., Lake Placid, N. Y.—In a theater box if a gentleman comes in and speaks to a lady she does not rise. She may move her chair to make room for him if necessary.

O. G. Young, Texas.—Lay the fork and knife aside when passing your plate to be helped. They are in the way on the plate and very likely to fall off.

Kid, Claryville, N. Y.—Girls of thirteen should get instruction in dress and manners from their mothers. They should not have mothers who cannot instruct them in such matters.

Farmer's Wife, Mountain View, Texas.—The man evidently is judging you by others and as you have nothing definite to go on, we think it will be best to wait until he gives you actual cause to warrant your present impression. Maybe you are misjudging him instead of his misjudging you, as some sensitive women often do when men are not perfectly frank with them. Your own conscience and sense of good-nature will be your safest guide and shaping your conduct on that you cannot make any serious mistake. The most serious phase of the case is that you will have to be over-circumspect in order to prevent suspicion. If the man gives you even the slightest opportunity to let him know you as you are, let him know it and know it in a way that he will never forget.

Chums, Wheeler, Wis.—Except in very intense love-making the lady does not write letters during the week to the gentleman who calls over Sunday, unless he lives away, and cannot call oftener than on Sunday. Still not a few do write during the week. Do as you please. (2) It would be proper for a lady to invite a gentleman to her home for the holidays or at any time if he were a proper person.

Troubled, Salisbury, N. C.—If home is so unpleasant that you cannot live in it, prepare yourself to make your living and leave your father. Very many girls do this who have tyrannical fathers and it nearly always has a good effect on them. But do not go out into the world unless you are prepared in some line to earn your living. It is the girls who don't know how to do anything who usually do the worst things.

Countryside, Aldie, Va.—The hostess meeting the caller in the hall should lead the way into the room. (2) Visitors for the first time writing on their return to express pleasure in their visit should be answered with thanks and the hope that they may come again.

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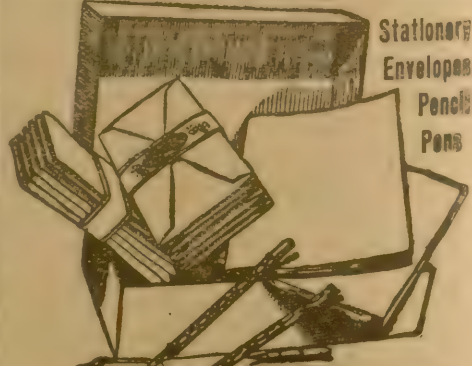
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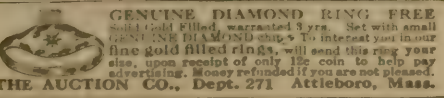
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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

I am in the third grade, A class. I soon will be in the fourth grade. I can iron and wash the dishes up, bake pies and sweep the floor out. I like to ride a horse and swim.

My oldest brother has bought a spotted Siren Arabia horse he lets me ride it sometimes.

My papa and oldest brother works in the coal mines. We are all socialists. My papa is a new subscriber to COMFORT and we all like it fine. I like to read yours and the cousin letters. Newton is the county seat of Jasper county, we have a nice court house. It isn't two years old yet. My papa helped to build it. We live three miles south of town, out in the country. Well Uncle Charlie I hope Billy the Goat won't get this letter. Your little niece, NIOMA WONDER.

Thank you Nioma for your nice little letter, a very excellent little letter by the way for a young lady of your age. We all of course would like to see you iron and wash the dishes up, though you'll have to explain to us what sort of process "ironing" is. Maybe it has no connection with dishwashing at all; possibly it's some patent arrangement of yours that gives the dishes an extra polish. Perhaps you mean you iron and wash the dishes up. Well we iron clothes after they are washed, so why shouldn't we iron dishes after they are washed. If people spent as much time polishing their minds, as they do their dishes, what an intellectual world we'd have. We take an immense care with things that are connected with our stomach, for the most important thing in life to the majority of people is eating, but any old food is good enough for the mind, and most minds never get fed anyway. It's wonderful what a large part dishes play in our lives. I never realized just how big a part they did play until I saw a relation of mine throw all the supper dishes at his wife's head. Do you know it was just wonderful the way she ducked as the china fusillade flew past her cocoon, and shivered into a thousand pieces on the opposite wall. I never saw anything so fascinating in my life, and when as he fired his final shot (a big soup tureen) she caught it on the fly and fired it back with all her might, hitting him full in the face, and he ran howling into the next room with his nose sticking through the bottom of the tureen, as if he were trying to bore a hole through a china mask. I roared with satisfaction. Well it was just smashing funny. I suggest the next time we have to go to war instead of the opposing forces standing off three or four miles and pumping lead at one another, they have crockery-ware artillery, and china rifles, and swat each other with dishes, at close range. There would be fewer killed and heaps more fun, and Nioma could sweep up all the pieces and "iron" them when they got through. Billy the Goat says he thinks you mean "iron" dishes. I suppose you give the plates a nice crease in the pants before they walk to the table, you almost never can tell. We are very much interested in your "Spotted Siren Arabia horse." I've spent a whole week trying to figure out what kind of a horse that must be. Of course I've heard of spotted horses, I saw lots of them at the circus when I went to hear Bill Bryan deliver a lecture on "Money Mad" or, "Who Stole The Grape Juice." It was fun to see Bill taking money at the door and the way he plucked the dollars made the eagle scream and sticking whiskers on the bearded lady, painting spots on a mule that was passed around for a leopard, taking subscriptions for his magazine with one hand, sending telegrams to the Mikado with the other, and delivering a talk to the phonograph on the disadvantages of having a navy, and the necessity of handing California over to the Japs. Oh! I tell you that was an eventful day when I peeped into Bill's circus, and incidentally saw the spotted horses, but never once getting a glimpse of a "spotted" one. Maybe that's what you only get twelve thousand dollars a year, and you believe that's only about thirty-seven dollars a day, it's no wonder that the occupant of a great government office has to take his place with Jo-Jo the dog-faced boy, the talking fish, the human frog, and the skeleton man, to draw in enough coin to buy a beefsteak for himself and family. Of course most of us don't get thirty-seven dollars a year, let alone a day, but then we're not supposed to eat anyway, so what's the odds? Now what under heaven is a Siren Arabia horse? Of course I know what an Arabian horse is—the best blooded, noblest horse in the world—but what has a Siren Arabia got to do with a siren? Now a siren is a young lady, full of wiles and fascination, one of those irresistible, silt-skirted young things that lure a poor gink to destruction, steal his wad and his heart and then throw him overboard. Now what connection can there possibly be between a spotted, or spotted siren, and an Arabian horse? Billy thinks that a spotted siren might be a fascinating young lady with freckles. Yes by gee, and she might be a young lady with the chicken pox. The dictionary also tells us that a siren is a fog horn. Now just imagine an Arabian horse running around with a spotted fog horn attached to it. Why anybody would think it was a four-legged automobile. By Jupiter, I believe I know what you mean Nioma, and I think I deserve a medal for nosing it out. I believe your brother has got a Syrian Arabian horse, with spots on it. Maybe the spots got there when the horse sat down hard and refused to go. Well, Nioma, I wish you all sorts of joy with your "spotted" horse, and I hope that meat will stay at a reasonable price so you won't have to eat it.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but these of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all at an eligible admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership, and a green seal, the seal, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do is keep in good standing to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years before date of expiration, if you remit 25 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-month subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal

and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for February

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. All appeals unaccompanied by references will be destroyed.

M. D. Clayton, Little Crab, Tenn. Has consumption. Doctor says his life would be spared if he could go to the Southwest. Will anyone help him to get there. His life is in your hands. Eliza Bork, Altoona, Kans. Helpless invalid for many years. Would appreciate a dime shower. Fannie B. Leeson, 608 New Bern Ave., Raleigh, N. C. One of our wheel-chair invalids. Last August she fell out of her wheel chair and broke her knee cap. Poor and needy. Great sufferer. Lovely character. Do what you can for her. Mrs. Jennie Moore, Sagamon County Poor Farm, Buffalo, Ill. Partially paralyzed. Send her some cheer. Highly recommended. Mrs. M. H. Campbell, Twin Branch, W. Va. Invalid. Husband also sick. Needy and worthy family. Has four little children who are in need of clothing. Do what you can for them. Lulu Thornborough, Paterson, Wayne Co., Mo. Shut-in for twenty-six years. Lovely character. Has no means of support. Don't forget her. Mrs. Le Roy Cowles, 343 Lancaster St., Leominster, Mass. Poor, aged and needy. Husband too old to work. Mrs. Cowles makes baby booties and jackets, tries to support herself by doing this work. Worthy couple. Do what you can for them. Miss Adeline Sharp, Boomer, N. C. Shut-in. Partially paralyzed and almost blind. Is dependent on charity for support. Send her a dime shower. Mrs. Emma J. Whitehead, Natick, B. R. I. Box 111, Ind. Shut-in. Unable to walk. Would be grateful for good reading matter and financial aid. Very needy. Highly recommended. Mrs. Lucy Irwin, Concord, Ky. Great sufferer from heart trouble. Poor and needy. Send her some cheer. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio. Bedridden invalid. Poor and needy. Send her a dime shower. William V. Kinter, County Home, Indiana, Pa. Shut-in. Crippled with rheumatism. Send him cheery letters, and post-cards, and put a few dimes in your letters. Cornelius Meek, White House, Ky. Helpless with rheumatism. Has to be waited on like a baby. Has only frail little wife to take care of him. Send him some cheer. Johnny Showers, 18-29th St., Columbus, Ga. Shut-in. Send him some cheer. Mrs. Emma Steward, P. O. Box 76, Bepe, Wash. Co., Ohio. Is deaf, and would appreciate it if any of the cousins could tell her of something that would help her hear, if only partially. John L. Drago, Lebanon, Ky. Invalid. Would like cheery letters. Joe Barker, Stanley, R. R. 2, N. C. Shut-in. Would like cheery letters and post-cards. Thomas C. Sumler, Christiansburg, Va. Invalid. Has an Edison phonograph but has no records. Will someone send him a few. You can send them by mail or express.

The Lord loved a cheerful giver, and despises the tightwad. Isn't it better to be loved than despised? There are hundreds of thousands who see these appeals every month and never give a cent to this beautiful work. To the selfish tightwad and the miserly skinflint here is the opportunity to be human. Some day you'll be sorry you passed these appeals by. The recording angel has got a rod in pickle for most of you who never yet have known the joy of giving. God pity such, though it is contempt they deserve more than pity.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems Make the House Shake with Laughter!

Mrs. Ella Craig, Galva, Ill. writes: "My daughter read your poems last night, and went into such fits of laughter that it shook the table and floor." A good laugh is the best medicine in the world and Uncle Charlie's Book of Poems is the greatest mirth provoker, the greatest rib tickler, that ever came to cheer gloomy humanity. There is a copy of this wonderful book in thirty thousand COMFORT homes. Why is it not in yours? Why not get in line and be happy too? If you don't want to laugh, give the children a chance to laugh. It's the best Valentine in all the world. A 160-page volume, superbly bound in lilac silk cloth; contains several splendid pictures of the author, and an intensely interesting sketch of his life. Free for an hour's easy work. Get up club of only four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, and this glorious book is yours. Get busy and work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Songs are Sung All Over the World

Fanny Rice, the famous actress, is singing them in Sidney, Australia, at the present moment. You can obtain twenty-eight of these superb musical gems absolutely free for two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Remember, the dandiest, dreamiest, loveliest songs ever written. Twenty-eight songs for the price of one. Worth five dollars and absolutely free to you. A club of six will secure both poems and song book. These COMFORT star premiums, count towards our grand cash prize competitions. Work for them today!

BAR HANDSHAKING.—The Imperial Club of St. Louis, probably the most fashionable organization in the city, has put a ban on handshaking, and henceforth only the most formal bow will be proper at its functions. Persons who directed a recent ball of the organization said that in making the change, they were following an Eastern custom which is becoming general, and that sanitation had nothing to do with it. They said the rule against handshaking was made when it was discovered that the majority of the guests when introduced or when meeting old friends merely bowed, and they considered the change as an improvement.



WE WANT RELIABLE AGENTS to show our beautiful and exclusive line of Shirt Waist and Suit Materials, Handkerchiefs, etc. This is an exceptional opportunity for you. Excellent territory. No experience required. Samples FREE. Mitchell & Church Co., 288 Water St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Washington Anecdotes and Lincoln Jokes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

their knees around the grave, and this, the last scene in the burial of the mother, was ended. When Abe's father concluded to move to Illinois, the morning of the departure, Abe was found by some friends sitting at the grave of his mother weeping, whether he had gone at an early hour in the morning. The thought of leaving his mother behind nearly broke his heart.

Lincoln and Breckenridge

When Lincoln was a youth, John A. Breckenridge was the leading lawyer in those parts. So carried away was Abe by the eloquence of Breckenridge, that he often hurried to do up his chores in the morning so that he might walk to the county seat, a distance of seventeen miles, to hear Breckenridge plead. He then returned home in time to do his chores at night, repeating this day after day. The lawyer came to know him. Years afterward, when Lincoln was President, a venerable gentleman one day entered his office in the White House, and, standing before him, said:

"Mr. President, you don't know me, do you?"

Mr. Lincoln eyed him for a moment, then quickly replied, with a smile:

"Yes, I do; you are John A. Breckenridge; I used to walk thirty-four miles a day to hear you plead law in Booneville, and listening to your speeches at the bar first inspired me with a determination to become a lawyer."

Lincoln's Death

Of all the members of Lincoln's cabinet, perhaps Sec. Stanton was moved most deeply by his death. As he sat by the bedside of the dying President it could be seen by the twitching of the muscles of Stanton's lips that it was with the greatest difficulty he was restraining himself, and that he was near a break.

After the President had breathed his last, Rev. Dr. Gurley uttered a fervent prayer, in the midst of which Sec. Stanton sobbed aloud, as his face was buried in the bedclothes. As "Thy will be done, Amen" in subdued and tremulous tones floated through that little chamber, Mr. Stanton raised his face, the tears streaming down his face, and ejaculated, as he looked lovingly at the face of his chief:

"He belongs to the ages now."



4 RINGS FREE
Send your name and address for 12 pieces of our jewelry to sell at 10 cts. each. Remit \$1.20 when sold, we will send these four rings free. Eagle Watch Co., Dept. 16, East Boston, Mass.

Handsome Bracelet FREE
Full size, rich gold plate, beautiful polish, latest design. Given for selling 12 pkgs. Blaine at 10c ea. Write for Blaine.

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Write Helen Clark today and she will send you her beauty book and hundreds of letters from grateful women, many of whom she has made look from ten to twenty years younger. Girls and women have blessed her to "her dying day" and have said her treatments are a "Boon to Womanhood." She will tell you all about her marvelous work and what she has done for other women and what they say about her treatments in their own words. She will tell you how you can make life sweeter and happier. Her treatments are so universally successful that she guarantees them. Just drop her a line today and she will reply by return mail privately and confidentially. HELEN CLARK, Suite C 104, 2831 Michigan Blvd., CHICAGO

Wrinkles and ALL Blemishes Removed

FRAGRANT SWEET GRASS BASKET

This famous Sweet Grass which is largely gathered from the meadows of Maine by the Indians and made into such attractive and handy baskets gives forth a very dainty, delightful and lasting perfume which sweetens the entire room. The design of the basket, as shown in our illustration in reduced form, is twenty-eight inches in circumference at top and six inches in diameter at bottom, which is of attractive and strong inner bark peeled from the state white birch tree by the Penobscot tribe Indians. It is artistically decorated with fine, bright colored porcupine quills. These baskets are not only handy to hold your knitting, crochet and other fancy work but they are wonderful souvenirs from the great Northern wilds and woods. They will last a lifetime and are just the thing to give as a present to mother, sister or lady friend.

Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25c, we will send one of these baskets, No. 250 free by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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to display an elegant sample PIANO in your home and allow us to refer you as our local representative?

Write today for our Special Agents' Display Plan. Desk 41.

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ENTON

**What You Will—When You Will—
Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Will
Digest the Meal Easily
and Surely**

Food in itself is harmless. The reason stomach troubles arise is due to faulty digestion brought about by overworking the body or brain, sickness, overeating, late hours, etc.



**"Eat? Why, That's My Middle Name Now,
But I Always Take a Stuart's Dyspepsia
Tablet After Meals to Play Safe."**

The only way to correct faulty stomach troubles and digestive mistakes is to do what nature wants. All that nature needs is a little assistance to do this work. This is why doctors tell you to diet. By not eating nature is compelled to aid herself. You do not then overwork her when she is already exhausted.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets go into your stomach just like food. They help digest this food. Then they enrich the blood, and thus when the next meal is eaten the system is better prepared to do its work without assistance or at least less harmfully.

By following this natural habit you will in a short time correct stomach trouble, do away with indigestion and remove all danger of fatal digestion troubles.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the best tablets made. They are composed of the very best natural ingredients, one grain of one element will digest 3,000 grains of meats, fish, vegetables, grains, soup, etc.

Always take a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet after meals or just before bed time. By doing this you will be acting wisely and playing safe.

Go to your drugist anywhere and buy a box now. Price 50 cents.

ARE YOU A LUNG SUFFERER!

If so—I have a message of hope for you. Let me send you ABSOLUTELY FREE my book describing a SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT—a new, scientific, rational relief for CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS or CATARRH—entirely different from anything you have ever tried. If you are tired of more drugs, nasty emulsions, of "drugs," cough syrups, "cure alls," and other worthless concoctions—if you are coughing, spitting, sweating, bleeding, feverishly burning your life away—write me NOW. I may mean LIFE FOR YOU! Dr. Knight says this method of treatment cured his wife of consumption; and Gen. Knox, who used it in his practice and it was a wonderful success; Dr. Keister says: "Every case I treated with it made a beautiful recovery." Robert McKee states: "It healed my bleeding lungs and saved me from death." A patient writes: "I was losing weight daily—now I am fatter than I ever was."

Millions are dying with lung trouble! Will you? Send for my wonderful FREE MESSAGE today before too late. Let me send you ABSOLUTELY SWORN PROOF of what this treatment is doing for lung sufferers everywhere. The book is FREE—it's ready for you—ASK for it TODAY. Write to Judd Q. Lloyd, 5588 Lloyd Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



Are You Troubled

with constipation or piles? If you are, do not tax and injure your stomach with medicine. Your physician will endorse our Entona Suppositories as a simple, practical and safe remedy. It has proved so for over thirty years. If your drugist does not keep them send to MAISON DE SANTE, 340 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.

DROPSY

DR. FRANKLIN MILES, Box 93, ELKHART, IND.

"LET ME" read your character from your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 25c. Money back if dissatisfied. G. A. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York.

YOU CAN'T LOSE IT German Silver Coin Purse With Long Chain

This cute little bag is over two and a half inches square. A 54-inch long chain attached enables you to wear this purse hung from the neck, providing a certain degree of safety, also the freedom of your hands.

This chain is long enough to go around the neck and have the bag in the pocket of a coat or dress, or can be worn hanging, as most people wear them; the bag coming below the waist.

The bag is unlined, and made of very strong links, and has a fringed top fashioned into little points with silver-plated balls on the ends. It is a handy coin purse to wear to church, when calling, car riding or shopping as you do not have to carry it in your hand, and you know it is safe on the chain around your neck, so you can't lose your money.

The bags are very attractive and useful at all seasons with all costumes. They have no lining so can easily be kept bright and clean by washing in soap and water.

We would like to have every woman and girl reader of COMFORT own one. If you could realize how attractive and useful they are, no matter how many bags and purses you have you would get up your club and send at once.

Send only three subscribers to COM-
Club Offer: PORT at 25c. each for 15 months for one of these beautiful Coin Purse. Premium No. 283. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BENEDICT ARNOLD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

Andre then offered them a very large sum of money for his liberty, but they were incorruptible, and the size of the bribe only served to confirm their belief that he was a British spy, and strengthened their determination to prevent his escape. "Not for fifty thousand dollars would I let you go," answered their leader.

Now note what a wonderful combination of strange fatalities it was that led to the capture of the British spy. First, the discovery of the Vulture behind the bend in the river and the firing on her which so alarmed the American boatman, who had brought Andre ashore, that he refused to attempt the return passage the next night. But strangest of all was the chance circumstance of the American soldier having on the old English coat which caused Andre to betray himself. This is how it happened.

Andre's captors, John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart and David Williams, were not regular soldiers; they were not in the army, nor were they engaged in any authorized military service at that time. They were country boys living in the vicinity who, with their neighbors, happened to be out that morning trying to intercept some of the British marauding parties from New York that were devastating the country, pillaging the inhabitants and burning their homes.

Paulding had been called into action a number of times with the militia, to which he belonged, and had twice been captured, and twice made his escape from the loathsome military prisons in New York, the last time only four days previous to his capture of Andre. And so it happened that on this occasion he wore the tattered enemy's coat given him, while a prisoner, by a British soldier who had robbed him of his good yeoman's coat.

The Plot Discovered and the Country Saved

Of this chain of fortuitous events which utterly frustrated the well-laid plans of enemy and traitor, which otherwise would have succeeded disastrously to the cause of liberty, one historian has said, "that he must be a madman who cannot trace an unseen power controlling the whole transaction."

Paulding and his companions took the dejected Andre to North Castle, the nearest American post, distant about twelve miles, and there delivered him to Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson in command. This officer, perceiving the dangerous nature of the papers found on the spy, sent them by special messenger to General Washington, at Hartford, Connecticut, but, though he recognized Arnold's handwriting, he stupidly sent Andre to West Point with a letter to Arnold explaining how the prisoner had been taken.

But Major Tallmadge soon arriving at North Castle and being told the particulars, at once suspected treachery on Arnold's part and prevailed on Col. Jameson to hurry forward a messenger to the officer having Andre in charge, ordering him to bring his prisoner back to North Castle, but neglected to order the return of his letter written to Arnold. But for the latter piece of unaccountable folly the arch traitor himself would have been captured and hung beside the spy.

Washington had left Hartford unexpectedly the day before, and early on the morning when these events occurred was nearing West Point, accompanied by his staff and Lafayette and General Knox. He had sent word to Arnold that they would breakfast with him. Arriving at the river Washington, stopped to examine the redoubts, but sent the others forward with the joking remark that he knew the younger men of the party were impatient to renew their acquaintance with Mrs. Arnold, and to tell her not to wait breakfast for him. The year previous Arnold had married the beautiful and accomplished Miss Shippen, daughter of a wealthy Philadelphia merchant, and his present comfortable quarters enabled him to have his wife and infant child with him.

Arnold Escapes

Mrs. Arnold received the guests with her usual cordiality, but her husband was silent, gloomy, and anxious, for this was the day appointed for the British ships to come up the river to attack the fortress. While they were yet at breakfast the messenger arrived and handed him Colonel Jameson's letter apprising him of Andre's arrest. With a glance at the contents of the missive the horror of his situation dashed on him, but with masterly selfpossession he suppressed all appearance of emotion. He rose from the table and, beckoning his wife to follow, left the room. In her chamber up-stairs he briefly told her that he was a ruined man and must instantly fly for his life. Stunned by the shock, she fell senseless on the floor. He hastened down-stairs and sent the messenger to assist her, which served the further purpose of preventing the man from talking with his guests, who, if they had suspected, would have detained Arnold to pay the penalty of his crime on the hangman's gibbet. Returning through the breakfast-room he excused himself to his company, explaining that he must hasten to prepare the garrison for the reception of General Washington; then passing out he leaped on the messenger's horse and dashed down the path to the river. There he jumped into his six oared boat and ordered his oarsmen to row rapidly down river. After passing the last of the American pickets and guard boats he displayed his handkerchief as a flag of truce and pulled alongside the Vulture where he was hospitably received. Thus he made good his escape to the enemy.

Washington arrived at the house soon after Arnold's departure. As Arnold was away and Mrs. Arnold ill in her room, after a hasty breakfast he started on a tour of inspection of the fortress, leaving word that he would return for dinner. He was surprised at not meeting Arnold and that he had not been seen at the fort, but he had no suspicion of treachery until on his return to the house for dinner he was handed a letter from Andre and enclosing the treasonable documents found on his person. "Whom can we trust now?" was his only comment. He immediately dispatched Colonel Hamilton with orders to make every possible effort to arrest the traitor, and then sat down to dinner with his officers.

Beneath his outward calm Washington was deeply agitated by the astounding discovery and was alarmed for the safety of the fortress which he expected might be attacked that very night. While busy with preparations for the defense, he yet took time to seek Mrs. Arnold, who was in a frenzy of grief, and soothe her with his sympathy; and later, on learning that Arnold had made good his escape, he wrote her a note saying that "having done all in his power to arrest her husband, but not having succeeded, he experienced a pleasure in assuring her of his safety." Then he assisted her to return to her father in Philadelphia.

Andre was tried by court-martial, convicted and hung as a spy in accordance with the laws of war.

The plot having been discovered, the British abandoned the intended attack. For his unsuccessful treachery Arnold was paid thirty thousand dollars and given a brigadier-general's commission in the British army. But he never enjoyed his ill-gotten wealth and position, for he was detested in America and despised in England where he resided after the close of the war. The British officers would not associate with the traitor, and the enlisted men were ashamed to serve under him. He fought on the British side during the rest of the war, distinguishing himself chiefly by his cruelty to such of his former countrymen as came within his power.

Mrs. Arnold felt the shame of her husband's disgrace so keenly that she determined on a permanent separation from him, but the government

of the state of Pennsylvania, believing her guilty of assisting in his treachery and regarding her as a dangerous spy, ordered her to leave the state. It is probable that she had no part in Arnold's crime, but in her case, as usually happens, the punishment of the guilty brought suffering to the innocent. Exiled from her native land and separated from kindred and friends, this unhappy woman was forced to rejoin the husband that she rightly despised, and to share the ignominy of the man that the world abhorred.

After the war he left the army and resided first in Canada, then in England; and although he accumulated wealth in the West Indies trade he could not buy friends or social recognition. Wherever he went the finger of scorn was pointed at him, and even in England children hooted him on the street and men burned him in effigy which they labeled "THE TRAITOR."

Talks on Thrift

Pitfalls for the Unwary

BY AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION.

"The little savings bank in the home means more for the future of the children of a family, almost, than all of the advice in the world. It gives them the right start."—William McKinley.

In the last annual report of the Postmaster General it was shown that more than 4,000 cases of fraudulent use of the mails by swindling promoters were investigated last year. More than 1,000 of the promoters were arrested, and hundreds were convicted. In the last two years, the report says, these men have robbed the American people of \$100,000,000.

In a message to the New York Legislature, former Governor Sulzer said: "One of the most widespread of public grievances in connection with the purchase of stock arises from false or fraudulent prospectuses, statement, or advertisement is known to be false or to be not fairly our law as it now exists it is difficult to bring to justice persons who, by means of false and fraudulent statements, advertisements and promises, deceive and wrong the investing public. These deceiving practices have been attacked under the Federal laws, forbidding the use of the mails for fraudulent purposes. I recommend amending the law of this state so as to make it a criminal offense to issue any statement, or publish any advertisement, as to the value of any stock or other security, or as to the financial condition of any corporation or company, issuing or about to issue stock or securities, where any promise or prediction contained in such statement or advertisement is known to be false or to be not fairly justified by existing conditions."

A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature forbidding the publication and circulation of such false or misleading statements, and providing that the penalty should be imprisonment for three years, or a fine of \$5,000, or both. This bill probably will become a law. But until it does and until all the other states pass similar ones, it behooves the people at large to be on their guard against the swindler.

We repeat the advice we gave in a former "Talk." When you have saved sufficient money to make an investment worth while, consult a banker or newspaper in your community concerning the wise disposition of it. Never put money into any investment proffered by a stranger without looking him up carefully and getting sound and unprejudiced advice.

Remember the gold brick idea appears in myriad forms.

Stops Tobacco Habit

Elders' Sanitarium, located at 698 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be stopped in three to five days.

As they are distributing this book free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.—Advertisement.

WATCH, RING & CHAIN FREE

We will send you a watch, ring and chain free if you will send us a photograph of your face. Write to us at once. No charge. For full particulars, see Ring Booklet for selling 50 jewelry articles at 10c each. Herman & Co., 2430 N. Halsted St., Dept. 598 Chicago.

Sister: Read My Free Offer!



I am a woman.
I know a woman's trials.
I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my free ten days' trial of a home treatment suited to your needs. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 10 cents a week.

If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, causing irregular periods, catarrhal conditions and discharge, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or general feeling that life is not worth living.

I INVITE YOU TO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. When you are cured, and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for young or old. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. Remember it costs you nothing to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. I health is worth asking for, then accept my generous offer and write for the free treatment, including my illustrated booklet, "Women's Own Medical Adviser." I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. I save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. Send today, as you may no see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315 - - - NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A

Dutch Valance Scrim Curtains

3-inch Band of Filet Lace
White or Ecru

Sent Free by Parcel Post

To advertise our Oxien Porous Plasters at this season we are making a present of a Dutch Set, as illustrated, to anyone who will purchase four 35-cent Oxien Porous Plasters, sending only \$1.00.

Oxien Plasters have been used for a quarter of a century by the public for Rheumatism, Coughs, Colds, Aches, Pains in back, Lumbago, Kidney troubles, Heart disturbances, Stomach disorders, and Special Wet Oxien Plasters. These Curtains are the latest thing for your home. New, dainty, elegant effect. All ready to hang. Both Curtains and Valance are hemmed with a top and shirred ready to be draped on the rod and hung instantly. Liberal width for full covering at window and long enough to hang a little below the sill, the new style of draping curtains today. Fine quality scrim. Insertion is a 3-inch band of Filet Lace. This 3-piece complete Set comes in white or ecru.

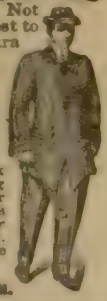
Special Offer. If you do not care to send cash of \$1.00 premium, you may sell 6 Oxien Porous Plasters on credit, sending us \$1.50 after you sell them, and we will then send these Dutch Scrim Curtains free. Write us today, and send cash order or say you want to sell Oxien Plasters and we will forward without expense to you. Address

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 49 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

\$3.75 SUIIT

NO EXTRA CHARGES

Made to measure in latest style. Not \$3.75, not even \$1, not even one cent cost to you under our easy conditions. No extra charge for fancy, swell styles, no extra charge for extra big, extreme long, extra long, extra wide, extra tall, extra heavy, extra light, extra anything, all free. Before you take another order, before you buy a suit or pants, get our samples and new offer. Agents of other tailoring houses please write, we have a new deal that will open your eyes. We ask every man to answer this, every boy in long pants, every man, every where. No matter where you live, or what you do, write us a letter or a postal and say "Send Me Your Offer," the big, new different tailoring deal. Costs nothing and no extra charges. Write today, this minute. Address: **KNICKERBOCKER TAILORING CO.,** Dec. 27 Chicago, Ill.



BIG DOLL

FREE to GIRLS

This TALKING AND SLEEPING DOLL is a baby beauty, NEARLY HALF A YARD TALL and beautifully dressed in satin and lace. By pressing a button you can make it say "Mamma" and "Papa," and also a real cry. Has curly hair, pretty teeth, rosy cheeks, closes its eyes and goes to sleep. Beautifully dressed, trimmed undergarments, stockings and shoes that can be taken off. You can have this beautiful Doll for distributing only 5¢ of our handsome pictures at 25¢ each. Everybody wants them and will take same on our liberal offer. **SEND NO MONEY,** just your name and address. We will send the pictures free and take back if you can't dispose of. **E. U. SMITH, 205 CHICAGO**

FREE Moving Picture Machine

A real Moving Picture Machine, two films, 63 views complete. Simple to operate. Earn money giving exhibitions. Additional films cheap. Free for selling only 24 fine Mexican drawwork handkerchiefs at 10¢ each. No money required. **E. W. ELDRIDGE, 33 Eldridge Bldg., Orleans, VT.**

FREE WATCH, RING AND CHAIN

Our fine gold watch with a highly engraved, stem-wind, stem-wind, simulated gold bracelet, desirable also late time model, luxury brand, new design, given free to anyone for sending 25¢. (Under jewelry laws, when gold-silver 25¢ and we'll send you watch, exquisite, three-stone, RING and the Chain FREE. **DALE WATCH CO., DEPT. 12, CHICAGO**

Are You Bashful?

A French specialist has discovered a scientific and sure method for the cure of bashfulness in every form. He offers free English book to all bashful people, showing how they can quickly rid themselves of bashfulness forever. Send 2¢ stamp to: **Bureau Scientifique Français, Dept. 22, Hochelaga, Montreal, Can.**

X-RAY KATHODOSCOPE. Latest curiosity. Everybody wants it; tells the time on watch through cloth. Apparently see best girl, fellow, objects through cloth, wood or stone, any distance, all climates; lasts lifetime; always ready for use. **Price, 25 cents. Stamps or Silver.** **KATHOS CO., 135 E. 25th St., N. Y. CITY.**

CROWN YOUR TEETH

with our gold plated teeth and foot your friends. Great full, reasonable dentists work. Best ever made. Teeth instantly adjusted, crowned at will. Over two million sold. Thousands of pleased customers. Price 10¢ each; 4 for 25¢. **Address: U. S. FARM, Dept. Y, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.**

ASTHMA CURED Before You Pay

FREE TRIAL If it cures, send me \$1.00. If it does not, don't send me a cent. Give express office. **Address: D. J. LANE, 225 Lane Building, 94 Barry, Kansas.**

EASY MONEY

Flash your "Million" with our "Flash" money. **10¢** each. These gold coins are made in Washington and are identical with the real thing. Send 10¢ for sample and full information. **Address: MCKINLEY CO., Dept. 1, WINONA, MINN.**

189 EASTER POST CARDS AND NOVELTIES. 10 CENTS

SILK All Fancy Colors—Large Pieces—All PURE SILK. Waste taken out. Best sort to make Quills, Cushions, etc. Big lot 10¢; 3 Big lots 25¢; 7 for 50¢; 10 for \$1.00. **postpaid. INDIA SILK CO., MCKINLEY PARK, CHICAGO**

CARDS Send 2¢ stamp for "Large Sample Album of Hobbies, Games, and Amusements." Includes: Billiard, Croquet, Football, Hockey, Lawn Tennis, and all other kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Posters. **Star Book Catalogue and list of 7000 Soups given free. OHIO CARD CO., 314 Cedar, Ohio.**

Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN

Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood. Girls going to school do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much better than a Rain Coat. The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are as pretty as any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 6 to 14 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. Boys can easily get up clubs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. Girls like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can so easily earn such a sensible premium so as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

Special Club Offer:

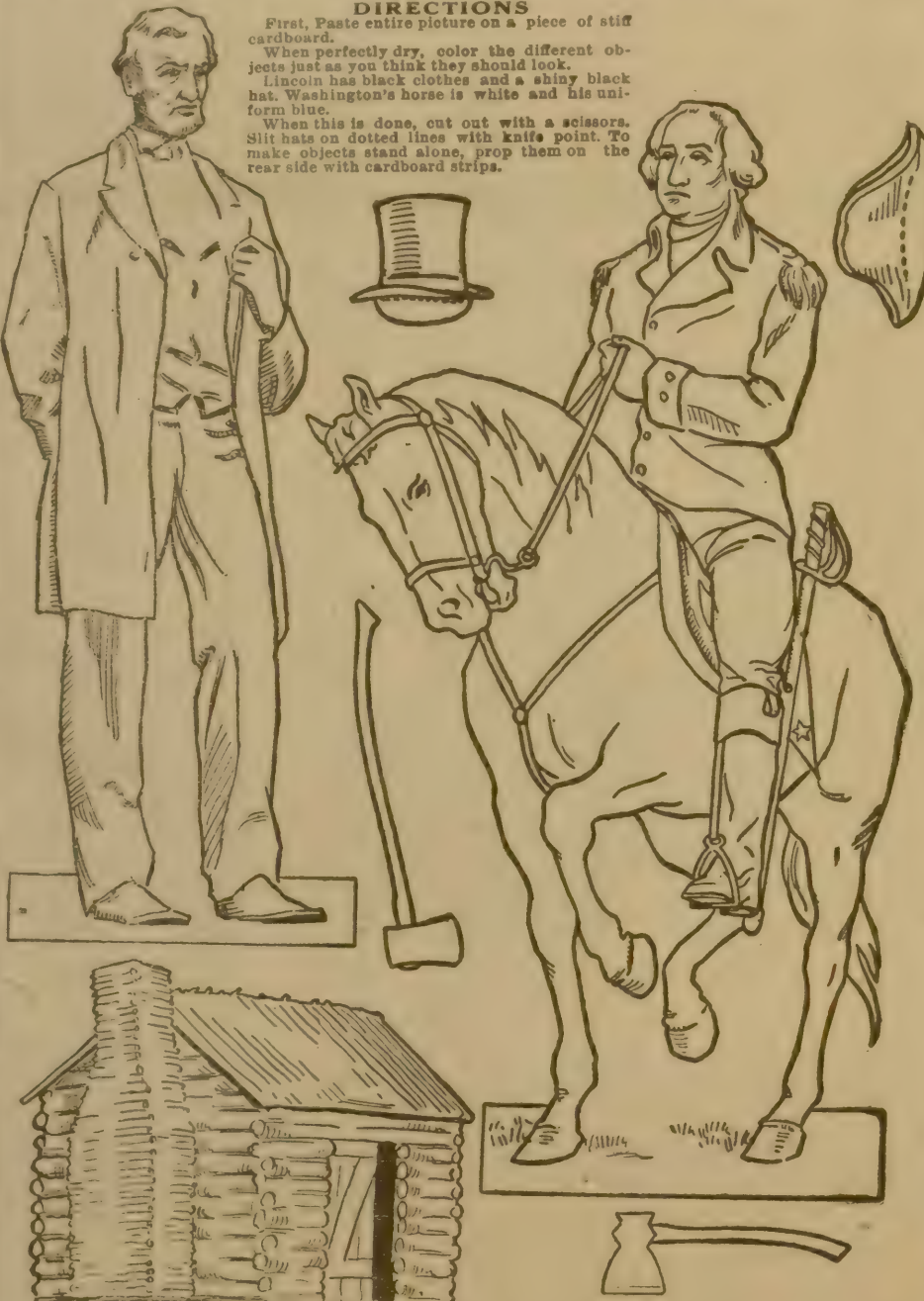
For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 16 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. Premium No. 529. **Address: COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Washington and Lincoln Paper Dolls

FOR this month's cut-outs we have the two greatest men of American history. No doubt you have seen their pictures many times. I will tell you a little story about each one. **Washington**, who is shown on horseback, was born in Virginia, Feb. 22, 1732. His parents were quite wealthy and he received a fair education. He was large and strong and liked to run and jump and ride horseback. As a young man he was a surveyor, but when war broke out with the Indians, he served on the English side, with great honor under General Braddock. He was as honest as he was brave, and even in boyhood refused to tell a lie when his father asked him who had cut down the cherry tree. He had done it with his hatchet and he promptly admitted it. Because he was so honest, brave and careful his countrymen chose him as a leader of the army when they wished to be free. After a heroic

DIRECTIONS

First, Paste entire picture on a piece of stiff cardboard. When perfectly dry, color the different objects just as you think they should look. Lincoln has black clothes and a shiny black hat. Washington's horse is white and his uniform blue. When this is done, cut out with a scissors. Slit hats on dotted lines with knife point. To make objects stand alone, press them on the rear side with cardboard strips.



struggle against every sort of difficulty he led his straggling army to victory and grateful America made him her first president and called him the "Father of his Country." The hatchet goes with Washington.

The other picture shows the tall, spare form of Abraham Lincoln. He, too, served his country well. He was born on Feb. 12, 1809, in a rude log cabin amid direst poverty. Nearly everyone who reads this has a better chance to amount to something than he did. The country around his home was wild and unsettled, but he was eager to learn and read every book he could borrow. One of these, "The Life of Washington," had some effect in making him a great and good man. Being too poor to even afford a candle, he used to lie on the floor and study by the light of the open fireplace. By dint of the hardest work, he mastered the common branches, which you children now study in comfortable schools, and afterward studied law and entered politics. Although

in the COMFORT office and that those published are merely an advertisement to make you send for the larger ones. This is wrong. The only dollies we have are right here on this page. Be wise. Read about them and follow directions closely. In putting on the colors, use your own judgment, make them look just as you think they would in real life. They are plenty big enough and you can have lots of real pleasure and fun playing with them. Quite a few of you have followed my suggestion about getting a nice box to keep all your dollies in. If you cannot get a box, a big envelope will do. This month's cut-outs, although a little different, are dollies just the same and you can have a good deal of fun and learn something of value from them. As long as you like them well enough to write and say so once in a while, we will continue to run them each month. In March, we will have something very cute, that you can spend hours playing with.

Current Events

NOT TO BE OPENED FOR 100 YEARS.—The Modern Historical Record Association of which Herbert W. Bridgman is President and William H. Taft, Honorary President, presented a special moving picture film recently at a New York museum. This film gave a complete record of the facial expression of President Wilson, concluding with his broadest smile. Duplicate films will be sealed up in air-tight, water-tight and fireproof containers and locked in the society's vaults in the New York Public Library. Another set will be sealed in the same manner and set aside for the association's records in the pyramid of Cheops in Egypt. The films are not to be shown again for 100 years, when the containers will be opened and the films exhibited, and at the same time phonographic records of Edison talking and several grand opera stars of today singing will be run through.

COW HAS WOODEN LEG.—Dr. James M. I. Galloway, a young veterinary surgeon of Kirkintilloch, Scotland, arrived to make his fortune in this country. Before coming here, he performed a most remarkable operation. A Holstein cow, belonging to a friend broke its leg while climbing a hill. Dr. Galloway gave the cow an anesthetic, and then amputated the injured member. A wooden leg was then designed and fitted to the cow and she now is perfectly well and seemingly contented. However, the only time the wooden leg gets the cow into trouble is when she stands too long in a damp field and the leg stinks in a foot or two.

MOST VALUABLE TREE IN WORLD.—The most valuable fruit tree in the world, an avocado, or alligator pear, the property of H. A. Woodworth of Los Angeles, has been insured for thirty thousand dollars by Lloyds of London, against fire or frost. The tree last season netted three thousand and two hundred and six dollars in fruit and bud wood, the latter being used in an effort to propagate other alligator pear trees. To protect his prize tree from marauders, Mr. Woodworth has built a fence around it, thirty feet high.

COST OF RATS.—Forty million rats in the British Isles annually destroy merchandise to the value of \$60,000,000; therefore, every British rat

costs the nation \$1.50. Dr. W. Allen Daley, medical health officer of Bootle, England, in a recent issue of Public Health, calls attention to the activities of the rat and his body parasite, the flea. Rats not only destroy much valuable goods in warehouses and on shipboard, but they are recognized as carriers of disease, and thus, as a constant menace to health.

GREAT LONGEVITY SHOWN.—The remarkable longevity of persons at the present time is shown by the obituary notices in the newspapers. The Times in London in one day recorded the deaths of ten octogenarians, including Mrs. Coster, 90; Miss Reed, 88; Miss Younger, 87; Miss Matthews, 84; Mr. Sydney Jones, F. R. C. S., 83; and three others with their age as 80. In addition to this list there were names of eight others whose ages were between 70 and 80.

PRECIOUS SEEDS IN VAULT.—Seeds scarcer than any jewel, which, if lost, could not be replaced, have been placed in the safety vaults of the Union Trust Company and the Seaboard National Bank by Luther Burbank. One is a new kind of flax, from the oil of which artists' paint is made. The other is a cereal, known as quino, to take the place of wheat, oats, or barley. There is not a peck of these seeds in the world.

TWINS SEPARATED BY SURGERY.—Twin baby girls who are joined face to face by a strip of flesh an inch thick were brought to Paris to be separated. Before operating, the doctors found by using X-rays that the twins do not share any vital organ. They continually fought each other with their fists until clothed in sleeveless vests, which imprisoned their arms. Then they tried to bite each other.

PRACTICAL USE OF FINGER-PRINTS.—The finger-print system is being adopted by New York banks for the identification of depositors. The prints of the first three fingers of the right hand are taken, and when there is any doubt as to the genuineness of a claimant for funds, the bank merely has to compare the finger-prints records.

LARGEST FLAT IN WORLD.—A flat in New York, recently let to Samuel Sachs, a banker of that city, is the largest in the world. It has thirty-four rooms and eight baths, and covers more than half an acre. In this is included every modern convenience possible.

A Kidney Remedy That Has Thousands Of Friends

I believe Dr. Kilmer & Company of Binghamton, N. Y., manufacture one of the best medicines for the kidneys, liver and blood called "Swamp-Root" ever produced, and I take pleasure in recommending it to others.

After trying several remedies for the kidneys and liver trouble, which apparently had taken on chronic form, I was urged to give Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root a fair trial and wrote for a trial bottle, which was promptly mailed to my address. I was so well pleased with the action of the remedy that I purchased it in five bottle lots and continued taking the remedy until I was fully satisfied that my kidneys and liver were restored to a healthy condition.

Prior to accepting this remedy I was almost daily afflicted with hemorrhage from the nose which physicians were unable to check or prescribe a remedy for, unquestionably caused by the condition of my kidneys, my heart at times affected, my stomach and other organs in sympathy, all of which have been completely restored to a normal condition. I weigh fifteen pounds more than I did three years ago, the result of complying with the printed directions found with a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

I have been in the Railway Service for the past forty-two years and have been a resident of this city for the past twenty-three years.

Very truly yours,

E. B. PITNEY,

338 West Patten St., Paxton, Illinois

Personally appeared before me this 27th day of June, 1912, Mr. E. B. Pitney who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

RUDOLPH L. SCHNEIDER,

Notary Public.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention COMFORT. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

Free to the Ruptured

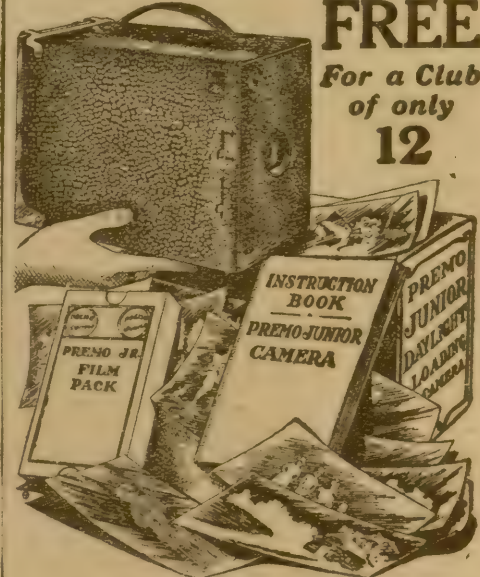
It is now being proved over and over again that rupture may be healed completely and lastingly without operation. This is glad news for those who are burdened with inguinal (groin), femoral, scrotal or navel rupture. A new book containing valuable information can be obtained free by writing to Kolvin Laboratory, 105 A, Syracuse, N. Y. Keep this advertisement; show others who are ruptured.

A BEAU tiful neck, face and arms. Don't pay 50¢ but send 10¢ for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, blackhead, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. **TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.**

Premo Camera

FREE

For a Club
of only
12



One Film Pack Containing 12 Films and Complete Instruction Book Also Included Free in This Great Offer

Of course you know what the "Premo" Camera is so we feel it is hardly necessary to tell you that it is a strictly high grade camera—one that you can depend upon to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. You probably know that with most low-priced cameras the main trouble is that you get a real good picture only once in a while, but not so with the "Premo Junior" which gives you a perfect picture always under any and all conditions, in strong sunlight or in cloudy weather it makes no difference. The "Premo" takes a large and beautifully clear picture 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches, is handsomely leather covered, fitted with a reliable quick action lens, automatic shutter adapted for either snap shots or time exposures and has two brilliant view finders so that pictures may be taken either the long way or short way of the camera. The "Premo" also uses a film pack containing twelve films each one of which may be used and developed as soon as exposed without disturbing those left in any way. This film pack can be put in the camera and taken out again in broad daylight, thus doing away with the necessity of going to a dark room every time you want to load it. We know that there must be thousands of COMFORT readers, old and young, who have been waiting for just this opportunity to secure a real good camera without paying a big price for it so we are prepared to give thousands of them away absolutely free as a premium. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include one film pack containing twelve films and an instruction book, all packed together in a strong compact box and sent to you free by Parcel Post, prepaid, on the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of twelve 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you by Parcel Post prepaid the "Premo Junior" Camera with one film pack containing twelve films and complete instruction book. Premium No. 614. **Address: COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

1934. *Reprinted. HARVARD UNIVERSITY, 1969, 248, Cambridge, Mass.*

This Wife and Mother Wishes to tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By All Means Write to Her
And Learn How She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 474 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

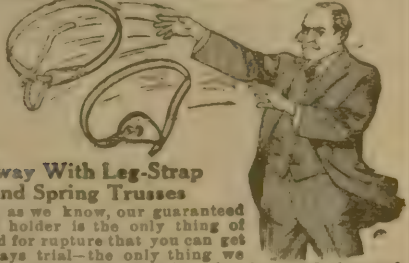


To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since. She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

Ruptured People— Get This On 60 Days Trial

You know you can't possibly tell anything about a truss or anything else for rupture merely by trying it on, for a truss or so called "appliance" may seem alright at first and afterward prove utterly worthless.

But here is something you can try sixty days—just as a test—without having to risk a single cent.



Away With Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluete Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless. Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why drugstores should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbug—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny. Box 68—Cluete Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

SIGNET BRACELET AND RING FREE

Both Given for selling 12 packages Blaine at 10c. each. BLAINE MFG. CO., 882 MILL ST., CONCORD, N. H., MASS.

Six Rogers' Silver Spoons Warranted to Wear Ten Years Given for Club of Four Subscribers



Guaranteed each and every one to be Strictly Pure A1 Brand made by the famous Wm. A. Rogers and every teaspoon is stamped on back. This silverware comes in the popular Grape or Vintage Pattern, which is the very latest and prettiest design in Silverware. The picture hardly shows you the great beauty of the dainty, bright, clean clusters of Grape or the finely executed leaves glowing on the delicate vine seen on the front and back of every spoon. Rogers' Silverware has a world-wide reputation. We can hardly add more. These A1 Rogers' teaspoons are guaranteed to be the full standard extra plate upon the finest quality of 18% nickel silver base, and with ordinary care will last ten years. Some families are using Rogers' were twice this time.

Send money now, bright silverware. Nobody ever had but thought, especially of Wm. A. Rogers' manufacture, as the expense has always and is now, too high, but Comfort's plan for sub premium workers make it possible to not only own these six Rogers' teaspoons free but the entire set of table spoons, dessert spoons, knives and forks, sugar shell and butter knife, all in the same delightful grape or vintage pattern to match, without costing you really a penny.

First send in your four subs to COMFORT at 25c each and receive this set of six Rogers' teaspoons by Parcel Post, then later earn the entire set of Rogers' silverware to match the spoons. You can do it just as easily for only a few more COMFORT subscriptions as per these plans we will tell you about after you get the 6 spoons. Box 138. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answers. The inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

R. L. D., Ellipttsville, Pa.—An inventor with a really good article should advertise in the trade journals covering the field of the article for someone with capital to take an interest and attend to the business of the manufacture. Invented articles not patented are often sold, the buyer getting out the patents when he comes into possession. The price in such cases is usually quite low, on account of the risk. Royalties on patented articles are determined by the parties at interest. Depending on the profit in the manufacture and sale. There are almost innumerable patent chums, but at the same time, one that will prove to be revolutionary, as you say yours will, is bound to be a winner if you can get it on the market.

L. E., Delaplane, Ark.—We are glad to know you want a map of your state and every COMFORT reader who hasn't one should get one, not only of his own state, but one covering all the states of the Union, especially if he has children. Not only should all have such maps in their houses, but they should be studied carefully until the lay of the land is thoroughly known from Maine to the Philippines, from Alaska to Porto Rico. This is a wide-spread country, meaning more than any man can tell now, and every inhabitant of it should know what it looks like on the face of the earth. Write to C. S. Hammond & Co., Map Makers, New York City and to Rand McNally & Co., Chicago, and get prices on state maps and maps of the United States. They come at all kinds of prices and are within the means of every person who is worth anything at all to the country as a citizen.

I. C. M., Wagoner, Ind.—The spikenard tree is the same as the angelica tree—*aralia spinosa*—and its roots and berries are used in medicine, while its leaf-stalk used in confectionery of various kinds. It is very aromatic and in Bible times was popular as a fragrance. In India today spikenard is a perfume, but it is not necessarily made from the plant of that name. Our common name for spikenard is spiguet. (2) The address of The Bell Telephone Co., is New York City.

R. W., Iowa City, Ia.—Many of our COMFORT readers have written that they can't acquire for moving picture plays and possibly a few of them can, but our advice is not to undertake it unless they know the theory and practice of writing for publication, or some film manufacturer asks them to try one of their plays on him. Thousands of skilled writers are at it and the amateur hasn't one chance in a million to get one order. One film man told us not long ago that out of five thousand scenarios submitted to him in four months, only fifty could be used and most of them had to be rewritten.

Mrs. R. L., Springdale, Conn.—The leading cotton growing states are Texas, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas and Tennessee. Over sixteen million bales are raised annually. Texas leads with over four million bales and Georgia comes second with over two million bales. The cotton growing states not named raise about a million and a quarter bales. For detailed information of experiment stations, etc., write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for all the cotton information the department sends out.

M. E., Ladig, Pa.—You might raise an orange on two in the state of Pennsylvania, by very careful manipulation of your tree in a hothouse, but the state is too far North and oranges cannot thrive there. If you can coax your seven-year-old tree to produce two or three a year you should be proud to show your crop to your friends. We fancy the entire orange crop of the great state of Pennsylvania does not exceed half a bushel a year of commercial oranges.

C. E., Brussels, Wis.—The trance medium is a faker who tells you that to light a match or make a light during his trance would mean instant death to him. It would mean showing him up in his true light and that is why he makes it such a serious matter for his dupes to illuminate the proceedings. Some few of the mediums insist that they are not fakes, but show that nobody put up any money to materialize the spirits, that the spirits would not materialize. It is interesting and in a way informing to go to one of these spiritualistic shows, but don't spend your money on more than one of them, unless you have plenty of money and no other form of entertainment to spend on. You will see some strange things at a good spirit show, but the ordinary magicians of the stage can duplicate them all, and do much better many times, without the aid of spirits. Taking the mediumistic exhibitions by and large they are fakes, and most of the once renowned, trance mediums have been exposed publicly as impostors.

G. A., Wind Ridge, Pa.—Domestic science is taught to some extent in all the schools these days and still there are thousands of girls and women who know so little about it that we congratulate you upon wishing to make a study of it and become a teacher. May every girl COMFORT reader become an expert in the same branch of very useful, really necessary, education. Usually when there is great need for a certain demand for somebody to meet it and we should think you would have no difficulty in securing a position as teacher, if you proved yourself well qualified. But you must know how and have the ability to impart your knowledge. Write to the girls' schools near you, for information, because you don't want to spend any more expensive than possible as the big schools far away would be.

Reader, York, Pa.—In Maryland a girl of sixteen may marry without her parents' consent, which is a shame to Maryland. The man, however, must be twenty-one years of age which is an improvement on the laws of some other states.

C. P. J., Rye Beach, N. H.—You don't find in COMFORT any advertisements of schools teaching watchmaking by mail because watchmaking cannot be taught that way. It is almost an art and cannot be learned by anybody who has the money to pay for instruction.

J. C., Moscow, Ida.—As we have often said in this column, we repeat, that when any COMFORT reader finds any strange mineral, plant, water or other natural substance or growth that he does not know about and cannot find anyone in his neighborhood who can inform him, he should submit samples either to his state authorities or to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., where examinations will be made free of charge. The government and state authorities are always looking for new things that may prove to be of value and they want the cooperation of every man and woman in the country who can aid along the work of developing our natural resources.

C. M. D., Akron, Ohio.—Why writing to this column for the name and address of firms advertising in COMFORT? They are right there before your eyes and if you read our advertising columns, as all our readers should, you will not find it necessary to spend labor, time and postage writing to us for what we have already given to you.

Mrs. J. B., Ft. Cobb, Okla.—Ginseng seems adapted to most sections of the United States and we think Oklahoma is no exception. The Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., has made an exhaustive study of ginseng raising and if you will write to the Secretary for the Department's reports you will get full information.

A. K., Lackawanna, N. Y.—Not only a widow with children, but everybody who has any property to de-

vide should make a will and make it before they get so old and feeble that their ability to make such an instrument may be questioned. Many a family torn up and scattered, by property troubles would have remained intact and friendly if the property they went to pieces over had been properly divided by the person who failed to make a will distributing it as he wanted it to be distributed. Some people are very silly about making wills believing that if they make their wills they are going to die right away. Making a will has no more effect on the time a person will live than making a visit to the store to buy a sack of flour. It would be interesting to know how many COMFORT readers, who have property to devise, have not yet made their wills and they will not till the very last minute and may miss it then.

N. A., Van Alstyne, Texas.—COMFORT readers having old coins which may be of value will please not inquire of this column about their value, because we are not coin experts. Write to those coin experts who advertise in COMFORT and get reliable information.

Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

MAKING FENCE POSTS LAST.—Is there any treatment that will preserve cottonwood fence posts from rotting so quickly? Cottonwood grows in abundance here but is not much used for fence posts because it lasts only one or two years in the ground. Some of my neighbors say to bore a hole in the bottom of the post, put in a teaspoonful of blue vitriol and plug the hole. They claim that this will make them last. Do you think it would be effective?

A.—The treatment proposed is new to us and we scarcely think it would succeed. The better way is to dip the post in boiling coal tar or to char the part that goes into the ground and that will come a foot or two above ground when the post is in place. Paint the rest of the post with lead paint, made with linseed oil, it might be well for you to employ concrete posts, if the materials for their making can be readily had.

FARMING IN IDAHO.—I am one of six in this vicinity who have bought forty acres each of irrigated land about seven miles from Jerome, Idaho, for which we paid sixty dollars and fifty cents an acre unimproved. That is going some. Five of the six also bought a few acres each near the town of Pocatello, an acre. The six of us formed a company and we have four men out there clearing the land. Next spring we want to plant anything and everything that will pay us best. Can you tell me whether the land is worth the price we paid and whether it is as it is advertised and represented to us? It would also like to know about railroad facilities, markets and climate and whether stock raising, general farming, or raising fruits or seeds would pay best with the least work. How would horseradish, sugar beets, beans, green peas or tobacco do out there? I am a carpenter forty-three years of age and sick with sciatic rheumatism, but am improving. I would like to go out there and live if the proposition turns out well. Do you know whether the springs at Salido Colorado, are beneficial to rheumatism?

A.—As a rule it is a grave mistake to buy land without seeing it, or to try farming it without previous experience and abundant capital. Always it is safer for a poor man to buy land that naturally grows grass and crops without irrigation, and you might have found such land at cheap figures in the Ozark country, comparatively near your present home. For expert advice on the questions asked it will be necessary to write to the director of the state experiment station at Moscow, Idaho, mentioning the exact location of the land and giving particulars as to the parties who sold it. Hot springs and mud baths often prove temporarily beneficial in rheumatism, but the tendency is for the trouble to return.

TO GET RID OF WILD ONIONS.—Kindly advise how to exterminate wild onions, as I have recently purchased a farm and the meadows have lots of wild onions which I don't need in dairy farming.

A.—It is a big job to get rid of wild onions on land that cannot be plowed and worked to corn and other crops that can be cultivated. This weed abounds most on wild, timber lands and only proves troublesome in spring, at which time cows must be kept off the pasture and their milk will become tainted. The wild onion soon disappears when land is cultivated to crops.

HOW TO APPLY QUICKLIME.—We can buy quicklime cheaply and would like to know the best way to use it, in place of ground limestone rock. B. N., Ill.

A.—Place the lime in small piles on the plowed land. Each pile may contain about fifty pounds of lime. Place such piles two rods apart each way and this will give an application of one ton to an acre. Slake the lime by pouring a pailful of water on each pile, or cover each pile with moist earth. Spread the lime as soon as it has slaked and fallen into a fine powder. Spread each pile over four square rods of surface. Harrow thoroughly immediately after spreading the lime. Never use quicklime as a top-dressing for young clover or alfalfa as it will be likely to burn and kill the plants.

WHEN TO TILE LAND.—What do you consider the best time of the year to lay drain tile? O. T., Mich.

A.—As a general rule tile are best laid in the fall. It frequently pays, however, to make a special effort to lay tile in a particular field before corn-planting time. Some clays can be handled more easily when wet than when dry. Lay a little water in a trench in an aid in grading. Apart from this value of water in a ditch, tiling can be done most easily in dry weather. Sandy sub-soils are particularly difficult to handle when too wet. On marsh lands it is usual to do ditching at a time when the surface water has subsided and having been made possible, or nearly so, by raising the partially finished ditch open for a week or so the marsh may dry sufficiently to allow of tiles being hauled along the trench in a wagon.

DEPTH TO LAY TILES.—How deep should drain tiles be laid to have them do good work and to prevent danger from frost? M. B. F., Ohio.

A.—In sand or clay tiles laid two feet deep or more will not be injured by frost, provided they contain no standing water when they freeze. In much



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or lung trouble be laid below the frostline, because these soils may expand enough upon freezing to heave the tile to a damaging degree. Three feet is the common depth of lines of tile in sticky clay. In sandy sub-soil a tile four feet deep can drain a strip two hundred feet wide as easily as one three feet deep can drain a strip one hundred wide. Lines setting off seepage should be four feet deep, if possible, in all soils. The stickier the clay the nearer will the lines of tile have to be together.

DETERMINING ACIDITY IN SOILS.—How can one tell if soil is too acid to make it right for crop growing? What would you advise using to sweeten acid soil?

A.—From the druggist buy some strips of blue litmus paper. With a spade expose some soil from several inches depth. In using the litmus paper cut a slit in the soil with a knife blade, lay the paper in that, cover it and allow it to remain in place for at least five minutes. If it turns red the soil is quite acid. Do not handle the litmus paper with sweaty hands, else the sweat may change the color of the paper. The land may be suspected to be acid if it grows certain weeds, such as sheep sorrel, or sour sorrel; horsetail rush, or scurvy rush; corn spurry, and wood horsetail. When soil is acid lime should be applied to sweeten it. Ground limestone rock will suffice, but it is slower in its action than burnt or slacked lime.

Rheumatism

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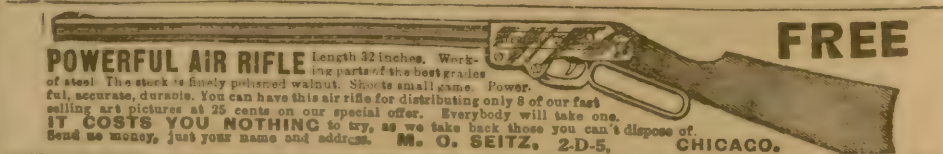
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A Change of Opinion

By E. H. Stratton

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"M. ATCHMAKING mamas seldom succeed," sighed Mrs. Raymond, as she watched her handsome son, who was industriously swinging in the hammock and pretending to read the news.

Charlie Raymond was his mother's idol, and now, that he had graduated with some degree of honor from a celebrated medical school, and been taken into partnership with good Dr. Bent, she proceeded to select a wife for him. This was done without his knowledge, of course, but she soon found that she had made her calculations without consulting the interested parties, Jessie Lee was the chosen friend of Kate Raymond, Charlie's only sister, who had but recently changed her name and habitation.

"I think I will go over and see Kate," announced Charlie suddenly, throwing down the paper, then he leaned through the open window and asked: "Any message to send her?"

"You might ask her to come over to tea Friday night and bring Jessie with her," answered the mother with an apparent effort to be supremely indifferent. "I am sorry it is so lonesome for you here, my son. It is very quiet without Kate and, since she went to a home of her own, Jessie seems to have forgotten us. I hoped she would run in as usual."

"I met the young lady at the picnic yesterday," her son answered slowly, and flushed. "He did not tell his mother that he had fallen in love with her at sight and had been most unmercifully snubbed. Yes, that is the word."

"Did you indeed? You did not mention it, didn't you like her?" questioned the mother eagerly.

"I might have adored her if I had found her approachable," he answered soberly. "But she seemed to take an unaccountable dislike to your handsome son, so I gave up the idea of trying to become better acquainted."

"Why, Jessie is the sweetest, most loveable girl I know," she exclaimed indignantly. "Not approachable! I think you must have made a mistake, Charlie."

"No, her own brother introduced us, and he spoke her name quite plainly. However, it makes little difference to me," and away he went through the brown fields to his sister's home, switching the heads from the grass with his dainty, ornamental cane, and wondering the while what could possibly make the difference between the Jessie Lee that his mother pictured, and the proud, distant girl who declined to dance with him so curtly.

"I'll be hanged if Kate isn't cleaning house," he muttered, as he came near the house.

With all his good points Charlie Raymond had the failing of over neatness; that was why Miss Jessie had classified him as a dandy, and house-cleaning was a necessary evil that he avoided whenever he could.

The white cottage against its background of forest, tinted now by the first brilliant hues of autumn; the wide, fertile fields, the silvery stream, and the distant blue hills—all these combined in a picture of contentment and rustic beauty, bathed in warm, rich sunshine. But the air of comfort vanished on closer inspection; the widow frames of the front room and sitting-room were destitute of sashes the doors wide open, and dust and dirt and soapuds were everywhere in evidence.

"Oh, dear me, Charlie! I was hurrying to get through before you came over. I am cleaning house,—as perhaps you notice. I am in more than a peck of trouble, I think I may safely call it a bushel," and her face wore a look of comical perplexity, while she greeted her brother as affectionately as soapuds would allow.

"Never mind, sis. Can I help you? What is this bushel of trouble?" he asked bravely.

"If you only would help me a little!" she ejaculated. "The parlor carpet is on the fence and the ceiling half whitewashed, and the sewing circle have sent word that they will meet here tomorrow afternoon. Frank was called away on business, the man he engaged to beat and lay the carpet hasn't made an appearance; and the white-washer's wife was taken suddenly ill and he had to leave me. Isn't that enough trouble, or shall I keep on? I could manage everything alone but the carpet and ceiling."

"Let me manage them," he laughed. "I can whitewash a ceiling, I know. And if Frank does not return in time to help, I think we can manage that carpet," and he proceeded to remove his kids and immaculate white cuffs, laying them beside the cane on the clean grass.

"If you only could," breathed Kate, with a sigh of relief.

"I can and will, sis, just watch me," answered the obliging brother, as he struck a mock heroic attitude. "I don't suppose the gardener has any old clothes to spare, has he?"

"He boards at home and I don't know of a single thing for you to wear, but an old calico dress that my Swede girl threw away when she left. She was very large and you might get into that. Frank has overhauls, but you could never get them on. Yes, I believe you could wear this dress," and Kate's doubtful laughter decided the question.

"Haud it here,—anything to keep the white-wash off my clothes. Thank goodness, no one is likely to come in and see me. Ha, is that your Paris gown? Help me with this sleeve,—there, how does it fit? Shure, an' I'm Biddy O'Gannigan, ma'am, at yer service, ma'am," he cried merrily, his eyes flashing with mischief.

Although he prided himself upon his personal appearance, and insisted that his attire should be spotless, his gloves a perfect fit, and his shining boots unspiked by dust, he was by no means afraid of work, and this masquerade for the benefit of his sister pleased him amazingly.

"Now give me a handkerchief, or any old rag, to cover my raven locks. I draw the line at filling my hair with whitewash. There, how is that? Do you think mother would know her boy?" Katie held a mirror before him, and enjoyed the disgust that greeted his reflection therein.

"I wish,—oh, I wish Jessie Lee could see you, Charlie!" she exclaimed gleefully. "She is always talking about dandified men, and I am sure no one could call you a dandy at this moment."

"Did she ever?" he demanded.

"Well, not exactly, but she did say you are afraid of soiling your white hands. Then you will admit that the dear mothers are very transparent, and Jessie can't help mistrusting their plans," she answered, eager to excuse her friend.

"Then that is the reason why Miss Lee refused to dance with me at the picnic, and why she never comes in to see mother, eh?"

"I suppose so."

"I am sorry for her. She does not dream what delightful company she is ignoring. She is also missing the chance of securing a useful as well as ornamental husband. But it is her loss. Where is the whitewash? I will have that ceiling done in double quick time."

"Be careful how you step, that dress may trip you up," she laughed as she produced the required articles. "There is the ladder. Do be careful now. Don't fall, and don't splash the whitewash over everything, that makes it so hard to clean the woodwork, you know."

"All right, sis, I'll do famously. Don't mind anything about me, but keep right on with your part of the work. I don't see why women need to turn a house upside down, and try to do everything in one day. But if you will do it, the only way we men can do is to help restore order as speedily as possible. Blast this dress! How do you manage the thing all the time? If it wasn't for my new suit I wouldn't wear it a minute. But then no matter. I am earning your everlasting gratitude by helping you out of the hole, and no one will see me unless Frank comes," so he worked away gaily, knowing nothing of the

web that fate was weaving for his future. Meanwhile fate was busy at the Lee home also.

"Jessie, I wish you would run over to Mrs. Raymond's and get me a cup of yeast," said Mrs. Lee, coming to the kitchen door. "I thought I had enough, but find that I haven't."

"Will it do as well to go to Kate's? I would much rather. Her yeast is as good as her mother's," was the hesitating reply.

"Yes, I don't care where it comes from as long as I get the yeast. I thought you might like to meet Charlie, you like his sister so well. He is at home, I hear, and he is nice company," answered her mother reluctantly.

"Bother Charlie Raymond! What is he good for, with his yellow kids, shining boots and dapper cane? I like men who are not afraid to work, and I am sure he would faint at the sight of a pick and shovel. I will go to Kate's and avoid this paragon if I can."

Then she crossed the fields almost in Charlie's footsteps, and entered the front room by the low, sashless window.

"Now, Kate, that work is too hard for you," she began, mistaking Charlie, who was just finishing the ceiling, for his sister.

"Ye Gods! What a compliment for Kate," muttered that young man inaudibly.

"Yes, of course it is too bad," Jessie continued. "Couldn't you wait for Frank to come back? If I were taller I would help you, or are you all done? How nice it looks!"

Charlie gave the last stroke with the brush and paused irresolutely. He could not get down from the stepladder before her in that rig, and it was equally sure that he could not remain long on the top of the ladder, like a dummy, without revealing his identity. His face flushed hotly, and he bit his lips in vexation. Truly it was a disagreeable position for a fastidious young man to find himself in!

"You are not mad at me, Katie, dear. I did not mean exactly what I said about your brother yesterday. You will surely forgive me. I forgot he was your brother when I spoke as I did. And the mothers have made their plans so nicely it is almost too bad to disappoint them, don't you think so? But honestly, Kate, he does make me think of a dandy, with his kids and his cane and—"

Goodness, you will fall," and Jessie came nearer. Charlie moved a foot backward in his desperation, he caught in his unaccustomed dress, and he fell to the floor, the whitewash pail clattering after him. One moment they stared at each other with crimsoned faces, as he scrambled awkwardly to his feet, then, as each saw the ludicrous side of the situation, a burst of ringing laughter brought Kate to the scene.

"All done so soon, Charlie? Why, is this you, Jessie? My wish has come to pass speedily," she said with a triumphant look at her discomfited brother and friend. "I was feeling terribly blue about this work until Charlie came to the rescue so nobly. He is a famous house-cleaner."

"I don't even wear my kids, Miss Lee," the young man said soberly, holding out two shapely hands, whiter than usual because of the whitewash that covered them.

"Please forgive that foolish speech, Mr. Raymond," stammered Jessie. "I am very sorry for it. I never thought it was you, and my opinion," she paused in confusion.

"Has changed, I hope," he interrupted eagerly. "Just help me off with this dress, Kate. I have often heard that woman's dress was a snare and a delusion, and I believe it. I will beat the carpet while you sweep and get things ready to lay it out. Excuse us, Miss Lee, we must keep on with our work, for we have just heard that the sewing circle will meet here tomorrow afternoon, and our cleaning is not yet done."

"Let me help," cried Jessie, entering into the spirit of the fun, and entirely forgetting her errand. But, bless you, Mrs. Lee would have been delighted to wait had she known the state of affairs!

When she came herself for the forgotten yeast the tapping of hammers and merry laughter from the parlor told her that the plan might not be a failure after all, and she actually forgot her errand too, but went straight to the Raymond home with her news.

That happened some years ago, and Charlie Raymond, now a staid doctor with a family growing up around him, still delights to tell the story, and he always ends it with these words:

"Say what you will, whitewash and soapuds will win a true woman's heart when dancing and dress fall—everytime. Ask my wife."

What We Spend Money For

"There's mighty few of us," remarked the wise old gentleman with a book of statistics before him, "know what we spend our money for in this the most extravagant country on earth, but we spend it just the same, as no other nation does. Take for example what we drink and most of us in this small party don't drink anything but water. We drank last year sixty-four and a half million gallons of beer, which at five cents a glass means one billion 612 million five hundred thousand dollars, or six hundred million dollars more than our national debt. Whiskey, 143 million gallons consumed last year, at ten cents a drink amounts to 859 million, 800 hundred thousand dollars, nearly 500 millions more than we paid for bread. Tobacco in its various forms cost the people 416 million dollars for the year, which is ten millions more than the product of all our car shops; 32 millions more than we paid for women's clothing; 133 millions more than our sugar cost us and we are the world's greatest sugar consumers; and 130 millions more than we paid for butter, cheese and milk. Last year we bought 249 million dollars' worth of home-made automobiles and imported four million dollars' worth. We paid our school teachers \$253, 915,170 in that time, which is less than we paid chauffeurs and mechanics, and we paid ten millions less for furniture than for autos. We spend money on 221,433 churches and on 450 thousand saloons, more than twice as many saloons as churches. And we wonder at the spread of crime. Our corn crop last year amounted to the tremendous total of one billion, 565 million, 258 thousand dollars, yet we spent it all for beer and a hundred million besides. Last year we spent \$42,559,000 for diamonds and ten millions for pearls, and in ten years we have spent enough on them to have paid for the Panama Canal. There are in New York City alone, 500 million dollars' worth of diamonds and pearls, more than twice the value of all the college and university buildings in the entire country, their value being 225 millions. We spent last year for luxuries imported from abroad 259 millions of dollars. We spend 320 millions a year for soda water and 134 millions for candy. These figures are simply incomprehensible, even if they were for necessities, but when we know that this vast amount of money goes for what we do not need, it becomes appalling and we cannot help asking if there is no limit to our extravagance and what will such recklessness bring us to finally."

MUSIC AT REFORMATORY.—P. A. Whitley, commissioner of corrections, has decided that music should have a large part in the work of reforming young criminals. Music on different instruments will be taught.

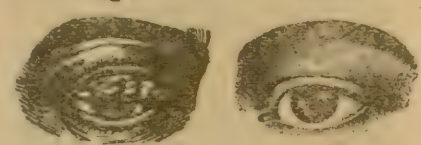
65 FINE EASTER CARDS in colors and 3 mos trial subscription to our fine monthly story paper, all for 10 cents. Every Day Life, Hunter Ridge, Chicago

HANDSOME BRACELET FREE FULL SIZE, Roman Gold Finish, never fades, engraved with any initial. Send 10c to receive by advertising. THE ADVERTISER CO. 226 4th St., Astoria, Ore.

WATCH FREE! Sell 15 packs of Dr. Stultz's Hair Tonic and Dandruff remover at 10 cents each. When sold send money and we'll send watch. Dr. C. A. Stultz, Box 6 Woodboro, Md.

Eyes Cured

Sample Bottle FREE



Before After

The Above Show for Themselves What a Few Weeks Use of Schlegel's Magic Eye Lotion Has Done.

Grateful patients tell of almost miraculous cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and all Eye Diseases—many have thrown away their glasses after using this magic remedy one week. Send your name and address with full description of your trouble to the H. T. Schlegel Co., 7517 Home Bank Building, Peoria, Ill., and you will receive by return mail, prepaid, a trial bottle of this magic remedy that has restored many almost blind to sight.

GET FAT NOW!

BEEF BLOOD VIRO has helped hundreds gain 10 to 40 pounds of pink flesh. Marvel of all flesh producers—six times the strength of strong healthy bullock's blood. Let us send you OVERWHELMING PROOF, with actual photographs of plump satisfied Viro customers. 60c Trial Package free, with absolute guarantee. Have a plump form, WHITE TODAY. VIRO COMPANY, Dept. 5 Clarinda, Iowa

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I have an honest, certain cure for Goitre (thick neck.) It checks the growth at once, reduces the enlargement, stops pain and distress and cures in a little while. Pay when cured. Tell your friends about this. Write for full particulars. DR. ROCK, DEPT. 202 BANCROFT, WIS.

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Latest pocket curiosity. Everybody wants it, tells the time on watch through cloth. Apparently see your fellow best girl or any object through cloth, wood or stone, any distance, all climates; lasts lifetime; always ready for use. Price 20 cents post paid. KAZOO bird and animal imitator, free with each. Just what you want, boys. STAR NOVELTY HOUSE, 1108 MONROE, CHICAGO

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New Style Expansion Bracelet



Genuine GOLD PLATE FULLY WARRANTED

The above illustration gives you but a faint idea of the real beauty of this bracelet. It is something that must be seen to be fully appreciated. It is not large or cumbersome, neither is it a flimsy affair, but a handsome, refined dainty wrist ornament. It is real gold plated—not imitation gold or the so-called "gold finish"—and it is adjustable so that it will fit any size wrist. It is embellished with a beautiful new scroll design, in the center of which is a handsome imitation amethyst which sparkles with all the brilliancy of the genuine jewel. This pretty new Bracelet is now in the height of fashion and will remain so for a long time to come, but, as our supply of them is not large, you should not wait, but order yours today. Remember, we guarantee this to be a genuine gold-plated Bracelet of the latest style, that it will not tarnish or corrode after being worn a little while, but always retain its fresh new appearance and give the best of satisfaction.

Club Offer: Send us only two subscribers to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, for fifteen months, and we will send you this new style, expansion Bracelet, premium No. 200, guaranteed to be exactly as described and it will be yours to keep without any further conditions whatever. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Turkish Style Towels

DURABLE AND HEALTH GIVING

After a bath a vigorous drying and rubbing with these heavy linen-like towels will create an invigorated healthy glow of the entire system. Washing in itself cleanses the body, but the beneficial effects of the proper bath is derived from generous exercise of the flesh, opening and closing the pores, carrying away all foreign particles that may come from soap or water. Many times one does not require a bath, others cannot bathe frequently; at such times a "dry-rub" with these coarse fabric towels will be of immense benefit and comfort. These towels are woven of heavy twisted thread and have little nubs on the surface that absorb water like a sponge, leaving your flesh warm, dry and glowing all over. Great for Baby's bath or the man who shaves, and the more you wash them the softer they become. And durable, they wear well and wear long, almost impervious to wear, they are practical every-day towels for either the toilet or the lady's delicate bath. Similar towels made in Turkey of genuine linen are imported into this country and sold by druggists for two, three and four dollars per pair, and yet no more benefit or satisfaction is derived from these sensible American-made Bath Towels. 19x36 inches in size, with red stripe and triple red border, attractive, serviceable and useful, we recommend them strongly to our readers. A splendid family roller towel can be made by sewing together two of these towels; many do this with satisfaction, because they wear better and show the soil less than crash. Prem. No. 583.

Club Offer: For a club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each for 15 months, we will send post-paid a pair of these towels. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**EIGHT
LACE
CURTAINS
GIVEN AWAY**

LADIES, send us your name and address, plainly written, and we will mail you postpaid, on credit to Boxes Healing and Complexion Cream to a friend of a friend at 25 cents a box. When sold remit us the four dollars, and we will promptly send you your trouble Eight (four pair) Nottingham Lace Curtains, nearly three yards long. Ladies, write us at once for the 16 boxes of Cream.

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No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

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We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results Magnolia Blossom can accomplish. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea (Whites), Vaginitis, Ovarian Troubles, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains, or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our Free Box of Magnolia Blossom. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you this simple Home Treatment Free with valuable advice. Address

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Set with four Sapphires surrounded with six bright sparkling imitation Diamonds. This is one of the most beautiful rings ever given. We will send one of these handsome rings as a free premium to all who send just 25c to pay for a year's subscription to our big home and story magazine and include 5c for mailing—only 30c in all. Be sure to state size of ring wanted.

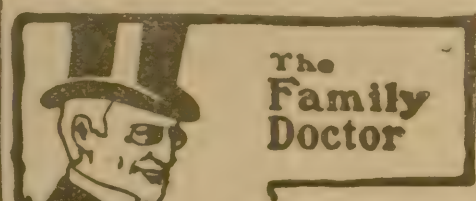
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CANCER

FREE TREATISE The Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Ind., has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of Cancer; also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. Write for it today, mentioning this paper.

BIG SURPRISE BOX Full of Presents

WE buy thousands of dollars' worth of premiums every year and carrying such a large stock at all times we naturally have a great many odds and ends left on our hands—not enough to make special offers on, yet a sufficient quantity to cause us a big loss unless disposed of in some manner. So, in order to close out at a sacrifice this large accumulation of premium merchandise which consists of Jewelry of all kinds, Rings, Brooches, Watches, etc., different kinds of Fancy Work, Crochet and Embroidery Outfits, German and Japanese Novelties and Musical Toys, Games, and a host of other articles too numerous to mention, we will upon receipt of Only One 15-Months Subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents send you a Surprise Box containing not less than six different premium gifts in one nice box by Parcel Post prepaid. We guarantee that you will be both pleased and delighted with what we send you, if not you have the privilege of sending everything back to us and we will send you by return mail your choice of any other premium offered for one subscription in our Premium List. Remember only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents brings you this Box of Surprise Gifts—a variety of up-to-date, seasonable merchandise which might cost you quite a sum of money in any store. If you prefer you may send your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all). But whichever offer you accept you should send your order in quick because this is a great odd lot bargain offer of remnants and our supply is limited. Don't delay but send in your order today. Address COMFORT, Dept. C. S. Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Brown Eyes, Prescott, Ark.—Having proved by trial that the hard water is the cause of my trouble it is plain that you should stop using it. To a good many people hard, or limestone water is almost poison. If you cannot get cistern water, catch rain-water in a barrel and use it for drinking. Make a filter of sand and gravel for the water to run through into the barrel and empty and clean the barrel at intervals. (2) Ringworm is due to derangement of the general health from bad or under-feeding, bad water or bad air or uncleanly habits. It is also infectious. It is a parasite disease and the remedy is to kill the parasite. For this use a solution of bichloride of mercury, one part to two hundred and fifty of water, washing the affected parts with it. In the meantime look after the general health and cleanliness and eat nutritious food and breathe fresh air. Bichloride of mercury is a rank poison if taken internally, deadly, so look out that no one tastes it.

R. C. Eulalia, Fla.—A great many people who have hereditary attacks of what they think is colic, bilious or otherwise, and treat themselves for that, might save themselves a deal of suffering if they went to a physician and found out whether it was colic or gallstones that was doing the mischief. The pain is almost the same, except that gallstones pain is more severe and the after results are longer in disappearing and gallstones are sometimes fatal. A great deal of suffering might be avoided and not a few lives saved if people would only take measures to remove their ignorance and replace it with a fair degree of knowledge of themselves.

B. E., San Augustine, Texas.—Many uninformed persons have an idea that their tonsils are vital organs and the loss of them would mean dire disaster to the physical system, and for that reason when they have trouble with their tonsils they do all they can to save them and cure the trouble some other way. The tonsils are not vital and their removal is a very common practice and almost always with good results. The operation is not serious at all and some people would rather have their tonsils taken out than a tooth. The best remedy for continued trouble with tonsils is to have them removed.

Mrs. A. L. Beresford, S. Dak.—Shaking palsy, or paralysis agitans, is a disease of old age and of very slow development. You cannot have a stroke of palsy though the tremors incidental to it may come on at unexpected moments. In such cases, if a doctor is sent for, he will arrive in time to attend to the patient without any first aid treatment being necessary as palsy does not kill. It is practically incurable and lasts for years unless it begins when the patient is near the end of his time. The use of electricity is recommended and tonics afford some relief. Ask your doctor for advice. (2) We cannot undertake to prescribe for your weak stomach and heart, though we are inclined to believe that the real trouble is indigestion. When you have acidity of stomach, a pinch of soda in a half glass of hot water and drink it. You can be treated only by a physician who can examine you and know what is wrong.

Mrs. V. H., Rumford, Maine.—Having had the nausea spells for over fifty years is an indication that they are idiosyncratic, that is a peculiar natural condition, and hardly to be cured. If you have never been examined by a physician you should be. It is possible that he may be able to afford some relief. (2) Belladonna pills are used for a number of internal disorders, the heart, stomach and throat. Belladonna as a plaster, salve and liniment is used for rheumatic, sciatic and other muscular and nervous troubles. It is a standard remedy for numerous ailments but is a powerful poison and is not to be used except under the direction of a physician. The Belladonna plasters are safe to be used freely. The active principle of belladonna is atropine.

Mrs. N. L. Delway, N. C.—Your trouble is nasal catarrh in aggravated form and as it is bad only in the cold weather, we suggest that instead of taking medicine when you are now, you pack up and go to the warm, dry climate of Arizona or New Mexico. It is otherwise healthy widow of thirty-three with no one dependent upon her would be an acquisition to the Southwest and you could live better there than where you are. Very likely you would be married before you had been there a year.

W. O. A., Depart, Texas.—Some people require very much more water than others and as you don't have any other trouble except this desire for water we advise that you take water for it instead of any other treatment. Water drinking will not hurt anybody and if you feel the need of a gallon a day, drink it. But drink good, soft water. Drink a quart when you go to bed and we don't think you will need any more till you get up. Then drink another quart, and it will not hurt if you take it hot. If a quart in the morning is too much, take less. Have you been examined for diabetes? Excessive thirst is one symptom.

Subscriber, Stanberry, Mo.—By all means have an examination made by a physician because without knowledge where you are now, we don't think you need this kind, declining to have an examination from some foolish reason or other. Half the trouble we are asked in COMFORT to remedy would not exist if patients had their own doctors examine them and learn what is wrong and what the proper treatment should be. Without this it is merely guesswork. All COMFORT readers please note this and act upon it.

Brown Eyes, Walcott, Ia.—Your partial deafness is due to a catarrhal condition of the air passages of the ear and not to any trouble with the ear itself. Your other disturbances are also due to the catarrh in your system and it is possible you should go to a dry climate. Medicine has little but temporary effect upon catarrh because medicine will not cure the climate. (2) Milk will not make you much younger.

Mrs. M. M., Federalburg, Md.—The trouble with your heart is indigestion or we are much mistaken. Suppose you go on a diet of plain and digestible food, eating no meat except chicken or lamb, no potatoes, pastry, tea or coffee, no cooked cabbage or sweets. Chew every mouthful to a pulp before you swallow it. Drink all the water you can between meals and none at meals. If you have acid stomach, or belching, take half teaspoonful of soda in glass of hot water, half an hour after meals.

X. W., Stedman, Okla.—Eye trouble should always be treated by a physician and as a rule results are satisfactory by any physician of fair knowledge, but when an entire community is affected by a disease of the eye which seems to be contagious something serious is indicated and your county or state board of health should be informed and the case should be investigated. Under the circumstances we cannot advise further than this.

E. H., Francesville, Ind.—A great many people are affected by "dizzy spells" sometimes coming on suddenly and at others more gradually and often accompanied by nausea. Indigestion frequently presents such symptoms, but there are other and more serious causes, and we advise that anyone who is thus affected with any degree of frequency should not neglect it, but go to a physician and discover the cause. Knowing the cause they will have some idea what to do to remove it and not make matters worse by guesswork treatment.

E. K. P., Chester, Wash.—About the best cure we know of for chronic appendicitis is an operation removing the diseased appendix. Maybe your father can suffer several years with it and it may not carry him off finally, but he would be much more comfortable if he gave up his appendix. (2) What causes your "sore, cracked" fingers? Is it ordinary chaps or is it eczema? Suppose you take your fingers to a physician and let him tell you so you will know what you have to cure.

N. M. M., Bay Minetta, Ala.—Bathe your bad-

odored feet night and morning in warm water with a teaspoonful or less of ammonia in it. Dry them thoroughly and dust them with a powder of thirty grains of salicylic acid, two drams oxide of zinc and one ounce of talcum. Wear thin white cotton stockings.

Cracker, Cedartown, Ga.—The shrinking of the gums you are troubled with is not Riggs' disease, but a condition common to many persons, the quality of the teeth apparently having little to do with it. As it is actual loss of flesh it cannot be replaced, but some dentists claim to be able to check the loss and in some degree remedy it. The treatment is special and you can do nothing except to consult a dentist. Cedartown may have one or two who could render as good service as the much more expensive city dentists.

Papapet, Opelousas, La.—Swollen feet are due to many causes, most of them of no serious import, but occasionally the swelling is dropsical in which event the cause is serious. Therefore anyone having swollen feet without knowing the cause should consult a physician at once and know whether there is any dropsy present. As you do not know why yours are so, consult a doctor at once.

Mrs. S. F., Escondido, Cal.—You are another one of these COMFORT mothers who is guessing at the ailments of her child and letting the little one suffer in- stead of taking her to a physician, finding out what is the matter and having intelligent and proper treatment at the same time getting advice and information which every mother should have and which because they do not have and prefer to do their own doctoring inflicts lifelong ill health and suffering upon their child. It would be a good thing for a great many children if they were taken from their mothers and brought up by persons who knew how to rear children. Now, take your little girl to a doctor who can examine her and tell you what is the matter and what to do to make her as well as she ought to be.

A. F., McGregor, Texas.—To some people honey is indigestible to others not, but like anything else it should not be eaten to excess. Sweets as a rule are more indigestible than other foods, as they are fat and heat-making and require more vitality in their assimilation. The healthiest people are not always those who eat no sweets, or the least sweets, but an excess of sweets will produce ill health very quickly.

Black Hair, Oakland, Cal.—Cousins should not marry because inbreeding, that is mixture of the same blood, deteriorates the race of man just as it does that of the lower animals. If you have no family blood about it ask about it a farmer who breeds stock. The laws governing animal life, lower and higher, are the same, and they cannot be violated without doing injury. The many defective children of blood kin marriages proves this. Marriage may seem to you to be all romance, as it does to a great many ignorant and silly young people, but it is a very serious physical matter.

Brown Eyes, Jackson, Ga.—Tetter, as you call it, and as a common skin disease, is something more than a mere superficial disease of the skin which may be cured by local applications. It is usually psoriasis or chronic eczema and requires constitutional treatment which often does not cure though it may greatly relieve. When it affects the nails it is likely to become very serious and we advise that you go to a physician who can treat you properly. While it is not fatal and does not affect the general health to any extent, it may render you helpless which is not much better than removing you entirely.

Miss A. H., Simpson's, Va.—Chronic bronchitis of eleven years standing cannot be cured by medicine while you remain in the climate which is the chief cause of it, unless you have inherited a predisposition. Bronchitis sometimes develops into consumption and we advise that if you can possibly get to the dry climate of Arizona or Colorado that you do so. As you are but twenty-two, the West and Southwest offer opportunities to you other than those of health and you should go there.

X. Y. Z., Le Seur, Minn.—Very little can be done, except at much expense and then not often with success, for rheumatism, beyond the usual home and drug-store treatment that everybody knows of. However, if your mother fears that there is danger of dropsy, she should at once have an examination made by a physician. If taken in time that at least can be controlled. The time may come when rheumatism will be fully known and remedies will be discovered to overcome it, but that time has not yet arrived though the scientists are on the way.

L. O. M., Brussels, Wis.—What your mother needs is rest more than anything else, as you say she feels better whenever she can get away from the hard work she is doing and has been for more than forty years. She is one of the thousands of overworked women in this country who have worn their nerves to a frazzle with the work and worry and there is no medicine on earth that will cure. Rest is the only cure and without it she may expect nothing but suffering until the end of her days. Strong medicines may tone her up for a week at a time or even a month, but the reaction will come and with each reaction the false strength disappears and she becomes weaker than before. In her present condition she should consult a physician who may examine her case and prescribe temporary relief. Some of our readers may say it is foolish for us to talk about their resting because the work must be done, and they are the only ones to do it. Yet when they die worn out before their time, the work is still done and somebody else does it. Wouldn't it be better for them to live, if they did only half the work? That would be some relief to whoever had to do it all when they were gone, wouldn't it?

Questions of Sex

Are fully and properly answered in The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. As a result of knowing the laws of health and nature, happy marriages are more numerous and divorce and ignorance leads to misery and ill-health. The mechanism of Life, Anatomy, Brain and Mind—advice for Mother and Babe, Physiology, Hygiene, Disease and the way to get well are fully treated in this book. All the knowledge a young man or woman, wife or daughter should have, is contained in this big Home Doctor Book containing 1008 pages with engravings and color plates, and bound in cloth, (nearly 700,000 copies formerly sold for \$1.50 each).

We have a large new edition now printed and for a limited time we will send you a single copy by mail prepaid—on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps. Address 654 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

FITS

I have cured cases of 20 years standing. Trial package free by mail. Dr. S. PERKY, BOX 1040, Los Angeles, Cal.

LADIES Make Shields at Home. \$10.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. EUREKA CO., Dept. 21, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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Patent Bent Trimmer Tension Spring

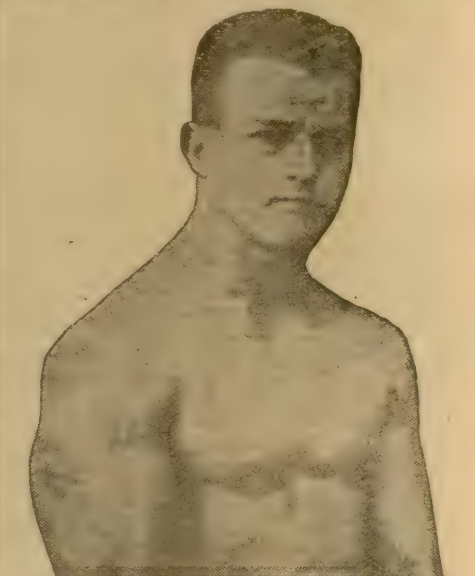


Here is an indispensable Premium for practical use in every household. Big and strong, nine inches long. Made from superior quality material. Notice the eight wonderful features: No. 1. In the illustration shows the measuring scale, which is a rule of three and one-half inches. This will not only measure the cut you wish to make, but when hemming and on other work will be found very useful. No. 2. Shows the magnetism of the points. This will be found invaluable in picking up needles, pins or any article of metal. No. 3. Shows the finger rest and seam presser at the end of the handle. No. 4. Ball-bearing. This is perfect fitting, closely woven of high-grade yarns. May be washed at home without injury to color and will keep its shape. Order by chest measure, men, Cardinal and Gray. Say you want to sell the Six Oxiex 25-cent Porous Plasters and we will send same day we receive your order. Address THE GIANT OXIE COMPANY, 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

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Remarkable Experience of F. Gagnon.
Builds Up Weight Wonderfully

"I was all run down to the very bottom", writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days." "Sargol has put 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. O. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."



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"Before I took Sargol people used to call me 'skinny' but now my name is changed. My whole body is stout. Have gained 15 pounds and am gaining yet. I look like a new man," declared another man who had just finished the Sargol treatment.

Would you, too, like to quickly put from 10 to 30 lbs. of good, solid, "stay-there" flesh, fat and muscular tissue between your skin and bones?

Don't say it can't be done. Try it. Let us send you free a 50c package of Sargol and prove what it can do for you.

More than half a million thin men and women have gladly made this test and that Sargol does succeed, does make thin folks fat even where all else has failed, is best proved tremendous business we have done. No drastic diet, flesh creams, massage, oils or emulsions, but a simple, harmless home treatment. Cut out the coupon and send for this Free package today, enclosing only 10 cents in silver to help pay postage, packing etc.

Address The Sargol Co., 12-P Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Take Sargol with your meals and watch it work. This test will tell the story.

FREE SARGOL COUPON

This coupon, with 10c in silver to help pay postage, packing, etc., and to show good faith, entitles holder to one 50c package of Sargol Free. Address the Sargol Co., 12-P Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.



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for men, women or children, to anyone selling only Six of our 25-cent Oxiex Porous Plasters.

We send the Six Oxiex Porous Plasters to your address without money from you.

After you sell them for 25 cents each you return us the money, \$1.50 in all collected and the Sweater will be sent you. We do this to advertise our Wonderful Oxiex Porous Plasters that have for a quarter century prevented and relieved thousands of ills including Rheumatism, Lame Back, Coughs, Pneumonia, Sprains, Kidney troubles, Weak Heart and Stomach disorders.

The Sweater we send you is perfect fitting, closely woven of high-grade yarns. May be washed at home without injury to color and will keep its shape. Order by chest measure, men, Cardinal and Gray.

Say you want to sell the Six Oxiex 25-cent Porous Plasters and we will send same day we receive your order. Address THE GIANT OXIE COMPANY, 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

IRELIEVED MY CATARRH OVER NIGHT

I Will Gladly Tell You
How—FREE

HEALS 24 HOURS

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming, or rubbing or massage. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different—something delightful and healthful—something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger, and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured, and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.



I AM FREE—YOU CAN BE FREE

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz, Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send the postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

SAM KATZ, Suite C 15B,
1325 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Pain Paint

Send 60c. in stamps and we will mail you a Dollar of Wolcott's Pain Paint powders with full directions to make sixty 25-cent bottles. Pain Paint stops pain instantly; removes headache, toothache, neuralgia, in one minute; cools faster than ice; burns will not blister. A spoonful taken four times a day kills dyspepsia. Sold 40 years by agents. R. L. Wolcott & Son, 3 Wolcott Bldg., New York.

FITS

Example of my remedy has cured cases of Falling Sickness, or Epilepsy. Prompt relief guaranteed. I PAY EXPRESSAGE on FREE TRIAL BOTTLE, if you cut out and RETURN advertisement. Sworn statements and hundreds of testimonials on file. Give AGE and FULL PARTICULARS. Dr. F. Harvey Roof, Dept. 1,018, Bldg. 1, New York

Improved German Silver Mesh Bag

Can't Stay Open While You Carry It Nor Contents Be Lost When You Lift or Use



This Bag The Draw-Chain Automatically Closes The Top Insuring Safety Of Contents.

The Latest Mesh Bags Have Chain Pulls

Instead of clasps, and can easily be washed with soap and water. The ordinary style with the clasped frame top has been in vogue several years, but the bag with the Silver Snake-Wire Draw String Is The Latest. It is Five Inches Wide and Over Three Inches Deep, with a very attractive fringe of link shaped into points as illustrated with a silver-plated ball on the end of each point, also on the bottom of the bag there are three balls. The illustration does not do justice to this attractive bag. It will hold such things as handkerchiefs, coin purse, etc., much more in fact than the ordinary small kid-lined bag, which is more easily soiled. The bag is very strongly made of extra size mesh, and with ordinary care will last for years without breaking or tarnishing. Special Club Offer. For only five subscribers to Comfort we will send you one of these German Silver Mesh Bags by Parcel Post. Premium No. 370. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Profit in Nut Growing

By C. B. Irvine

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WITH the price of living in the ascending scale, the question of nuts and their uses as food becomes one of interest to orchardist as well as the head of the family, since edible nuts are generally recognized and highly recommended as being the one logical substitute for meat. The time when nuts were considered merely as a luxury, or something to be eaten at odd times, is rapidly passing away, and the constantly increasing consumption of nuts throughout the United States, in the opinion of M. E. Jaffa, professor of nutrition of the University of California, augurs well for a better appreciation of their food value. When the constantly increasing demand and the large quantity imported each year are considered, the possibilities for the American nut grower at once become obvious. The increased and constantly increasing demand for nuts is due in great measure to their nutritive value. Many ways have been found during recent years whereby nuts have been made to form a palatable addition to the diet of the average family. The edible portion of nuts is a highly concentrated food, containing much fat, and little water. They are a valuable source of protein and when rationally used and well assimilated they form an important part of a well-balanced diet.

Although great strides are being made, both in the number of nut trees planted and the improvement in variety and quality, nut culture in the United States may truly be said to be still in its infancy. The demand for nuts is already enormous and constantly increasing, and although it may not be generally known, the fact is California each year ships away more dollars' worth of English walnuts than of oranges—and the number of train loads of almonds sent out annually is not small. Although during recent years the state of Oregon has been producing walnuts on a large scale, nevertheless the demand is such that the importation of walnuts into that state annually for home consumption reaches the startling total of nearly a half million dollars.

These being the facts, there is no question but that there is a great future in the cultivation of walnuts to say nothing of other varieties which may be raised on a commercial scale. The immense quantity of nuts imported annually, and the constant and growing demand for them have given a great impetus to the planting of nut-bearing trees. In Europe the palatable and wholesome nut kernels have long been recognized as a staple article of food and in the opinion of those who have made an investigation of the subject the nut has come to stay as a recognized article of diet in the United States. The returns from established nut-bearing orchards show plainly how successful nut culture may be made in America. In many cases nuts pay better than farm crops or fruit and rare indeed is the ranch which has not at least a few acres that would yield better returns if planted to nuts than to anything else. The cost of maintenance is insignificant as compared with the fruit orchard. It is unaccountable that until recently only little attention has been paid to the cultivation of nuts, considering the pleasure and profit that may be derived from their cultivation, which requires but little labor and small expense. Taking into consideration the up-keep and care of a citrus grove or a fruit orchard, it is easily demonstrated that the commercial cultivation of at least several of the standard varieties of nuts offers the safest and most permanent investment, with generous and quick returns. The nut grower need have no worries over anticipated visits of the frost king, since he may leave the trees exposed to rain and frost to find them after a few years making substantial returns, each tree yielding a larger return than would a thousand dollars in the bank. For the home garden, nut trees are recommended. Even a few carefully selected

trees will prove a great heritage. But those who go extensively into the business and plant a nut grove today will find the demand ahead of the supply before the trees come into bearing. The industry is recognized by authorities as embodying to a high degree the elements of safety, profit and permanency.

English walnuts will no doubt continue to occupy the center of the stage for years to come, since it has been demonstrated that through budding and grafting it has been found practicable to produce a hardy type of tree which will ripen its product in climates where the peach matures. Acclimated trees do not winter kill and eliminate failure.

The planter of nut-bearing trees will be more independent financially if he plants for profit, and happier if he plants for pleasure, by including in his grove a generous selection of accepted varieties of the almond. Though the almond requires moisture, it will produce good crops on soils that are too light or dry to grow peaches. It finds congenial conditions in favored sections free from killing spring frosts and prefers a loose light, warm soil. Heavy, poorly drained land should be avoided.

Those who have made the experiment declare that he who plants chestnut trees has little to worry about. His trees will do better if cultivated; but this is said not to be necessary. Frost, storm and wind, which so often play havoc with the ordinary crops, works no ill effects upon the chestnut tree, which is as hardy as the oak. Even severe droughts, which destroy field crops, will not ruin but only somewhat reduce the yield. They do well in rocky, well-drained soil, such as is found on hillsides, and are well adapted for planting on waste places that are today idle or used only for pasture. Unfortunately, however, a fungus parasite has recently attacked the chestnut trees in the Eastern states and threatens to destroy all the trees of that species from New England south.

Interest today in the production of pecans is by no means confined to the Southern states. The pecan area has been materially enlarged, through successful experiments in the development of new varieties. Today we have pecan trees that have to contend with severe climatic conditions and have gone through zero weather without injury. These may be planted in Northern states with the same assurance of successful fruiting as apple trees. Wherever large symmetrical trees are desired for shade or ornament, the pecan is recommended, as a five-year-old tree may be expected to attain a height of thirty feet with spread of branches proportionate.

The lofty, spreading Lutternut tree is valued for its tropical appearance and beautiful wood, as well as for the excellence of its nuts. Its sweet, oily kernels are highly nutritious. The tree is a rapid grower, producing large crops in a few years. Today the supply for nuts is insufficient for the demand of a single city market. These trees thrive in the Northern states and withstand winter temperatures of twenty to thirty degrees below zero.

The cultivation of filberts, although they may be grown with more ease than either wheat or potatoes, has been almost entirely neglected, in spite of the fact that dealers are constantly clamoring for nuts of this variety. The filbert responds quickly to intelligent care. In natural form the bush is one of many stems, and pruning is of special importance if grown in tree form. The bush is hardy and will struggle along in spite of neglect, the little trees or bushes bearing abundantly.

From an economic standpoint, although the hickory nut has been held in high esteem ever since the first settlement of America, there has been no justification for the extensive planting of this tree. At best the hickory is a slow grower and attempts to improve natural varieties by budding and grafting have in the main been accompanied by failure.

December Cash Prizes Paid

The WINNERS of December Monthly Prizes in COMFORT'S SIXTH GRAND PRIZE CONTEST have been paid the following sums. A number of the December PRIZES have been paid DOUBLE.

E. Wagoner, Ill., (1st prize doubled)	\$60.00	Mrs. L. J. Halley, Wash., (6th prize doubled)	\$10.00
Henry McCord, Ga., (2nd prize doubled)	40.00	L. E. McCarver, N. C., (7th prize doubled)	6.00
Alice Warner, Minn., (3rd prize doubled)	20.00	Eva C. Moon, N. Y., (8th prize doubled)	6.00
Fairlens Riley, Ky., (4th prize doubled)	10.00	Mrs. W. R. Forinash, W. Va., (9th prize)	3.00
J. R. McCready, Pa., (5th prize doubled)	5.00	Mrs. Elsie Simmons, Ohio, (10th prize)	3.00
Ernest Gurr, Wash., (\$2.00 prize doubled)	\$4.00		
Mrs. E. F. Green, Ky., (2.00 prize doubled)	4.00		

Single Prizes of \$2.00 each

Mrs. Jas. Henson, Cal.; Mrs. Z. B. Watkins, S. C.; Reeta Noice, Ohio; Mrs. C. S. Eatherly, Conn.; Lester Williams, Conn.; Nettie Rivers, S. C.

\$1.00 Prizes Doubled, \$2.00 each

Carl C. Brown, Pa.; Mrs. Louis Kocher, N. J.; Mary Ziegler, Ill.; Mrs. J. E. Bright, N. C.

\$1.00 Monthly Prizes Single

Mrs. M. Barney, N. Y.; Hilary Boomersline, Ohio;

Mrs. H. Raven, Okla.; Mrs. E. D. Fox, Ohio; Mrs. John McFall, Mich.; Alda Stackston, Wis.; Mrs. Edith Ritter, N. Y.; Mrs. Carrie Conley, W. Va.; Mrs. G. O. Knight, Tenn.; Mrs. C. Nymen, Mont.; Mrs. S. B. Baird, Ga.; Mabel Schroder, Wis.; Miss Una Logan, Mo.; Miss Alice Baldrige, Ky.; Lora Baldwin, Mo.; Mrs. Enola Smith, Ala.; Mrs. Cora Powell, Mo.; Mrs. Isabel Hull, Ohio; Mrs. Anna Wood, W. Va.; Mrs. C. A. Johnson, Wis.; Arthur Boyer, Washoe, Mont.

We are about to award and pay the January prizes and shall print the names of the winners in the March COMFORT.

THIS IS A SIX-MONTHS PRIZE CONTEST, and began in November, with a separate list of Cash Prizes for each month payable each month, and a list of Grand Prizes to be paid AT THE END of six months.

ONLY THREE MONTHS OF THE CONTEST HAVE PASSED. There are THREE MONTHS LEFT YET OF THIS PRIZE CONTEST, both for monthly prizes and for the GRAND PRIZES, so if you are not already entered, enter now for February prizes and for the GRAND PRIZES.

For Particulars See Our Grand Prize Offer on Another Page

REMEMBER that if you win a monthly cash prize it helps you win one of the Grand Prizes also. REMEMBER that these monthly Cash Prizes and GRAND CASH PRIZES are not substituted for the regular club premiums. YOU ARE SURE OF YOUR REGULAR CLUB PREMIUMS ANYWAY, and all the CASH PRIZES THAT YOU WIN are that much extra, free. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. So make a try this month. Send postal for our new Premium Catalogue, mailed you free on application to COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta, Maine.

The Following 100 Women Received a Consolation or Special Prize of One Dollar Each for November

Miss Consuelo Barnard, Okla.; Mrs. Goldie Masters, Pa.; Mrs. Harriet Smith, Ohio; Gertrude Hicks, Ky.; Mrs. Herbert Shoemaker, Pa.; Mrs. Howard H. Baker, Mass.; Mrs. Ella Frick, Pa.; Mrs. Mollie Young, Ala.; Mrs. E. L. Curtis, Va.; Mrs. E. B. Seymour, Va.; Mrs. J. F. Mattison, S. C.; Mary E. Fraser, Fla.; Mrs. Mary J. James, Pa.; Mrs. Allen Hull, Ark.; Miss Martha Ansbach, Pa.; Maude Gulek, Ohio; Mrs. Chas. Dana, Maine; Miss Vera Grace Williams, Iowa; Mrs. S. C. Beeler, Ind.; Dottie Mae McBride, Texas; Mrs. Jane Shankweiler, Ohio; Miss Rosa Esch, Mich.; Mrs. W. C. Fite, Pa.; Alice Williams, Ga.; Mary E. Doyle, Mass.; Mrs. Arthur French, Wyo.; Miss Adella Ross, Ind.; Mrs. W. E. Jones, Del.; Mrs. May Morris, Ill.; Mrs. Wm. Tompkins, Cal.; Anna McNite, Iowa; Mrs. J. E. Murphy, Mich.; Mrs. Fannie Cooper, N. C.; Mrs. G. F. Hatfield, Mont.; Miss Anna Wellens, Okla.; Mrs. Emma Marshall, Nebr.; Miss Anastasia J. Rech, Nebr.; Mrs. M. B. Booth, Ark.; Mrs. Geo. Kurtz, Kans.; Mrs. A. P. Witt, Mich.; Mrs. Viola Solomon, Ala.; Mrs. Stephen Relyea, N. Y.; Mrs. Girtle E. Burch, La.; Miss Alice Worthing, Cal.; Mrs. L. J. Pardue, Miss.; Mrs. E. D. Pruett, Va.; Mrs. J. A. Taylor, N. C.; Amanda Beanes, Ark.; Mrs. Margaret McCoy, W. Va.; Mrs. Elias Shade, Pa.; Cordie E. Bushong, Tenn.; Mrs. A. C. Embree, Ill.; Miss Etta Lee, S. C.; Mrs. Sallie Moore, Okla.; Rosa Slason, Tenn.; Mrs. Alex Wilson, Ohio; Mrs. Louisa N. Crook, Ark.; Hazel Steeves, Kans.; Mrs. J. W. Knipple, Pa.; Miss Martha Chandler, Ala.; Mrs. E. A. Knight, Mont.; Miss Lena E. Singer, Ind.; Mrs. Della Cross, Ohio; Mrs. O. Shuler, N. Y.; Flora J. Watson, N. C.; Rhoda Williams, Tenn.; Mrs. E. A. Powell, Mo.; Miss Ethel Turner, N. Y.; Mrs. A. H. Coleman, Miss.; Pearl English, N. C.; Mrs. H. P. Clayton, N. C.; Miss Edna Bonham, S. C.; Mrs. Drucie Osborn, Ky.; Gertrude Whitesides, N. C.; Mrs. Sarah A. Jones, Ind.; Mrs. Maggie Myers, Iowa; Miss M. Eva Wiler, Ohio; Miss Beatrice Applebee, Pa.; Mrs. M. E. Kilier, Ill.; Miss Ellen McCracken, Iowa; Mrs. James McKinnis, Idaho; Mabel Collier, Okla.; Minnie G. Ellison, Tenn.; Mrs. Mary E. Shirley, Colo.; Mrs. W. A. Stachwell, N. Y.; Mrs. C. A. Cope, Ala.; Mrs. Angus Lent, N. Y.; Mrs. Florence Patrick, Wash.; Evie Edwards, Ark.; Mrs. Rilda Williamson, W. Va.; Gertrude A. Ross, Mass.; Mrs. Ephraim Tuttle, Mich.; Mrs. Lettie Brown, La.; Mrs. B. P. Leonard, N. C.; Mrs. Etta Sipe, Ind.; Hannah Simmons, R. I.; Mary A. Tolley, W. Va.; Miss Eddie Clark, Ky.; Mrs. Alexander Court, Wis.; Mrs. Musetta Redding, Iowa.

CRUEL PILES

After 40 Years Study, Dr. Van Vleck Found Genuine Relief Which is Now Healing Thousands

SENT ON APPROVAL—WRITE TODAY



If you have been troubled with piles or any form of Rectal Soreness, here's a package of Real Comfort for you. Send us your name today. Return mail will bring you Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Remedy to try FREE. Then if you are satisfied with the benefit received you can send us One Dollar. If not it costs you nothing. We take your word. We sell our Remedy only in this way, and we do exactly as we agree above. You can see that only a remedy better than anything people ever tried before would bring the money back on this approval plan. We have many hundreds of thankful letters, saying that Dr. Van Vleck's Absorption Remedy cured after everything else, including expensive and dangerous operations, had failed, even cured after 30 and 40 years of suffering. We invite you to try it without a penny in advance. You've nothing to lose, everything to gain. Our Illustrated Booklet in colors, containing information of life-long value to you, comes free with the approval package. Address Dr. Van Vleck Co., 256 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Send no money—only your address. Write today.

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Indian Wigwam Tent

ALL 3 FREE TO BOYS



Boys! Here Is Your Chance To Be An Indian Or Cowboy Free!

THIS dandy Indian "Wigwam" Tent, nifty Cowboy suit and real Indian suit all three are yours absolutely free. You and your chum can have no end of fun camping out in one of these "Sure Enough" Wigwams back of the house, down in the orchard or in the woods, one of you dressed up as a Cowboy and the other as an Indian. The Tent itself is made of strong khaki colored duck cloth decorated in true Indian style with arrows, spears, tomahawks, war-clubs, shields and historical pipe of peace, all executed in different colors. To pitch this wigwam all you need is a strong up-right pole and a few tent pins to hold down the sides as shown in illustration. When in position the wigwam stands nearly five feet high and the opening or "fly" is of ample size to permit passing in and out. Eyelets on the fly and at the bottom on the sides are brass lined so that they positively will not rip or tear out. Both the Cowboy Suit and the Indian Suit come in sizes from four to fourteen years and are made in true Indian and Cowboy style of dark brown cloth. The Indian suit consists of long-legged trousers and coat trimmed with yellow and red cambric fringe and an adjustable fringed head piece or "War Bonnet" trimmed with many gorgeous feathers in assorted colors. The Cowboy Suit consists of long-legged trousers with fringe on sides, typical cowboy blouse, large fancy colored handkerchief to tie around neck, a dandy wide-brimmed cowboy hat and a real lariat. With either one of these suits on your friends would hardly know you, you will look for all the world like a genuine Indian or Cowboy. Both suits are well made of good material and are large enough so that they may be slipped on over your regular clothes and worn without discomfort. Don't hesitate one minute now if you really want one or all of these three dandy premiums—the Indian Wigwam Tent, the Cowboy Suit and Indian Suit—because you can easily earn them without any hard work. We will send you either the Cowboy Suit or the Indian Suit or Wigwam or we will send you any two or all three of them absolutely free by Parcel Post prepaid on the terms of the following special offers.

Club Offer No. 1. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you the Indian Suit complete and exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to give your age when ordering. Premium No. 603.

Club Offer No. 2. For a club of only five 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you the Cowboy Suit exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to give your age when ordering. Premium No. 604.

Club Offer No. 3. For a club of only seven 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you the Indian "Wigwam" Tent free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 605.

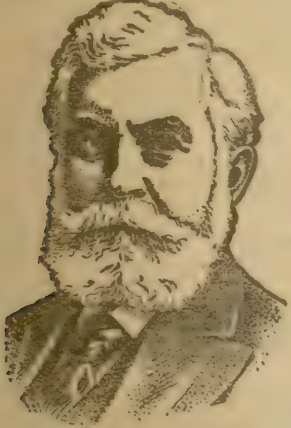
Club Offer No. 4. For a club of only fourteen 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or seven 8-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you all three premiums, the Indian Suit, Cowboy Suit and Wigwam Tent absolutely free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 606. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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My New External Remedy So Good That I Take All Chances on Results

COUPON BRINGS IT TO TRY FREE

I am so sure that my Drafts will bring relief to you, no matter how bad your case, that I want you to try them at my expense.



FREDERICK DYER.

Send my coupon with your name and address, and by return mail you will get a regular Dollar pair of my famous Foot Drafts to try free. If you could read my letters telling of marvelous cures, you would believe me when I say that I know of nothing so safe and sure for Rheumatism of every kind, no matter where located or how severe, as my Drafts which are already in demand all over the civilized world. We have letters even from cases of 30 and 40 years standing saying that at last they have been cured. But it takes very little faith to fill out and mail a coupon and then if you are satisfied after a thorough trial, you can send me One Dollar. If not, keep your money. I take your word. How can you justify yourself for not investigating a harmless remedy so powerfully backed up by tens of thousands of letters from satisfied users, when you can test its merit without cost. Don't delay, but send this coupon today—now



This \$1 Coupon FREE

Good for a regular \$1.00 pair of Dyer's Foot Drafts to be sent FREE to try (as explained above) to

Name.....

Address.....

Mail this coupon to Frederick Dyer, 256 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

To Develop the Bust

I am so ashamed of my thin bust that I want to ask you if there is any way to develop it. My hips and the rest of my body are right for the present styles and I do not want them any larger, but my bust is so flat that I would try anything that gave hope of even three or four more inches development. MARY B.

The only thing I know of that develops the bust without increasing the size of the hips, or without putting on flesh where not needed, is a prescription put up by The Dr. Kelly Co., especially for small and undeveloped breasts. It is the discovery of a woman physician whose practice was largely among her own sex and in most cases is said to increase the bust measure four to six inches. Send 10c to the Dr. Kelly Co., Dept. 300-BD, Buffalo, N. Y., and they will send you a 50c trial package of the treatment without charge. This is said to be of great value in cases of arrested development of the bust and to give a full, beautiful form without anyone knowing that the treatment was used.

Many mothers have told me that after the baby had been weaned, the breasts become flabby and shrunken, but the use of Dr. Kelly's prescription made them full and firm. Do not use pads or bust forms as they never look natural and have a bad effect on the general health. Neither would I recommend ordinary flesh builders or tonics, as they increase the hips and limbs and with the present styles the form should be slender everywhere except a generously developed bust.



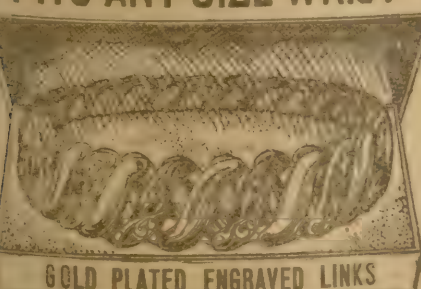
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GOLD PLATED ENGRAVED LINKS

This style Adjustable Bracelet is still all the rage and more of them will be worn in the future than ever before. Only accepting this offer you run absolutely no risk in receiving an article of jewelry which will soon be out of date. As shown in the above illustration, it is the regulation Adjustable Bracelet with alternating plain and engraved expansion links and it is made so that it will fit perfectly the wrist of the smallest child or a full-grown woman. Remember, we guarantee that Bracelet to be real gold-plated, that will wear splendidly without fading color and otherwise give perfect satisfaction to the wearer.

Club Offer: You can obtain this handsome New Adjustable Bracelet premium No. 20, absolutely free by sending in a club of only three subscribers to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each for fifteen months. The bracelet will come to you in a pretty, lined individual box which you can use to keep it in when not being worn.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Girl in a Thousand

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

ly did not look for such a splendid conquest as this—to be made mistress of his home, like an owner of olive, to drive, and to be at once installed as the mentor and chaperon. Ah, my little bluebell, my blossom, to think—only to live under the same roof with you—see you every day; have the privilege of loving you with all her heart and of manifesting that love as freely as she chooses and never be questioned as to why or wherefore! Sweetheart, sweetheart! it is almost more joy than I can bear!

A great, deep sob burst from her at this point. She sprang to her feet, pacing the floor rapidly, and pressing her hands hard upon her heaving bosom as if thus to control the wild joy which had become a keen pain in its intensity. "Ah!" she resumed after a moment, her face glowing, her eyes gleaming with triumph, "to think that some day you will be a great heiress—that you will inherit all the judge's money—and I know he has a pile of it—and that, if I play my cards shrewdly I shall share in your good fortune—perchance control it largely. Everything has been so cleverly managed—I have burned every bridge behind me and there is not the slightest possibility of detection; so I can safely rest upon my oars and enjoy to the utmost the good the fates—no, that my own wife have brought me. Alice Fletcher is the same as dead—it is only a question of time when she will die; then Roland will return—he must come to see his child now and then—his child; ha! ha!—he will find me here, the mistress of Judge Ashburton's elegant home, and he will find me an entirely different being from the rash, impulsive girl whom he knew before his marriage. I will spare no effort to make myself a power here and in society, and when he sees how his child loves me—how devoted I am to her, his heart cannot fail to be touched and he will turn to me. I shall win him yet!"

The woman had wrought herself up to the highest point of excitement as she walked the floor, muttering thus to herself and building up in imagination the brilliant future which she so earnestly desired to achieve.

She had, as we already know, loved Roland Fletcher with all the strength of her fiery nature; she had been reckless, desperate when he had wooed and won Alice Ashburton instead of herself.

She had vowed to be revenged upon the fair girl, because of the humiliation to which she had been subjected; but such vengeance was no longer in her power, for the innocent young wife was beyond her reach.

Nevertheless, she fondly believed that she would yet gain her point and win Roland Fletcher for her husband. But finally overcome with weariness from her journey, and exhausted by the mental excitement of the day and evening, she retired with a sense of security and content such as she had not experienced since she left that elegant home more than three years previous.

She firmly believed that her future—and a brilliant one—was assured.

The past was behind her—a past marred and stained with selfishness, jealousy, unscrupulous scheming and even with crime; but what of that since it was past?

Success was almost within her grasp and all would be well.

"I can be, and I will be a better woman now; I will forget it all and make the most of myself in the future," she murmured, as she fell asleep.

But her dreams were haunted by visions of another sweet, innocent, blue-eyed babe, with golden hair and delicate features, and who had laughed and cooed at her just as Olive had done that day, even when, with hate in her heart, she was planning a foul wrong against her, and who she had last seen—where?

She shivered and muttered nervously in her sleep, and then a great darkness seemed to envelop her.

Could she ever be a "better woman" with the memory of that dark deed forever haunting the secret chamber of her heart like the proverbial "skeleton in the closet?"

She knew she could not; she might cover up the wrong—she might be a white-spoken, fair and purely to outward seeming, but she could never really be what she was not—she could never "forget," and a "still, small voice" would ever remind her that either here or hereafter her sin would have to be expiated.

But with the dawn of another day her wretched dreams vanished, and, in the delight which she experienced in being once more with her own darling—with the duties of her new position to occupy her mind and her efforts to make herself agreeable and necessary to the man upon whom so much depended, they with the stinging reminders of conscience, were crushed back into seeming quiescence for a season.

Time passed until several months had flown, then there came a letter from Roland Fletcher telling them that his beloved wife had passed quietly away out of his bondage of pain.

He had been notified, a month previous, that she was falling, and, obtaining leave of absence from his post, he had hastened at once to Rome. Strange to say, he had found Alice much improved mentally, but physically the torch was nearly burned out.

She knew him the moment he appeared, and those last few days of her stay had been a great comfort to them both, for they seemed to bridge over, in a way, the darkness of the past year, and she was very happy to have him with her once more.

She had been laid in the English cemetery, but Roland wrote he expected to be recalled to America in about six months, for a time, when he would remove all that remained of the loved one to her native land.

This letter, which brought so much of sorrow to Judge Ashburton, filled Imogen with secret joy.

Alice, her hated rival, was at last removed from her path, and Roland Fletcher was coming home!

Were the hopes of long years on the verge of being realized? Would she be able to secure the prize which she had so ardently coveted and for which she had long been plotting?

Her spirits arose to the highest pitch as she meditated upon what her future would be if all went according to her desires.

Read The Whole Story Free!



"A Girl in a Thousand" our latest, greatest serial will delight you more and more as you read each month's installment in COMFORT. It is a story in which the elements of love, faith, ambition, selfishness and treachery are depicted with absolute fidelity—a battle between innocence and villainy—honor and rascality—justice and knavery—but in the end honor and justice triumph as they always do. You will be impatient to get to the final chapters which abound in astonishing revelations and startling climaxes, so we have arranged to supply you with the complete story in book form.

Finely printed in large clear type in a handsome colored paper-bound edition. Send us only one new 25-cent, paper-bound subscription (not your own) to COMFORT or 16-month subscription or renewal or 5 cents additional present subscription at 25 cents and we will send you a copy of the book "A Girl in a Thousand" containing the complete story. Your order right now—today—no out supply of the book is somewhat limited and we may not have enough to go around.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

With Roland Fletcher once her husband, she would, of course, return with him to his post abroad.

Under such circumstances he would want to take his child with him when she would, in truth, become a mother to Olive, and have the blessed privilege of teaching her to call her by the endearing term of "Mamma"—the one word of all others she most yearned to hear from her lips, for she constantly rebelled in her heart against being called "Auntie" by her.

The child was her very own, and she wanted all the rights and privileges which belonged to the relationship.

Thus it always is; sin never brings fruit. The erring mortal is forever reaching out after the culmination of desires which are ever just beyond the grasp, while a poisonous serpent lurks within every seeming pleasure which is culled by the way.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Rebel Rosemary

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

oil and scribbled something on one of the blanks. Suddenly he wheeled about and faced the prisoner who was trying to soothe the child on his knee.

"Col. Allen," he said, "do you give me your word as a soldier that your only reason for entering the Union lines last night was to visit your home?"

"You have my word," answered Allen proudly. Lincoln handed him the slip of paper. "I hope, my boy, that the time will come soon when you will not need this to go from here to Lee."

The Confederate took the paper and read in the President's hasty scrawl the words:

"Emergency Hospital No. 14.

"Pass Col. Richard Allen, a Confederate officer, unattended, through the Union lines between No. 14 and Lee's Army. Per order, A. LINCOLN."

The prisoner's eyes met the Union president's in an expression of dazed unbelief. "I would never have believed it," he murmured to himself. "I didn't think you would give your time to save a Confederate."

Lincoln winced: "Ah, my boy," he answered, "I would give more than my time."

Allen gratefully stretched out his hand. "I wish you were on our side."

A smile transformed Lincoln's haggard face. "I wish there were only one side," he said.

Rosemary was seated beside Kane, gently fanning him. The Union soldier's eyes were closed and the calm lips almost smiled.

"My Yank's gone to sleep," said Rosemary softly, and as the others looked toward him, they realized that it was that long sleep to which so many brave sons of both North and South had gone.

Correcting An Error

Ephraim had swept the floor and built the fires in a law office for one winter and naturally knew something of court procedure. When he was arrested for the purloining of certain property belonging to Major Harris, against the peace and dignity of the state, and brought before the Justice of the Peace for trial, he demanded a lawyer to look after his interests. A young attorney took the case as his first appearance and proposed to defend his client to the last ditch, and further if necessary.

"May it please the Court," he said when he began his defensive operations, "my client here is charged with the felonious abstraction of a chicken from the henhouse of Major Harris on the night of November 20th." Ephraim made as if he wished to interrupt, but his attorney sternly waved him aside—"the night in question Major Harris came home at or near midnight, and discovered his loss. I do not ask the Court, or the prosecution, why Major Harris was out at that unseemly hour, because of its irrelevance to the point at issue, but, your Honor, if on the night of the 20th of November, last past," Ephraim again tried to put in, but was waved aside as before—"my client did as he is charged in the warrant, purloin a pullet, or words to that effect, I propose to show that this chicken—"

Ephraim could be restrained no longer and this time he stood up and spoke right out:

"Skuse me, Boss," he said, "but you is wrong about dem figgers. Hit wuzn't de twentieth dat I got de chicken; hit wuz de fiftieth. Hit wuz a turkey dat I got on de—"

At this point the defense peremptorily withdrew from the case and Ephraim was left to the mercy of the Court.

The motor of a new motorcycle is carried within the rear wheel instead of on the frame, which makes it look more like a bicycle.

95 cents



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I Like Music With My Meals Harbor of Love
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We will send this Mammoth Collection of Songs, some Piano Music, also list of 500 other songs and great illustrations of many interesting things, whole thing for only 10c—stamps or coin—3 for 20c. All postpaid.

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The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's great storehouse of healing.

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Smoke of Herbs For Catarrh.

A Simple, Pleasant, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, flowers and seeds (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or cigarette. Simply draw the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhale into the lungs or send it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way.

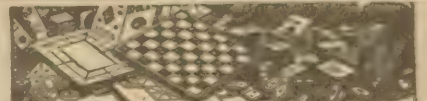


It is not unpleasant, is harmless and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balsmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to the affected air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the usual treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and cannot reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking or spitting, you should try this smoking remedy.

A free trial package, together with an illustrated booklet which goes thoroughly into the whole question of catarrh will be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 442 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga. This trial will demonstrate to you that it is an exceptional remedy and as it only costs \$1.00 for a full size box it is within the reach of everyone. Send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.



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63 Splendid Games, Checker and Chess with men, Set Dominoes, Fox & Goose, 9 Men Morris, Authors—64 cards, 84 Lute Songs, 10 Acrostic & Acrostic Cards, 10 Pan Cards, 63 Magic Tricks, 64 Great Puzzles, 70 Trivia, 234 Jolly Jokes and Riddles, 63 Money Making Secrets, 12 Love Letters, 175 Ways to Flirt, How to Charm others. How to Tell Fortunes & 600+ other things to entertain the whole family all winter. This big 10c Package 10 cents postpaid. W. M. Co., Dept. E, 227 W. Madison, Chicago

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For selling 12 packages Blaine at 10c. each rifle first class in every way. When sold for turn our \$1.20 and we send rifle. BLUINE MFG. CO., 542 Mill St., Concord, Mass.



I have been treating Fits, Epilepsy and Falling Sickness with great success for over 20 years. Many who had given up all hope say my remedy cured them. G. A. Duckworth, R. R. No. 2, Norwood, Ga., says "Let those that don't believe write to me." Mrs. Kate Sisk, R. R. No. 1, East Prairie, Mo., says: "May God bless you and your wonderful remedy." Chas. E. Coeli, Waynesboro, Ohio, says: "I can give your medicine great praise—it cured my son." I have scores and scores of similar letters from all parts of the country.

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I want every man, woman and child suffering with this terrible disease, to try my wonderful medicine. Let me prove to you what I can do. If you, a friend or relative are afflicted don't fail to write me at once, give age, how long afflicted, full name and address and expense office. I will prepare and send you at once a large 14-oz. bottle free.

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Four Wheel Chairs in January 221 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

With four wheel chairs in January we make a fair beginning of the new year, for although it is one less than we gave last month it is one more than we sent out in January a year ago. Now let us all do our best to gain at least one chair each month of this year over the corresponding months of last year. Last year we sent out 45 chairs, so a gain of one chair each month would make 57 chairs for this year, and we ought to do that much for the relief of the poor suffering shut-ins.

Following are the names of the recipients of the four January chairs. The figures after each name indicate the number of subscriptions which the friends of each have sent in aid of the Wheel-Chair Club.

Sybilis Pharis, Sheridan, Ark., 200; Mrs. M. Baker, Nauvoo, Mo., 104; Miss M. E. Collins, R. R. 3, Princeton, Minn., 93; Rosa Eran, Springdale, Ark., 74.

Sybilis Pharis sent in a club of 200 subscriptions, all in one bunch, January 7, for a wheel chair for herself, all at 25 cents each and also entered them in the cash prize contest for January, which she had a right to do as all the subscriptions were at the regular subscription rate of 25 cents each. Of course she gets her wheel chair at once, and she will get a good cash prize too; how large, I cannot say until we count up and award the January prizes on the eighth day of February. Here is an energetic shut-in who knows how, with the aid of her friends, to earn a wheel chair and quickly win a cash prize too, all by the same transaction.

Mrs. Baker is 62 years of age, disabled by rheumatism the past eight years and has not walked for six years. Her wheel chair will be a great help to her.

Miss M. E. Collins, age 70, is crippled by rheumatism and has not been able to walk for four years. She is much in need of this wheel chair.

Rosa Eran is a poor crippled little girl of thirteen who is a great sufferer. Her friend and neighbor, Mrs. Grace Lawson, who has been active in getting subscriptions for this wheel chair, writes that little Rosa is only three and one-half feet in height, weighs 60 pounds, and has no use of her lower limbs; that the bones of her legs are like chalk, very brittle, and have been broken seven times and her legs are all out of shape and shrunken; and adds that she will never be able to walk. What a joyless childhood and sad prospect in life—a pitiable case indeed. The school children helped get subscriptions for her.

This is a fair sample of the good that our Wheel-Chair Club is doing every month. Open your hearts and bestir yourselves to boost it along. I have a stack of touching appeals from poor, helpless, hopeless crippled shut-ins for wheel chairs for which they are waiting in patient agony. Will you come to their rescue?

The few letters of thanks and the month's Roll of Honor, which follow, will interest you.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little later each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Another Little Girl Cripple Made Happy by her COMFORT Wheel Chair

CAMDEN, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel chair, and you don't know how happy it has made me. I can wheel myself all over the house, and my little sister can take me anywhere outside I want to go. I want to thank you, Mr. Gannett, and all kind friends who helped me get it. With love to you and many thanks, I am,
Your little friend,
KITTIE ARMSTRONG.

COMFORT Wheel Chair was her Very Best Christmas Present

WORCESTER, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my chair safely just before Christmas, and it certainly is a fine chair in every way, and my very best Christmas gift. I want to thank all my kind friends who helped make this gift possible, and especially I want to thank you and Mr. Gannett, for giving my friends an opportunity to receive this beautiful chair for me. Sincerely and gratefully yours,
MARTHA J. CLEVELAND.

Her Children Wheel her about in her COMFORT Wheel Chair

HUNTLAND, TENN.

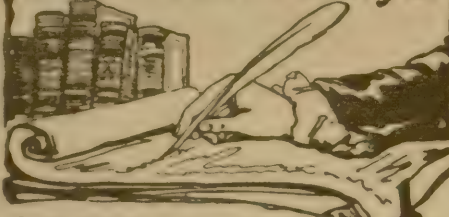
DEAR MR. GANNETT: I received my wheel chair all right and am so well pleased with it that I don't know how to express my thanks for it. I am unable to roll myself in it, but it is such a help for the children can move me about in it. I want to thank you and Uncle Charlie and all my dear friends who helped me to get this splendid chair. I enclose five more subscriptions to use as you think best, and I promise to do all I can in this way to help on the good work of COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club. I remain as ever,
Mrs. CHANEY BRAZELTON.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Sybilis Pharis, Ark., for own wheel chair, 200; Mrs. Louise Moody, Minn., for Miss M. E. Collins, 55; Mrs. Floyd Morris, N. Y., 32; Josie Leonard, Mo., for Mrs. M. Baker, 30; Mrs. Wm. A. Gleason, Kans., for Mrs. W. L. Winkle, 25; Mrs. M. Wood, N. Y., for Martha J. Cleveland, 24; Mrs. Sarah M. Waddell, Ohio, for Mrs. Sarah Waddell, 24; L. Van Lamm, N. Y., for M. J. Cleveland, 23; Martha Sullivan, Ark., for her son, 21; Mrs. Lue Armstrong, N. C., for Angella Sample, 18; Leonard O'Dell, Tex., for David O'Dell, 13; Lillie McIntosh, N. C., for J. D. McIntosh, 13; Louis A. Lohry, Ohio, for own wheel chair, 12; Lillie Phelps, N. C., for Angella Sample, 12; Kittie Armstrong, N. Y., for own wheel chair, 10; Grace Swords, Miss., for Jimmie Swords, 9; Mrs. H. F. Swain, N. C., for Angella Sample, 9; Miss Ethel Greenberger, Pa., for Miss Rose Greenberger, 9; Mrs. C. J. Bouwens Mich., for Martin Krosze, 8; Mrs. Harry Kyle, Ohio, for some worthy person, 8; Mrs. Elizabeth Banto, Ind., for Bernard Beadie, 8; Jennie Wright, Ky., for R. M. Smith, 7; Clara S. MacMillan, Mich., for Alice Webb, Texas, for Mrs. Lue Elia Roark, 7; Alexander C. Rottler, Wis., 6; Garland Jackson, Tenn., 6; Sadie Scully, Ark., for M. Baker, 6; Mrs. Louis Kocher, N. J., 6; Annie L. Vinson, Ala., for Miss Gailie Hill, 5; Mrs. O. Platte, Idaho, 5; Mrs. Alice Wadsworth, Minn., for Mary Atteper, 5; Mrs. Wm. Sterling, N. J., for most needy, 5; Miss Winnie Dunks, Mo., 5; Mrs. Mary Whitcomb, N. H., for Mrs. M. A. Warren, 5; Mrs. Jno. W. Carroll, Mo., 5; Mrs. W. Ties, Cal., 5; Mrs. Chaney Brazelton, Tenn., 5; Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Leupp, Wash., 5; Mrs. J. P. Kilby, Wash., 5; Mrs. Jesse Leupp, for one most needy, 5; Mrs. H. H. Gray, Ark., for Bernard Beadie, 5; Mrs. R. Burnell, Ohio, 5; Mrs. Nettie L. Reid, Wash., 5; Goldie Lewis, Ohio, 5.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any put-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, as far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER, August, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. A. I. F., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that a legally adopted child has the same rights of inheritance from the foster parents' estate as any other child. That children may be disinherited by will; that the child of a widow, by a former marriage, would have no rights of inheritance from the second husband's estate unless some provision was made by will or unless such child was legally adopted by the husband; that to constitute legal adoption a decree, order or judgment of some court of competent jurisdiction, confirming such adoption would be necessary.

Cow Boy, Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a husband or wife, leaving no will, real estate descends as follows: (1) One fourth part to the husband or wife if the survivor is not the parent of all the children of the deceased and there be one or more children, or the issue of one or more deceased children, surviving; (2) one third part to the husband or wife if the survivor is the parent of all the children of the deceased, and there be two or more children, or one child and the issue of one or more deceased children, surviving; (3) one half to the husband or wife, if the survivor is the parent of the child, and there be only one child, or the issue of a deceased child surviving; (4) one half to the husband or wife if there be no child, nor the issue of any deceased child or children, surviving; (5) If the decedent leaves no relative of his or her blood the whole estate would go to the surviving husband or wife; we think that, after payment of debts, the residue of personal property would be distributed to the same persons, and in the same proportion as real estate.

N. M. R., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving no lineal descendant, no widow, and no parent, his estate would descend, in equal shares, to the brothers and sisters of the intestate, and to the issue of any deceased brother or sister by right of representation.

O. M., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the person under contract with you to purchase your real estate will be in default unless he meets the terms of the contract on the date fixed in the contract without any days of grace being allowed to him, unless, of course, you voluntarily extend the time.

R. D. P., Vermont.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving no issue, her husband would receive the whole estate if the same did not exceed two thousand dollars; if the estate exceeds this amount, we think the husband would receive two thousand dollars and one half of the balance, of course, if she left a will or if she left issue the division would be in a different way; we think children can be disinherited by will; we think the

usual grounds for the contest of a will are lack of testamentary capacity, undue influence, that the will is not legally drawn or executed, or that the will does not express the testator's true intent.

X. Y. Z., Wisconsin.—We do not think the children, of an alien, born outside of this country can become citizens of this country without being naturalized, unless the father becomes a naturalized citizen during the minority of the children. We do not know who first invented sewing machines, nor which of the present manufacturers of the same was first in the field.

A. C. W., Nebraska.—We think that if the banker you mention had accepted from you interest to some future date upon your indebtedness to him such acceptance would amount to an extension of the time of the payment of your debt to him until such time as the interest was paid, and that he could not, before that time, and without process of law, apply moneys, sent through him as an agent to you for a specific purpose, on account of your indebtedness to him; we think that if he did this and if the facts are as stated above, you should proceed against him in the proper action for the recovery of your money, or for his punishment.

Miss N. W., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving a widow and children by two marriages, his homestead would go to the widow for life, with remainder over to all of his children, the issue of any deceased child to take the parent's share; we think the consent of the children by both marriages would be necessary to convey good title in a voluntary sale of such homestead property.

D. E. T., Illinois.—We are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no issue, but leaving a widow, a parent, brother or sister or their descendants, under the laws of Illinois the widow would receive one half of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate absolutely; that under the laws of Iowa, under similar circumstances, we think the widow would receive one half of both the real and personal estate.

T. M. S., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your proper remedy against the neighbor who has a portion of your land enclosed within his fence, is to bring an action for ejectment against him; we think that upon the entry of a court judgment in such an action, awarding you the right to the possession of the land, you can legally eject him from same; we think that under the laws of your state the time for bringing action for the recovery of real estate is limited to seven years.

Miss E. T., Indiana.—Under the laws of the United States, we are of the opinion that all copyrighted matter is protected to the author during the life of such copyright, namely, twenty-eight years with the privilege of a like renewal.

This Stem Wind WATCH FREE AND RING
American Watch, guaranteed 5 years, case Solid Composition Gilt Metal, looks and wears like gold, also Ring, with Sparkling Gem. BOTH FREE for sending 20 packages BLUINE at 10c each for them.
BLUINE MFG. CO.
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FREE
Sweet toned violin, horse hair bow, box of music, given for sending 20 pkgs. Post Cards or 20 Art and Religious pictures at 10c. Order your choice today.
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ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER CURED

TRIAL TREATMENT MAILED FREE

I want every person suffering from these cruel, torturous and dangerous diseases to let me send to them by mail, postpaid, absolutely free, a trial treatment of my guaranteed and harmless Asthma and Hay Fever Remedy, which gives instant relief and has cured hundreds of cases, many of which had been pronounced beyond help. Throw away the old-fashioned and out-of-date treatments, such as atomizers, inhalers and the so-called blood purifiers, and write at once for the free treatment. Delays are dangerous. Address

Dr. F. G. KINSMAN, Box 675, Augusta, Maine

ROSES!

6 Beautiful Monthly Blooming
6 Roses Delivered to Your Door
For One New Subscription!

BEAUTIFUL Charming Roses in profusion that anybody can grow in any climate and secure without money cost a rare collection of six, hardy, vigorous growing rose plants that will bloom and bloom all summer transforming your flower garden into a veritable paradise of grace and radiant colors. The six varieties described below are strong, well-rooted plants ready to be transplanted to your garden as soon as you receive them and we guarantee that they will grow and thrive beautifully if given proper care and attention. No matter in what part of the United States you live, our growers will send them to you at the proper time to plant according to the schedule printed below. Please remember, however, that these dates may vary from ten to fifteen days in event of an extremely early or late spring, so you need not become anxious if they should not reach you just on the date named in schedule. The rose growers who supply us are perfectly familiar with planting conditions in your locality and you may depend upon them to forward the roses to you at the best time for you to put them in the ground. Following is a brief description of each of the six varieties of beautiful ever-blooming roses given you free on this great offer:

Robin Hood

This new variety of intense and dazzling color is a grand grower producing strong heavy canes and often attaining a height of four to five feet in a single season, forming a most shapely bush with an abundance of delightfully fresh green foliage which is not subject to disease or insect attack. Robin Hood blooms with the first days of spring continuously throughout the growing season, a single plant producing innumerable flowers well above the foliage. The flowers are of beautiful form, full, double and perfectly moulded, of a glorious rosy scarlet that is at once soft, bright and lasting while the fragrance is delicious beyond description. This magnificent rose seems to have been endowed with all the charms and grace of the entire rose family.

Crimson Rambler

It has been the ambition of all flower growers to produce an ever-blooming type. This has now been accomplished in the production of this variety. The new ever-blooming Crimson Rambler is a plant of very vigorous growth making shoots from eight to ten feet during the season. It is magnificent in form completely covering itself with bright green and glossy foliage. The flowers are produced in great pyramidal clusters, each flower measuring from one to two inches in diameter. The color is the most vivid crimson and best of all this variety blooms from early spring until late autumn proving a constant source of pleasure and delight.

Maiden's Blush

Here we have an indispensable rose for producing bed-ding or decorative purposes just recently introduced but fast gaining popularity with all flower lovers on account of its wondrous beauty. It is a very vigorous and healthy plant, hardy enough to stand all climates and quickly forming a handsome shapely bush the first season it is planted. It is one of the easiest of all roses to grow as it will thrive in any ordinary garden soil, quickly clothing itself with beautiful glossy foliage and producing in amazing profusion large, double flowers all through the season. The delicate blending of colors in this variety is almost indescribable; delicate rose tints are in the center of the flower, gradually shading into pale blush and creamy white.

Kaiserin Augusta Victoria

This wonderful rose is now hailed by flower growers as the greatest rose creation of modern times. With a hardy vigorous constitution growing to perfection regardless of soil or circumstances, it has the most magnificent foliage that is possessed by any variety. It is a tremendous grower blooming continuously, producing immense double grandly formed flowers on long stiff stems. It is practically impossible to describe the delicate tints of rich creamy white, slightly lemon tinted near the center, a color effect both entirely new and distinct. The Kaiserin is one of the most beautiful garden roses for general planting and easily outranks in popularity all other varieties because of its own superior merit.

DATES TO PLANT ROSES.

Latitude of	Planting Date
Florida, Calif., Tex.,	after Feb. 1
Ariz., Okla., So. Cal.,	after Mch. 1
Wash., Tenn., Va.,	after Apr. 1
Nev., Kans., Mo.,	after May 1
Iowa, Okla., W. Va.,	
Mont., Mich., N. Y., and all New England States	

Rena Robbins

This is the long wished-for genuine golden yellow ever-blooming rose. When Rena Robbins was introduced it was hailed with delight for it represents a new color in its class and it has become the greatest of all golden yellow roses for home culture. It grows to perfection in any ordinary soil in all sections of the country and bears continuously great numbers of lovely flowers of immense size, on stiff erect stems which stand out well above the plant giving it a regal appearance. As stated above the color is deep golden yellow, but now and then in the later stages of its development, the petals assume a rich creamy tint which still further enhances its beauty.

Wm. Shean

This is a famous ever-blooming pink rose of supreme merit—the ideal rose in every respect showing marvelous beauty and a healthy constitution. It is a strong vigorous grower, developing into a sturdy symmetrical bush with heavy, handsome foliage. It blooms very freely the entire season producing great masses of the most beautiful roses on long stiff stems. The flowers are magnificent in form, immense in size and composed of large shell-shaped petals. The fragrance is delicious, the color a beautiful sparkling pink so vivid as to fairly startle one with its brilliancy. This is a queen among roses and one with which you will be very much delighted.

Remember

These roses are all strong healthy plants, on their own roots and will be sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid in wet months that you will be sure to receive them in perfect condition as when they leave the greenhouse. You may accept this offer with the perfect assurance that these beautiful ever-blooming roses will grow and develop into rare specimen beauties. If any fail to grow we hereby guarantee to replace them for you free of all cost.

Free Offer. Send us one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year for 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and we will send you by Parcel Post prepaid the above described collection of six, Beautiful, Ever-Blooming Roses. If you desire us to send them immediately be sure to say so in your order otherwise the roses will not be mailed to you until the proper time arrives for you to plant them in your garden. Premium No. 672.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Big Box Initial Stationery, Envelopes And Handsome, New Style, Guaranteed Watch



Complete Writing Outfit

It, in place of this illustration, we could actually show you this splendid assortment of handsome high grade embossed monogram initial stationery with envelopes to match and complete outfit of everything you need to write with, you would not believe it possible for us to make such an offer. However, that is just what we are doing and you will miss a big bargain if you don't take advantage of it at once. It is now the height of fashion and evidence of the very best taste to use stationery with your own monogram initial or "crest" on it, so in this big outfit we have arranged to give you two dozen sheets pure white linen stationery 10 1/2 x 6 1/4 inches in size, each sheet beautifully embossed in dainty colors with any monogram initial you desire, two dozen envelopes, two combination sheets guide lines and blotters, same size as stationery, and a complete outfit of writing materials consisting of memorandum tablet with pencil, combination penholder, one dozen best quality steel pens one pencil, one combination pencil and eraser and a handsomely decorated and embossed metal tray. The complete outfit being packed in a tasty box and sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid. You would have to pay many visits to the stores to get together such a splendid assortment of writing material as this and pay a big price for it in the bargain, but COMFORT is always able to buy direct from the manufacturers at wholesale prices and this tells the story how we can afford to give you such big value as a premium for a very small club to COMFORT. Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors on this high grade quality stationery. Remember you get one full quire of choice paper and twenty-four envelopes besides all the other articles in this complete writer's outfit so don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it. It is yours free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this splendid Writing Outfit exactly as pictured and described above free as a premium. When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Premium No. 392. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Hot Water Bottle

A Necessity In Every Home



Made Of Pure Rubber Fully Guaranteed

Will Outwear All Other Makes

Positively Will Not Crack or Leak

This Hot Water Bottle has a capacity of 1 1/2 quarts and is fitted with a patented "hold fast" stopper attached to the inside of the neck of the bottle so that it cannot become mislaid or lost and the stopper also screws into the bottle in such a manner that it positively cannot leak. The best quality of Goodyear rubber of a maroon color is used in making up this bottle, consequently we can safely guarantee that it will never harden or crack as do the ordinary hot water bottles which are usually made of imitation rubber. For the children and old folks on cold winter nights, for invalids, for the sick room, for a thousand and one purposes a good hot water bottle is a necessity in every household, therefore if you are not already supplied you should by all means take advantage of this offer at once. Even if you already have one or more bottles around the house we doubt that they are as well made as this one unless, of course, you paid a pretty big price for them. The bottle offered you here would doubtless cost you about two dollars if you bought it outright in any store, but we can purchase them direct from the manufacturer at jobbing prices and hence are in a position to make you a very liberal offer. We will send you this Hot Water Bottle exactly as described upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only five 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed Goodyear Rubber Hot Water Bottle free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 608. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Colored Petticoat

FREE for a Club of 4

Styles in women's dress have undergone many changes during the past year or so, the most noticeable being the narrow skirts ranging all the way from medium down to the famous hobble skirt which has caused so much discussion and even amusement among the better dressed class of people. To keep pace with this radical change in style of dress the petticoats are now made with the old style fullness and come in handsome colors of Kelly green, and Cerise or "American Beauty." We illustrate here the very latest style in these new colored petticoats made of handsome, high-grade antique or "farmer's satin" with finished seams and deep flounce which come in the popular colors above mentioned and you can have your choice of the color which best suits your taste. Every woman to be in fashion now needs one or more of these handsome petticoats which fit so nicely and hang so gracefully having not near so much fullness as the old style petticoat and yet not of the extreme hobble style. Be sure to specify size and color wanted when ordering. We have them in sizes all the way from 28 to 44 and will send you your exact size and color desired if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome stylish colored petticoats free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 619. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Set of Water Colors and Oil Paints

20 Different Colors & Brush FREE For Only Two Subscriptions

Most every boy and girl and lots of grown people, too, like to paint pictures of flowers, of scenery, etc., and we have secured this elegant set of water colors and oil paints above illustrated and now for the first time offer it free as a premium. It is not a cheap, ordinary five or ten cent set of water colors such as you generally see in the stores. The handsome box is 7 1/2 inches long, 3 1/2 inches wide, made of heavy metal enameled white on the inside and black on the outside, and contains eight different water colors and two tubes of oil paint. The water colors are Sepia, Cobalt Blue, Orange, Silk Green, Flake White, Violet, Burnt Sienna, Crimson Lake, Light Red, Vermilion, Yellow Ochre, Gamboge, Van Dyke Brown, Yellow, Ivory Black, Green Blue, Prussian Blue, Ultramarine. The oil paints come in Green and White. A very fine camel-hair paint brush, six inches long, completes this splendid outfit which is yours free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this splendid set of water colors and oil paints free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 633. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

EBONIZED BRUSH, COMB AND MIRROR SET



Latest Pattern Silverine Shields for Monogram. Beveled Mirror and Fitted Case

Delivered Free by Parcel Post Paid for only Five Subs. to COMFORT.

There does not live a girl whose heart would not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this well built black finished set. A man's heart is pleased, realizing well the beauty of work in the brush with its fine white bristles, the excellent fitted beveled mirror and finely made comb. A woman is still a girl, only grown up, and to think of really owning this set seems in many cases the realization of some fairy's dream.

The brush is nine inches long, 2 1/2 wide, firmly set with white bristles, with shield of Silverine Mirror. The comb is eight and one half inches long, 4 1/2 inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely beveled glass set with rich Ebonyoid frame. Comb is seven inches long, 1 1/2 inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. We will guarantee that there is not one person in one hundred who can tell this set from real \$12.00 Ebony, so closely has the rich, black, dull finish been represented. This is a really excellent Premium No. 260.

New Offer. For only five 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this Set Free as a premium by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A Warranted Timekeeper—Best American Movement—Stem Wind and Set.

Here is a watch that any man or boy may feel proud to carry, not alone on account of its handsome, refined appearance, but, because it is always on the dot—a splendid, dependable timekeeper that will keep as near perfect time as any watch you ever saw no matter what the price. Of course, this is not an expensive watch because it is not in a gold or silver case, but for practical every-day use it is just as good as any watch costing from \$20.00 to \$35.00. In fact, we have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee which is just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make. It has a handsome polished nickel case with an unusually thick crystal which will stand all sorts of rough handling without becoming broken; the movement is the best American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures on its face and, as shown in the illustration, it has the hour, minute and second hands like all high-priced watches. We have already given away thousands of these watches without having one of them returned to us or receiving a single complaint and this we think is sufficient evidence that it never fails to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these handsome, guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a handsome stylish chain and fob, if you will accept the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only five 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain and fob, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Premium No. 399. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Learn To Play Piano or Organ Without a Teacher!

New Chart Of Chords And Album Of 184 Songs Free For 2 Subscribers.

There have been many so-called easy methods and charts devised to help one learn to play piano or organ, but none of them can be compared with the new Chart of Chords. It is the invention of a noted American composer and musician who has spent years of his life in the study of music. With this chart you can in a short time actually become an expert organist or pianist playing accompaniments to the most difficult songs at sight as well as dance music, marches, etc. This Chart is valuable to advanced musicians as well as to the beginner, embracing nearly every major and minor chord used in music. It is the most comprehensive yet simplest self-instructor in the study of music ever published and is heartily endorsed by music teachers and musicians everywhere. If you order this chart at once we will also include free our Giant Album of Songs, containing 184 songs including many of the greatest hits.

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you the Chart of Chords and Giant Album of 184 Songs Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 418. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



2000 RECIPES

YOURS FOR ONE Subscription

HERE is a book which may well be called the housewife's treasure—the home-keeper's delight. The Every Day Cook Book is not one of those big ponderous volumes full of technical directions for concocting high-toned expensive dishes which only rich people can afford, but it is a neat little book filled to the brim with easy, practical, economical, concise recipes that are real money savers in these distressing times when the high cost of living is bothering the most of us. In this treasure book are two thousand tried and tested recipes for cooking every known variety of food in the easiest and most economical manner. It tells any woman without experience how to quickly make hundreds of savory, appetizing nourishing dishes for husband and family and at the same time keep the grocery bill down to the minimum thus saving money which to buy a few of the luxuries as well as the necessities of life. The Every Day Cook Book is 6 1/2 inches in size, contains two hundred pages is bound in strong handsome paper covers and we will send you a copy without cost upon the terms of the following

FREE OFFER. For only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT (not your own) for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you a copy of The Every Day Cook Book by mail post-paid. Get this book today and commence cutting down your living expenses and at the same time have more and better food to eat than you ever did before. Premium No. 657. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gold Plated

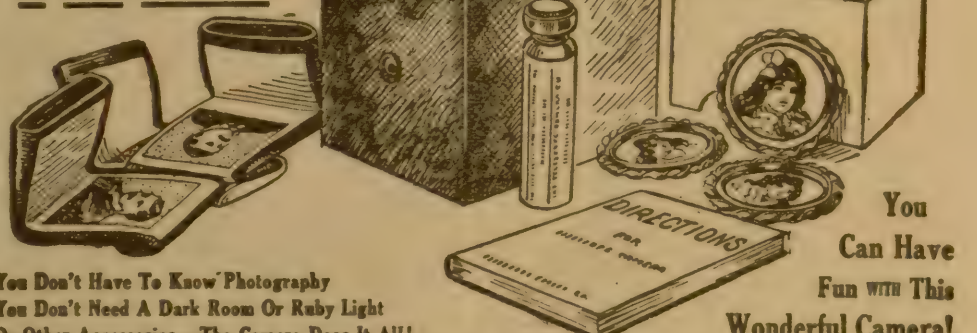
WATCH IMITATION BRACELET

Sliding Bar Links Will Fit Any Wrist

The new style Watch Bracelets which have high-grade watches attached to them are very expensive and only the wealthy class can afford to wear them. Here, however, is something which so far as appearance goes will answer nearly as well. As you will note by above illustration the bracelet offered here looks exactly like the real article, in fact the bracelet itself is practically as good because the links are gold plated and finely finished but the watch instead of being a real lady's watch is a cute and pleasing little imitation, showing the minute and second hands, a white dial with Arabic figures while the case and stem are made to resemble as closely as possible a real watch. It is safe to say that if you wear this bracelet on the street, not one out of a hundred people who pass you will realize that you are not wearing a real watch bracelet, the difference can only be detected by close examination. The Watch Bracelet is so much in style nowadays that we thought the bracelet offered above would prove to be a very pleasing substitute for those of our readers who cannot afford the more expensive kind, and as it is really a very handsome little article of jewelry we feel sure that every girl and woman to whom we send one will be greatly pleased with it. It will fit a small child or a woman with equal satisfaction as the sliding bar links instantly adjust themselves to any size wrist. We will send you this cute novelty bracelet upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this imitation Watch Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 670. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Wonderful New Photo-Button Camera That Will Produce A Finished Picture In Two Minutes!



You Don't Have To Know Photography You Don't Need A Dark Room Or Ruby Light Or Other Accessories—The Camera Does It All!

And It's Yours Free For A Club Of Two!

Just think of it! A camera with which you can take, develop and finish a picture in just two minutes. To you this may seem impossible, but it is true nevertheless. Think of the amusement and pleasure to be had taking photographs of your own family and your friends and neighbors with this camera and delivering them the finished pictures while they wait. And the beauty of it all is, this wonderful camera does all the work itself. You don't have to know anything about photography in order to take pictures with this camera—you don't need to spend money fitting up a dark room and buying ruby lights and chemicals and the dozens of other conveniences which are absolutely necessary to have with the ordinary camera. This new Photo-Button Camera does away with all that trouble and expense because you can take, develop and finish the pictures in broad daylight. You can commence taking pictures with this camera just as soon as you receive it, for we also give you a complete outfit consisting of photo plates, developing fluid, developing tank, and complete instructions how to go ahead and be successful from the very start. You cannot possibly fail to produce fine pictures of any of your folks or your friends, or of the old pet horse, dog, cat, cow or anything else you wish to make a portrait of and you can mount the pictures in pretty Brooch Button frames like those illustrated above. And aside from the fun and pleasure you will have you should also be able to make

CLUB OFFER. For only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this Photo-Button Camera and Complete Outfit Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 659. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Shetland Wool Shawl

These silvered chain bandeaus are made to be worn both on the hair or around the neck. They are very attractive looking and come in the two rosy or the large brilliant white which are cut in such a manner that sparkling colors radiate from the different facets. They are especially **attractive** when worn in the hair, and will make a great addition to your toilet.

The bandeau is almost a foot long and fastens at one end in a large white ring in the center of the back of the neck. The chain is made of small links and when worn on the neck it can be held together by a large ring and is very beautiful. There is nothing to tarnish or run.

down to the two strands of silvered twisted flexible wire with end rings as shown in the illustration. They can be worn at all seasons, and under the glare of the lights or sun the brilliant throw colors and rays which are produced, make them a most desirable and becoming headgear. **Premium No. 435.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

small bow of black velvet or any colored ribbon. They will not discolor the skin or break the hair. **Nice for a birthday present or souvenir gift.** For a club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one of these handsome and becoming bandeaus free by Parcel Post.

CLUB OFFER: For a club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one of these handsome and becoming bandeaus free by Parcel Post.

Whose Little Girl Wants ME? I am The

Look At Me!

I Have Real Eye-lashes

MY ARMS and LEGS are JOINED

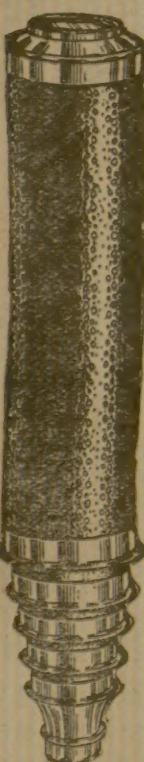
Go to Sleep Like a Real Baby

Cutest, Sweetest Baby Doll in Toyland and You Can Have Me FREE!

YES, this beautiful, curly-haired doll is free to any little girl and on such liberal terms that we expect to give away thousands of them during the next few months. Don't think she is anywhere near as small as she looks to be in the picture for she stands nearly a foot and a quarter high. She has a real kid body and her beautiful head is almost indestructible because it is made of bisque. You can make her stand up or sit down in a chair, or bend over or assume all sorts of natural positions because her arms are jointed at shoulder and elbow and her legs at hip and knee. When you lie her down she closes her eyes and goes to sleep and when you pick her up she is wide awake again. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in luxuriant curls, her eyes are blue as the sky, she has real eye-lashes—not the "make believe" kind—and taken altogether she is certainly the cutest and sweetest baby doll in all toyland. With exception of her handsome black openwork lace stockings and cunning little slippers with bow and buckle she comes to you dressed so that you can make your own dresses for her and dress and undress her to your heart's content. Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful doll in the picture as she stands smiling with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her, kiss her and put on her gay little dress! Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you free packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken if you will accept the terms of the following special

Free Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome Doll exactly as described by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 455. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Powerful 3½ Ft. Telescope

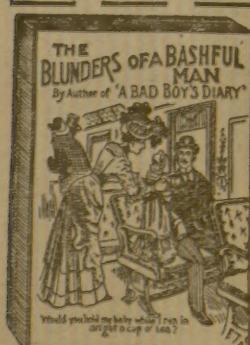


This is not a worthless toy but a real telescope made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe. When closed as shown in the illustration it is 12 inches long with a circumference of 3-4 inches, when all five sections are pulled out its full length is over 3-1/2 feet. It is well made of the best material, brass bound throughout; the lens are carefully ground and adjusted by experts and are so powerful that objects miles away are brought right up to your eyes with astonishing clearness. In fact with this telescope it is really possible to pick out and identify houses, barns, horses, cattle, streams, ponds, bits of scenery, etc., at a range of from 5 to 10 miles. Such a telescope as this is an absolute necessity to farmers and ranchmen, as a matter of fact it is something needed in every home whether in city, town or country. The young people always enjoy the use of a good telescope and they are just fine to take along on hunting, fishing, touring or vacation trips. As a rule a telescope of this size sells for a very high price but COMFORT has contracted for an enormous quantity of them thus bringing the cost down low enough so that we can give them away as a premium. If you really want a good telescope do not hesitate to order this one because it is fully guaranteed by the manufacturer and that guarantee is backed up by us. With this telescope we also send you a Solar Eye Piece which you can use to study the sun and solar eclipses and you get the whole outfit free and prepaid on the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this big two inch long Telescope with Solar Eye Piece by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 602. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Mysterious Sun Spots. You Can See Them With This Telescope

You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at



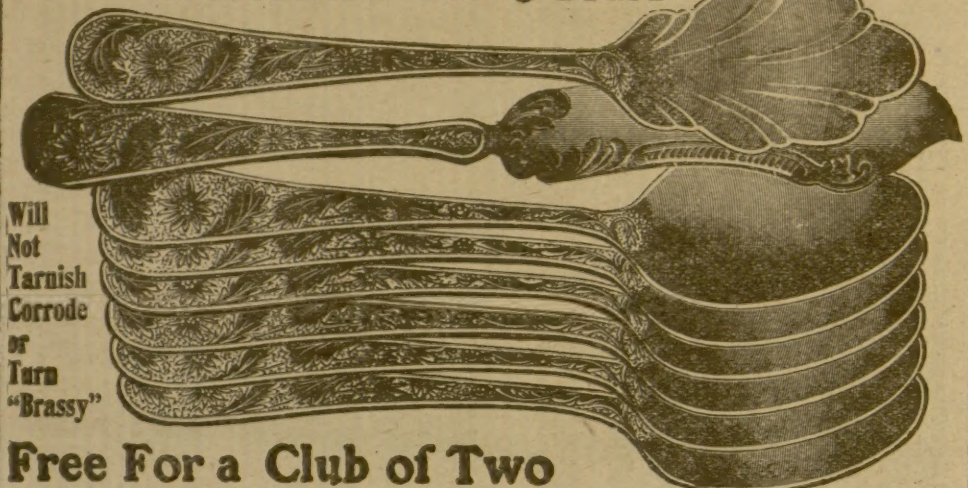
"The Blunders of a Bashful Man"

You need this great book! You cannot do without it! For, chasing away melancholia, dissipating gloom and banishing trouble you will find it better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world and it has the circus and vaudeville beaten a mile. This great story is the world's champion funny book and you must read it because it eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling mirth and irresistible humor rejuvenates your whole body. In this screamingly funny story you follow with rapid attention and hilarious delight the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly bashful young man who stumbles on through a succession of astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments that will convulse you with cyclonic laughter causing you to hold both sides for fear of exploding from an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker, rib tickler and laugh-provoker this great story "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once. It contains one hundred pages of boldest fun, is illustrated and bound in handsome colored covers and it is yours without cost on the terms of the following

FREE OFFER. For only one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or for your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (25 cents in all) you will receive a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" by mail post-paid. Get this funniest of all funny stories and read it now. You will never forget it as long as you live. Premium No. 656. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful 8-Piece Silver Set

Warranted For 5 Years



Free For a Club of Two

Although we are giving away this beautiful 8-Piece Silver Set for a very small club to COMFORT, yet it is the greatest value as a premium that we have ever offered. As you know, most low-priced silverware is silver plated on a brass base so that just as soon as the silver wears off the brass shows and spoils its looks forever. This 8-Piece Set, however, is silver plated on a pure white metal base which is in itself a guarantee of its everlasting wearing qualities. The silver plate may wear off in time, but, as the spoons, butter knife and sugar shell are the same color all the way through, you will readily understand why it is they will never show signs of wear, tarnish or turn "brassy." The teaspoons, sugar shell and butter-knife in this beautiful set are full size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated as shown in the above illustration while the bowls of the spoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. So confident are we that this beautiful set of silverware will delight every woman who accepts our offer that we hereby guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send you this 8-piece silver set exactly as described, if you will accept the following special

CLUB OFFER: For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this 8-Piece Silver Set, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Premium No. 394. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains

Full Width And Nine Feet Long

This is a brand new offer and much more liberal than our previous offers of Lace Curtains because we are now enabled to buy the genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains direct from the mills cheaper than ever before in the history of our business. The curtains we now offer you are full width and three yards long which is large enough for the largest window, and are designed after the latest up-to-date pattern, with handsome wide border and firm well-finished edge. These beautiful curtains are suited to any room in your house whether it be parlor, sitting-room or chambers and there is an air of elegance and refinement about them which will dress up any room in your house no matter how richly furnished it may be. We guarantee that every woman who accepts this offer will be proud of these curtains—proud of their real beauty and value and proud of the fact that she secured them without paying out one cent of money. We are now giving away these curtains free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair of these curtains free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you two pairs for a club of seven 15-months subscriptions, or three pairs for a club of ten. Premium No. 409. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Great Japanese Rug about Six Feet Long

Given For a Club of Only Four

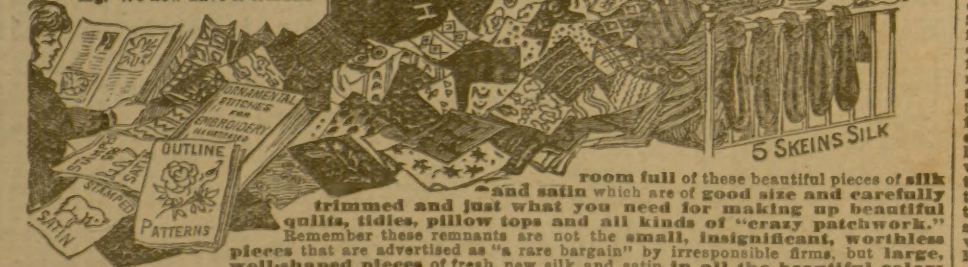
This unusual offering was gotten of a large importing house who make a specialty in dealing in big quantities of these **Botan or Matting Rugs.** It is closely woven of fine Japanese matting and is thus strong and durable. It has an elaborate Oriental design, which is brought out by the bright colors being interwoven with the finely shaded texture of the matting itself, of which our illustration gives but a faint idea. The colors are of such a blend and are so harmonious in the variegated shades of red, blue and green that it is appropriate to use in any room in the house, especially for the chambers or living-room. It will lay closely to the floor or fit nicely over a defaced carpet. They are of such good size, about 72 inches long and thirty-six inches wide, that two of them make a good covering for the floor of a fair sized room. They are a very serviceable rug to use as they do not easily soil and can be readily cleaned with a damp cloth and the color design thus be kept fresh and bright. It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction and if you once have one of these rugs come into your home you will almost be compelled to get up another club and secure more of them, they are given on such easy terms and are so entirely

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver one of these Rugs by Parcel Post. Premium No. 420. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Big Package Silk and Satin REMNANTS FREE!

Large Piece of Plush and 5 Skeins Embroidery Silk

Remnants of real silk, stamped satin and beautiful plush in all shapes and all colors of the rainbow. For years COMFORT has made this offer to its thousands of friends and subscribers and this year we can do more for you than ever before because the factories have on hand an enormous accumulation of these rich goods and in order to get rid of them are willing to sell them to us for little or nothing. We now have a whole

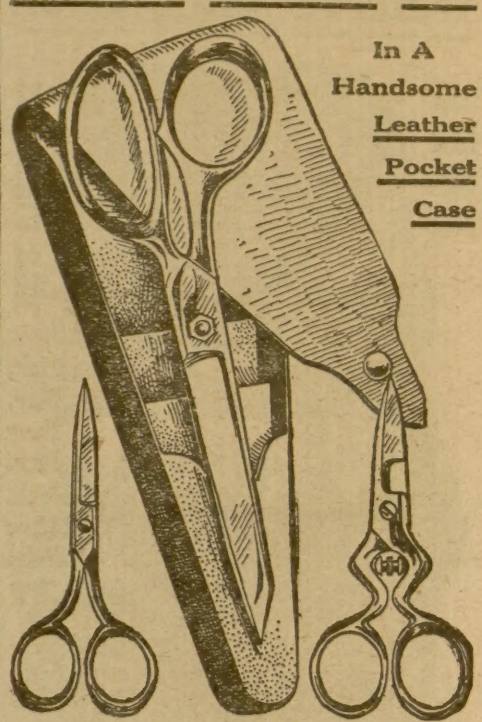


room full of these beautiful pieces of silk and satin which are of good size and carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "cray patchwork." Remember these remnants are not the small, insignificant, worthless pieces that are advertised as "a rare bargain" by irresponsible firms, but large, well-shaped pieces of fresh, new silk and satin in all the beautiful colors which were in style this season and we send you a big package containing from one hundred to two hundred pieces besides a large, elegant piece of plush and 5 skeins handsome embroidery silk of different bright colors. If you order at once we will also send you, in addition to everything else, an **Instruction Book** with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of cray patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join the edges, etc. This book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these besides containing full and explicit directions for working the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch also directions for Kensington painting. Remember you get one big lot of these Silk and Satin Remnants (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins handsome Embroidery Silk of different colors, one big piece of Plush, and an **Instruction Book**, as above described, all sent to you free by Parcel Post prepaid if you will accept the following special

Club Offer: one big package of Silk and Satin Remnants, Plush, Embroidery Silk and Instruction Book, as described above, free by Parcel post prepaid. For a club of three we will send you two packages, or five packages for a club of four.

SPECIAL: If you wish you may send in your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for 15 months at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and receive one package of these Remnants free. Premium No. 555. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

3-Piece Scissor Set

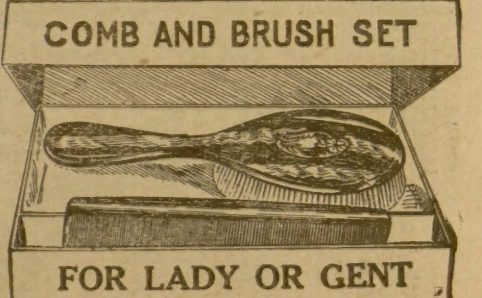


In A Handsome Leather Pocket Case

Given for A Club of Four

This handsome and useful 3-Piece Shear-and-Scissor Set is something actually needed in every home. The Shears are 8 inches long, made of the very best steel, highly tempered, and handsomely nickel plated. They are ground down to a sharp keen edge which will last almost indefinitely without resharpening. The Buttonhole Scissors are also made of fine quality steel 4-1/4 inches in length with a patented gauge as shown in the illustration. By simply screwing this gauge one way or the other any desired size buttonhole can be instantly made without loss of time or trouble. The Embroidery Scissors are 4-1/4 inches long, made of the same high quality steel, and beautifully nickel plated. The complete assortment comes in a handsome leather pocket carrying case which fastens with a ball-and-socket device. This case makes it very convenient to carry all three pieces in the pocket or in shopping or traveling bag. This is one of the most useful premiums we have ever offered and we expect a great demand for it among COMFORT's lady and girl readers who have lots of sewing and home dressmaking work to do. We will send you this 3-Piece Shear-and-scissor set in handsome leather case exactly as above described free on the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this 3-Piece Shear-and-Scissor Set in its Leather Case free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 654. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



COMB AND BRUSH SET

FOR LADY OR GENT

Malachite Green Finish all Boxed in Fitted Green Case Safely Delivered Free by Parcel Post

THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new Comb and Brush Set. The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish in the back of brush with the Silver-tone shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is nine inches long over 2-1/2 inches wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. The Comb is black, seven inches long and one and one-half inches wide with coarse and fine teeth. A Remarkable Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send this Set No. 223 Free as a Premium for your work. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

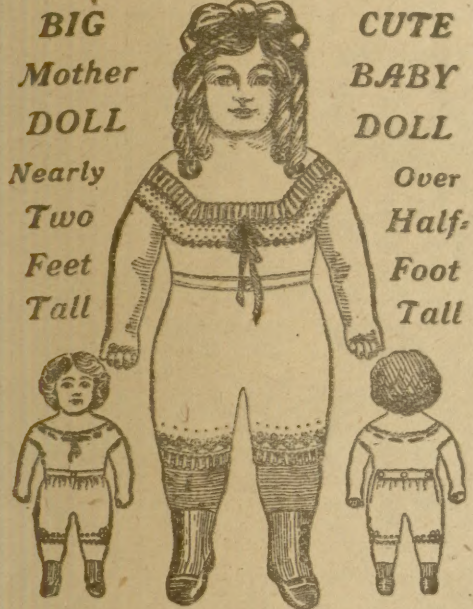
Wonderful New Stereoscope AND 100 ENTERTAINING VIEWS



Lions, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals, Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days. Here is something as good as a circus for the children the year round—an indestructible, new style, Stereoscope made of all metal with powerful, magnifying lens, and with it we give you free a big collection of 100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes, all kinds of trained and wild animals, hunting scenes, views from the Arctic and tropical countries, and happy childhood scenes—the biggest and finest assortment of the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopes at hand because it will give them a never-ending, joyful entertainment keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the fifty beautiful scenes of home life, the fifty exciting animal views will furnish them with a regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo, and all kinds of wild and savage animals as well as horses, dogs, cats and other domestic animals standing out real and life-like when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following

FREE OFFER. Send us only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive by Parcel Post prepaid this fine Stereoscope complete with the 100 Views exactly as described above. Premium No. 646. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Free to Little Girls!



Mothers, Don't Fail To Read This Offer!

COMFORT wants to give free to your little girl and every little girl this handsome Doll Family stamped in beautiful colors on strong cloth with full directions so that you can cut them out, stuff and sew them up in less than ten minutes. Mother Doll is almost as big as a real live baby for she stands nearly two feet high while the cute little Baby Doll which you see in the picture stands over half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. They have beautiful golden hair which hangs in the dearest curls you ever saw and fastened with a bright red ribbon bow that cannot get lost or become untied, handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes which smile at you in such a life-like way that you would almost think she were ready to speak and say "Mamma." As shown in above illustration they also are dressed in dainty lace-trimmed underwear with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots. Both dolls together—the big Mother Doll and the sweet Baby Doll—make the cutest and prettiest Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are lots better for the little folks than the more expensive bisque and china dolls because they will not break or snarl their pretty hair or lose their eyes. There is no little girl who will not instantly fall in love with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you both doll—the big Mother Doll and her Baby Doll—free by Parcel Post prepaid on the terms of the following special

Free Offer. Send only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive both dolls free and exactly as described above. This is our Premium No. 463.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pure Flax Imported Drawnwork Scarf



Combed and knotted, and ornamented with a border design running all around the scarf in a large zigzag design of hand-made drawnwork that is elaborated into a very pretty pattern at the ends of the scarf. It is of serviceable texture and attractive appearance, in patterns similar to illustration, all pure linen. Size sixteen by sixty-seven inches and given FREE for only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months.

Premium No. 332. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TWO YARD LONG SILK MUSLIN SCARF



Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Handsome Three-Piece Dutch Curtains



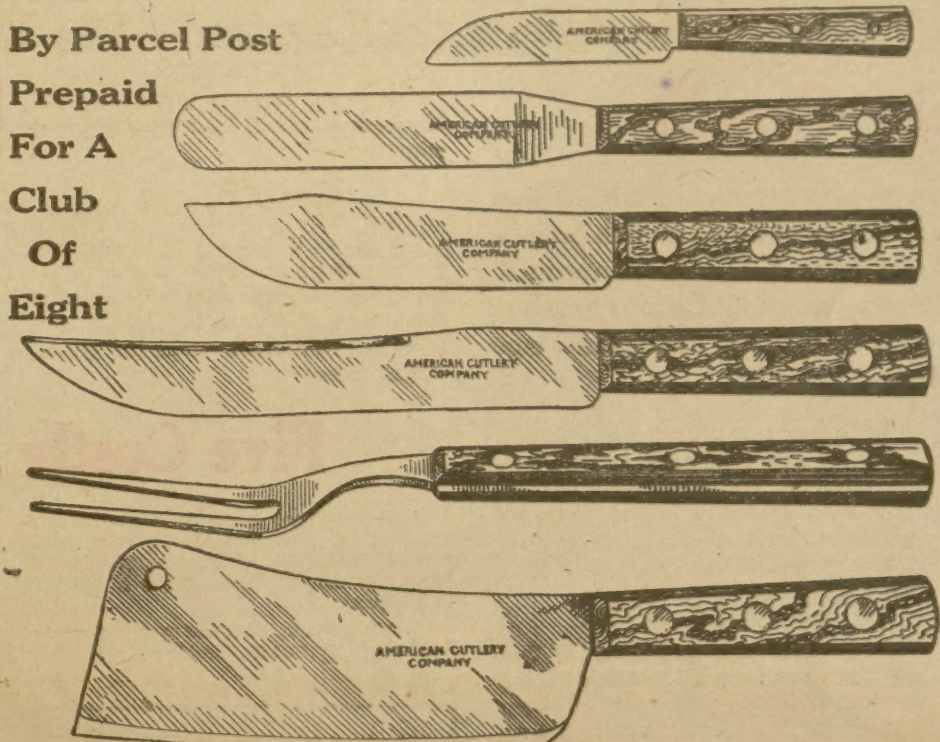
Made of Good Quality Scrim in Colors of Either White or Ecru, Ready for Use as Soon as You Receive Them!

These beautiful Scrim Dutch Curtains are fast taking the place of lace curtains because they are exactly as attractive and not nearly so expensive. The "swellest" city homes now have these popular Curtains in dining-room, sitting-room, chambers and even parlor, so you may rest assured that they are right in fashion and you will make no mistake in getting enough of them with which to dress up every window in every room in your house. The curtains we offer you here are ready to hang as soon as you get them, are made of scrim in colors either white or ecru, have a 3-inch wide insertion of handsome Flax lace and are full standard size, each side piece measuring 3 1/2 feet in width and just long enough so they will hang a little below the window sill. The top piece or "valance" as it is commonly called is 11-6 feet wide and 2 1/2 feet long and is hung to drop gracefully between the two side pieces as shown in the illustration. We will send you one or more of these handsome and stylish 3-piece Dutch Curtains upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-years subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one complete curtain—3 pieces in all—as above pictured and described free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 659. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

High-Grade 6-Piece Cutlery Set

By Parcel Post Prepaid For A Club Of Eight



There is probably nothing more indispensable to the average household than a real good Cutlery or Kitchen Set, and realizing this fact COMFORT now offers you a bargain in a strictly high-grade 6-piece cutlery set illustrated above. Remember, we are not offering you something cheap and flimsy. The fact that this set is the product of the celebrated American Cutlery Co., whose name is stamped on each piece, should convince you that we are giving you the best value obtainable. As shown above the set consists of a 12-inch Cleaver and a 12-inch Chopper, 12-inch Cook or Pot Fork, 12 1/2 Carving Knife, 10 1/2 inch Butcher Knife, 10 1/2 inch Spoon and a 7-inch Peeling or Kitchen Knife. Each piece is strictly hand-forged from Vannadium bar steel carefully hardened and tempered by the latest improved process, highly polished and sharpened ready for use. The handle of each piece is hexagon shape, made of solid South American Cocobola wood and securely fastened to the blade with brass saw rivets. The blade of each piece is not merely joined to the handle but actually extends right through the handle clear to its end, the large brass saw rivets firmly binding handle and blade together so that each piece is just as strong as man's ingenuity and machinery can possibly make it. We will send you this splendid 6-Piece Cutlery Set guaranteed to be exactly as described free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only eight 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this 6-Piece Cutlery Set free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 667.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful Tapestry Table Cover



Given to You For 2 Subscriptions

This beautiful, fringed Tapestry Table Cover is nearly one yard square which is a size large enough for any stand or small table and is very elaborately made up in different handsome colors on an interwoven background which is of a color that harmonizes with the fringe which extends entirely around the cover. Add one or more of these beautiful colored covers to the furnishings of any room in your house and it will enliven and cheer up the whole atmosphere of your home. They are just as durable as they are handsome and taken altogether are something any woman should be pleased to own and display. We will send you this large handsome Table Cover, exactly as described if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this beautiful Tapestry Table Cover free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 664.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful 18-Inch Centerpieces



Stamped On White Linene For Hand Embroidery

We show here five new handsome designs for centerpieces each separately stamped on fine quality pure white linene which, as every woman knows, is equal to pure linen and in fact is preferred by many to real linen as it never wrinkles and washes exactly as well and wears as long. This complete set of five different designs also gives every lady or girl a fine opportunity to display her talents with needle as each design is to be worked differently although they are so simple that no hard labor is involved. A is a cross-stitch design, B a butterfly design for punch work, C a design for French and eyelet embroidery, D Morning glory design for punch work, E a Wheat design for Bullion Stitch. Each centerpiece is 18 inches in diameter which is a nice size and suitable for most all purposes.

Club Offer. For only one new, bona-fide 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or for your own subscription, or extension or renewal of your present subscription for 15 months at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all), we will send you your choice of any two of these beautiful centerpieces by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you any four of them for a club two 15-months subscriptions at 25 cents each, or all five for a club of three. When ordering be sure to specify the design wanted, whether A, B, C, D, or E. Premium No. 296.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Quadruple Silver Plated SUGAR, CREAMER & TRAY



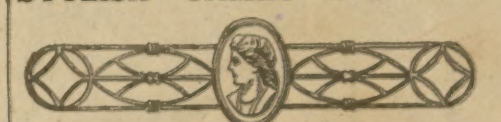
A Dainty Gift For Mother, Wife or Sister

This handsome silver set of three pieces consists of a Sugar, Creamer and Tray, each piece quadruple plated with pure coin silver, gold lined, and warranted to wear for years. The Creamer is of the elegant design shown in above illustration nearly two inches high and 2 1/4 inches in diameter at top, with a beautiful floral decoration engraved on the side which does not show in the picture. The bottom is plain and bright polished the sides and handle are finished with the frosted effect which is so much admired by everybody and top and handle are heavily beaded. This same decoration also applies to the Sugar which is of the same good size and fitted with two beautiful beaded handles instead of one. The large and handsome Tray is 6 1/2 inches in diameter quadruple plated with pure silver, plain and bright polished. Remember, this is not a cheap "electro plated" set but one which will last you for years. The heavy quadruple plate being sufficiently thick to withstand constant use without showing any signs of tarnish or wear. We know that every lady or girl who receives this set from us will be simply delighted with it for aside from its usefulness it is certainly a beautiful ornament for dining table or sideboard. Better order one of these sets right away for yourself or to give as a present to mother, sweetheart, wife or sister. She will most assuredly appreciate it. We will send you this beautiful set consisting of Sugar, Creamer and Tray exactly as described above on the terms of the following special

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-years subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this elegant quadruple plated Sugar, Creamer and Tray free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 620.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

STYLISH CAMEO BAR PIN



Cameo jewelry is extremely popular again among ladies and girls of style and refinement, so we have purchased from a wholesale jewelry house a limited quantity of a very handsome cameo bar pin as illustrated above and propose to distribute them free among our club-workers. The illustration shows the actual size of this beautiful pin which is 2 1/4 inches long and 3/4 inch in width, heavily gold plated, finely finished and polished. The cameo design in bas relief is the ever popular Grecian head and the pin is attached to collar or tie with a very strong, durable clasp which does not show in the picture. All well dressed women and girls are now wearing these beautiful pins attached to Dutch collars, Tango ties, as well pins and also to hold skirt or belt in position, in fact this pin may be worn in a variety of ways all becoming to the wearer. We are now giving away these Cameo Pins free as a COMFORT premium and will send you one of them upon the terms of the following special

FREE OFFER. For only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents of your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you this handsome Cameo Bar Pin free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 671.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LADIES' AND GENTS' HANDKERCHIEFS



These handkerchiefs are made of a linen finish fine cambric, and have dainty hemstitched borders. You can't have too many good sensible handkerchiefs on hand.

In times past it was the fashion to have ladies' handkerchiefs with lace and insertion, and all kinds of fancy work inserted. Now it is considered poor taste and very extravagant to use anything but a plain pure white hemstitched handkerchief.

We have these in both ladies' and gents' size, and when ordering be sure and state which size you prefer.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send a 12 x 16 Ladies' or Gents' assorted Handkerchiefs by Parcel Post Free. Premium No. 309.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ready-Made Towels Six YARD LONG



Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



To Married People

We Offer One Year's Credit—No References Required—Pay 2 or 3 Cents Per Day

New-Style Credit

Home-loving people may have charge accounts here without any red tape whatever. Married people, or anyone with homes.

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Just write for our Bargain Book, and we will send with it your credit card. Then your account will be open. Order what you want, whenever you wish, and simply say, "Charge to me."

We have such accounts with 1,250,000 homes. They are mostly homes with modest incomes—\$9 to \$16 weekly. But they are home-loving people, and for 49 years we have found that such people pay.

So we now open an account without any red tape, without any publicity, any contract or mortgage. We open it when you write for our catalog, knowing only your name and address.

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Pay a little each month as convenient. We figure on one year's time. That, with the average purchase, requires

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We have no rigid rules and we have no collectors. You simply remit by mail. If sickness comes, or loss of work, we gladly extend the time.

We try to make folks happy.

30 Days' Trial

All goods are sent on approval. You may keep them a month before deciding to buy. You may then return anything not wanted, and we will pay freight both ways.

Women's Style Book

Martha Lane Adams, our famous style expert, now has out her Book of 1,000 Spring Styles for Women. Every woman should have it. We give a year to pay. If you want this book, check it in the coupon. Book also shows full line of dress goods.

So you not only see things, but you use them a month, before making any purchase.

Cash Prices

We sell on credit at our lowest cash prices, and we charge no interest whatever. We guarantee to save you—under any other prices—from 15 to 50 per cent. If we fail to do that return the goods, freight collect.

We do this by buying whole factory outputs, by picking up surplus stocks. We search the whole country for bargains.

This is the largest concern of its kind in the world. We buy as much as a thousand stores combined. Our sales exceed a million dollars monthly. And we sell direct, without salesmen or showrooms. The saving all goes to you. Nowhere else will you ever see such prices as we quote.

Five Costly Books Free

Our Furniture Book is a mammoth production. Our new spring book pictures 5,112 things for the home—many in actual colors. The prices it quotes will amaze you.

This big book, with the mailing, costs us \$1 per copy, but we send it entirely free.

We also issue four other big catalogs, mentioned in the coupon below. Mark which you want. When we mail the books your credit card will go with them.

Cut out this coupon—now, before you forget it. Send it to us and see what we offer. Do this for your own sake—now.

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Furniture	Silverware
Carpets—Rugs	Chinaware
Oilcloths, etc.	Sewing Machines
Draperies	Bicycles—Toys
Blankets—Linens	Cameras—Guns
Baby Cabs	Pictures—Clocks

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Write plainly. Give full address.
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\$1.00 Brings You This Automatic Davenport Sofa Bed

A Year to Pay

The Greatest Invention of the age in a davenport sofa bed. By simply raising this seat the back automatically drops and the davenport is changed into a broad comfortable bed; it is just as easily changed back into a parlor davenport. This feature is patented and our price to you represents a tremendous saving. While it is just a sample of the many bargains we offer, it must be ordered direct from this paper on 30 days' trial, as there were not enough to catalog.

Sturdy Frame is new in design with shapely serpentine front rail, nicely decorated front posts supporting the broad arms. Notice the deep carved claw feet and dragon heads. Thoroughly seasoned hard wood, is finished in beautiful American quarter-sawn oak, bringing out the beauty of the grain in a rich golden shade. Side panels under arms are full length and very substantial.

Black Fabricoid Leather guaranteed for long wear is used in seat and back, which are deeply diamond tufted. The upholstery is of the highest quality over 35 carbon springs, firmly braced to prevent sagging. Under the seat is a large wardrobe to accommodate bed clothes when not in use. A wonderful value at our price. Shipping weight about 200 pounds.

No. 28D4B163. Price.....



90c Monthly,
or 3c a Day

\$14.45

\$14.45

This Solid Oak Table \$8.15 at Our Bargain Price

Send Only \$1.00. Just think of getting this beautiful solid oak table in your own home on 30 days' trial with all the comfort it will give! If you keep it pay 75c monthly. As there were not enough of these bargain tables to catalog, you must order direct from this paper, without any red tape or delay.

Solid Oak, thoroughly seasoned and kiln dried, is used throughout in construction and is finished in a rich golden shade, with a high gloss. All the cabinet work is of the highest order; construction is high-class.

The Large Top measures 42 inches across; is supported with deep box rim and extends on smooth running guides opening and closing without the slightest effort. Full Square Boxed Base is non-dividing, made of extra heavy solid oak stock, measures 7 inches across and is supported by 4 massive broad legs with deep-carved claw feet. A handsome piece of furniture. Table comes in 6 ft. length only. Shipping weight about 140 lbs.

\$8.15



\$1.00

With Order

75c Monthly

heavy solid oak stock, measures 7 inches across and is supported by 4 massive broad legs with deep-carved claw feet. A handsome piece of furniture. Table comes in 6 ft. length only. Shipping weight about 140 lbs.

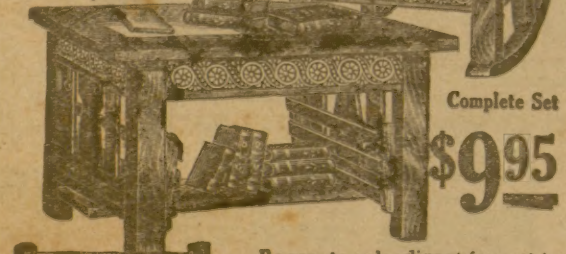
No. 63D4B105. Price.....

Spiegel, May, Stern & Co.
958 W. 35th Street, Chicago

Try This Fine Mission Set By Sending \$1.00 With Order

75c Monthly
After 30 Days' Trial

Genuine Mission Furniture is found in the very best homes. Don't be misled by this low price.



Complete Set

\$9.95

Be sure to order direct from this paper; there were not enough of these bargain sets to catalog. The large library mission table, arm rocker and arm chair are made of fine selected solid oak throughout, finished in a beautiful shade of Early English. The design is new and artistic. Deep cut handsome carvings on all pieces as pictured. The table measures 34 in. long and 24 in. wide. Is well constructed throughout, and supported with a heavy box rim and three heavy panels on either side. Notice the diagonal shaped.

roomy magazine rack fitted on both sides of this table. Also the broad under-shell for holding books. Fine Brown Spanish Fabricoid Leather is used in upholstery both the arm rocker and arm chair. The seats in both of these pieces are very comfortable. Under the seats are oil-tempered springs, securely braced to the frame to prevent sagging. The rocker seat is 18 in. deep and 24 in. wide. The back measures 21 in. from the top to seat. The arm chair is in exact keeping with the arm rocker. Shipping weight 125 pounds.

No. 22D4B100. Price, Table, Arm Rocker and Arm Chair \$9.95